

LFC Calgary Song Sheet

You'll Never Walk Alone

When you walk through a storm,
Hold your head up high,
And don't be afraid of the dark.
At the end of a storm,
Is a golden sky,
And the sweet silver song of a lark

Walk on through the wind
Walk on through the rain,
Though your dreams be tossed and blown
Walk on, walk on
With hope in your heart,
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk alone.

Walk on, walk on
With hope in your heart,
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk alone.

The Fields of Anfield Road

Outside the Shankly Gates
I heard a Kopite calling
Shankly they have taken you away
But you left a great eleven
Before you went to heaven
Now it's glory round the Fields of Anfield Road.

Chorus:

All round the Fields of Anfield Road
Where once we watched King Kenny play (and
could he play)
Stevie Heighway on the wing
We had dreams and songs to sing
Of the glory round the Fields of Anfield Road

Outside the Paisley Gates
I heard a Kopite calling
Paisley they have taken you away
You led the great 11
Back in Rome in 77
And the redmen they're still playing the same way

Repeat Chorus

Beside the Hillsbrough flame
I heard a Kopite mourning
Why so many taken on that day,
Justice has never been done
But their memory will carry on
There'll be glory round the Fields of Anfield Road

Repeat Chorus

Poetry in Motion

We are Liverpool,
Tra la la la la
We are Liverpool,
Tra la la la la la
We are Liverpool,
Tra la la la la
We're the best football team in the land,
YES WE ARE!

Poetry in Motion
Tra la la la la
We are Liverpool,
Tra la la la la la
Poetry in Motion
Tra la la la la
We're the best football team in the land,
YES WE ARE!

Oh Campione

Ohh Campione,
The one and only,
We're Liverpool

They say our days are numbered,
We're not famous anymore,
But Scousers rule the country
like they've always done before

Ohh Campione
The one and only,
We're Liverpool

Shankly built a football team
That shook the Spion Kop
We've conquered all of Europe
And we're never gonna stop

Ohh Campione,
The one and only,
We're Liverpool

We're Gonna Win the League

We're gonna win the league,
We're gonna win the league,
And now you're gonna believe us,
And now you're gonna believe us,
And now you're gonna believe us,
We're gonna win the league.

We're gonna win the league,
We're gonna win the league,
And now you're gonna believe us,
And now you're gonna believe us,
And now you're gonna believe us,
We're gonna win the league.

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Liverbird Upon my Chest

Here's a song about a football team
The greatest team you've ever seen
A team that play total football
They've won the league, Europe and all.

Chorus:

A Liverbird upon my chest
We are the men, of Shankly's best
A team that plays the Liverpool way
And wins the championship in May

With Kenny Dalglish on the ball
He was the greatest of them all
And Ian Rush, four goals or two
Left Evertonians feeling blue

Repeat Chorus

Now if you go down Goodison Way
Hard luck stories you hear each day
There's not a trophy to be seen
'Cos Liverpool have swept them clean

Repeat Chorus

Now on the glorious 10th of May
There's laughing reds down Wembley Way
We're full of smiles and joy and glee
It's Everton 1 and Liverpool 3

Repeat Chorus

Now on the 20th of May
We're laughing still on Wembley Way
Those Evertonians are feeling blue
It's Liverpool 3 and Everton 2

Repeat Chorus

And as we sang round Goodison Park
Four Ian Rush goals had made their mark
Those Evertonians are crying still
It's Liverpool 5 and Everton nil.

Repeat Chorus

Now we Remember them with pride
Those mighty reds of Shankly's side
And Kenny's boys of '88
There's never been a side so great

Repeat Chorus

Now back in 1965
When the great Bill Shankly was alive

We're playing Leeds, the score's 1-1
When up pops the head of Ian St John

Repeat Chorus

On April 15th '89
What should have been a joyous time
Ninety six Friends, we all will miss
And all the Kopites want justice (JUSTICE)

Poor Scouser Tommy

Let me tell you the story of a poor boy
Who was sent far away from his home
To fight for his king and his country
And also the old folks back home

So they put him in a Highland division
Sent him off to a far foreign land
Where the flies swarm around in their thousands
And there's nothing to see but the sand

In a battle that started next morning
Under an Arabian sun
I remember that poor Scouser Tommy
Who was shot by an old Nazi gun

As he lay on the battle field dying (dying dying)
With the blood gushing out of his head (of his head)
As he lay on the battle field dying dying dying
These were the last words he said...

Oh... I am a Liverpudlian
I come from the Spion Kop
I like to sing, I like to shout
I go there quite a lot
We support the team that's dressed in Red
A team that we all know
A team that we call LIVERPOOL
And to glory we will go

We've won the League, we've won the Cup
We've been to Europe too
We played the Toffees for a laugh
And we left them feeling blue - Five Nil!
One two
One two three
One two three four
Five nil!

Rush scored one
Rush scored two
Rush scored three
And Rush scored four!