The Don

The View

Thinking of poems of poverty Sitting with a tight clenched wrist, thinking how to gain autho rity Oh what a soft touch of a boy He'd wander with pride to sell and keep visions to his self Visions to his self We'd talk of treasures, and over-rated games We'd steal the milk bottles, sneaking through the back round Ji mmy's way. What we loved most of all, was sitting round the shop, while th is poor boy was sitting all alone, Sitting all alone Pondering times of sanctuary He was sitting taking his piano lessons, we were on half an E Invested life in medicine, had so much shit going on. Convinced he'd never win. Convinced he was a sin. We'd speak of women and cheaper carryouts We'd turn up to all the festivals, trying to bring down the tou ts, What we love the most of all was sittin' at the shop, while thi s young boy was sittin' all alone, Sittin' all alone We'd talk of treasures and overrated games We'd steal the milk bottles, sneaking through the back round Ji mmy's way. What we loved most of all, was sitting at the shop, while this poor boy was sitting all alone, Sittin' all alone He couldn't find none of his own kind, he didn't have none of h is own kind You should take interest in his mind, not spend all of his time wastin all his money and time What we loved most of all was hanging round the shop What we loved most was sitting round the shop What we loved most was standing at the Dryburgh shop, What we loved the most was hanging round the shop while he was all alone