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The Fall "Edinburgh Man"

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It's springtime but I still miss the streets at dawn And in the morning walking your bridges home As I sit and stare at all of England's souls I tell you something I wish I was in Edinburgh I don't mind being by myself Don't wanta be anywhere else Just wanna be in Edinburgh I wish I was an Edinburgh man You can leave me on the shelf I'm an Edinburgh man myself I will always give you help It's summertime but I still miss your skies so clear Sitting and staring on a beach somewhere I'll tell you something I wish I was in Edinburgh Don't give a toss about private wealth

And history just repeats itself Keep me away from the Festival And just give me a warm quarter-gill* They say you project yourself But I'm an Edinburgh man myself It's wintertime and i still see the cobble stones Clacking over your streets at dawn I was really poor since I left Edinburgh I'm OK just by myself Cause our miserable king won't protect us from ourselves How I wish I was in Edinburgh How I wish I was in Edinburgh I was always in good health I'm an Edinburgh man myself I will always give you help I'm an Edinburgh man myself [A quarter-gill is British slang for a double measure --Ed.1

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