

The Proclaimers

"There's"

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There's your coat upon my back.
There's the irony I lacked.
There's the vapor from your mouth.
There's the rain spreading from the south.

There's the castle on the hill.
There's my final act of will.
There's a bus stop in Tollcross.
There's no memory I've lost.
Memories never lost.

There's you lying on the quilt.
There's your west of Scotland lilt,
Singing me your guilt.

There's your voice on the phone.
There's your voice on the phone.
There's your voice on the phone.
There's your voice on the phone.
There's your voice on the phone.
There's your voice on the phone.

There's the snow in January.
There's the beauty that you see.
There's you walking down the street,
Children running 'round your feet.
There's you and there's me.

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