

Northern Town

Circa Waves

Summer soaks in my clothes
Broken hearts, broken bones
I can still see my friends
Playing football end to end

In a Northern Town
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Going back I was born
On the landing above the hall
My father on his knees
Somehow delivered me

To a Northern Town
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Built to last, built for good
In our arms Irish blood
Told we're thieves, lay a-bouts
But we stand taller when we're counted out

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