

There's a yellow star  
Hung over a Glasgow sky  
In a sandstone doorway  
I had the sweetest kiss

I'm here for days like these

And I'm walking down the middle of the Great Western Road  
And I'm surfing on a tarmac wave  
I've got fifty pounds in silver pennies  
For singing in Buchanan Street all day

I'm here for days like these  
I'm here for days like these

There was Mary, Madge and me  
Smoking black, shooting the breeze  
And as far as I can see

I was here for days like these

Now I'm sitting on the last bus home  
And Brian's got a thing for the conductress  
Stop singing that bloody Rangers song  
Come here and shut your Proddy mouth and kiss us

I'm here for days like these  
I'm here for days like these