

## War On The Terraces

Cockney Rejects

Go!

It's a dark place over there  
The seats and the stands are bare  
But you remember, not long ago  
All the times that we battled there  
The sun, it shines right on the gutter  
And you remember that he was there  
And you should know, right there in the fold  
That you grabbed him by his hair

War on the terraces  
War on the terraces  
It was war on the terraces  
War on the terraces

The local pub, it stands silent  
And all of this town will be soon  
And you remember the pints we would sink  
And sing, "The fuzz is watching you"  
The youth remember them wagons  
That took us straight down the nick  
When we would sing back to them  
"Don't it make you feel like a prick"

So you're looking up at the terrace  
And smile, yeah it breaks your face  
And to the younger generation  
We'll be here to take your place