

The View

"5 Rebbecas"

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i love the dress sens and the colour of your hair
the way you say that people who are working, they are
aiming to be posh my dear,
people flocked around you by the smokeys in our
school
teachers they contained in all there anger as you
regularly broke there rules
and everyone done the pill
but solvent abuse it can kill

the first taste of heaven there was splattered on your
screen
floating with schemers and the part-time halloweeners
and the lochee team
and everyone done the pill
but solvent abuse can kill

chorus: 5 rebeccas all of them are close to me one of
thems a cook, one of them does histroy, one of them
my neice and one lives close
the one i love the most has turned into a junky

so undersatisfied with minors at your age
and something so deceiving when you find yourself
conceiving on a holy day
so unachievable with minors at your height
and something so decieving when you find yourselfing
conceiving on a sunday night
everyone done the pill but solvent abuse can kill

chorus:

poor miss rebecca youll be missed my girl
wasnt for the treasure youd be rich my girl
saved you from the terier and your so called friends
took a back seater but they killed in the end though
your sitting really cosy in your humble black cave
it doesnt seem likely for a girl your age
us cupid little kids can never look back
when one of us is lying in a big brown bag

oh oh oh
oh oh oh

chorus x2

i love the dress sense and the colour of your hair
the way you say that people who are working i can tell
you: thats a touch my dear

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