

## Proclaimers "Leaving Home"

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East coast trains run slow,  
And Edinburgh seems cold,  
For eighteen year-old,  
Freedom.

But Leith feels like New York,  
All the cars and talk,  
Moving down the Walk,  
All day.

So I'm lying in this hotel,  
Hearing sirens and drunken fights,  
And I pay cash to the angel,  
Guarding me tonight.

So I'm lying in this hotel,  
Hearing sirens and drunken fights,  
And I paid cash to the angel,  
Guarding me tonight.

Long days on my own,  
Cry when I go home,  
Have to carry on,  
Somehow.

But Leith could be New York,  
All the cars and talk,  
Moving down the Walk,  
All day.

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