

Editors

"Walk The Fleet Road"

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A winter wind blows, in from the north,
Scratches your spine, cold like the forth.
But you're a long way from home,
Through the dark we tiptoe,
The hospital looms, as we walk fleet road.

Hold your tongue,
Swallow your venom,
You're too young,
Hold your tongue.

No push and no shove,
Spit your verbal mace,

Hate can turn to love not this for this human race,
Ohhhh

Hold your tongue,
Swallow your venom,
You're too young,
Hold your tongue.

Hold your tongue, (my heart...)
Swallow your venom, (will explode)
You're too young, (as we walk...)
Hold your tongue. (...the fleet road)

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