

Many's the day that I took for granted  
Breathing the air that silenced some  
As the North wind blew  
With it's head asunder  
Beating it's breast with a war drenched song  
Bathe awile, awash in slumber  
Cry whats left to sleep  
Where you dream of love lost forever  
But pity no more nor greive

For we`re the kings of it all  
From the day we were born  
Now we`re the kings of the Kilburn High  
Sure we`ll always take a drop and we`ll never leave a sup  
Your empty glass is but a tear filled eye  
We were the kings of the Kilburn High

Listen to the sound of dead men dying  
March as they flee but exile bound  
Their ship once sailed no longer anchors  
For gone is the green  
And their hallowed ground

Toast to tears of times past glories  
This ageless clock chime stalls  
Where to kiss the lips of love forgotten  
To fly where no others have soared

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"Oh mary, this Lodon`s a wonderful sight"