

# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



A

## **::: A Little Touch of Scotland :::**

A little touch of Scotland came to  
Liverpool one day,  
He looked around and said "Och man aye,  
this is where I'll stay",  
And from that moment he worked hard to  
build a team so grand,  
And now today we have the greatest team  
in all the land,  
Shankly, oh yes Bill Shankly,  
Shankly we love you,  
For all the things you've done for us while  
here at Liverpool,  
Bill Shanky we thank you.

Nowhere would you find a man who is the  
same as he,  
And all who meet him love him for his  
humility,  
For that and many other things our thanks  
we give to him,  
And do you see we're talking of Bill  
Shankly. Aye that's him!  
Shankly, oh yes Bill Shankly,  
Shankly we love you.  
For all the things you've done for us while  
here at Liverpool.  
Bill Shankly we thank you.

## **::: A Scouse At Warwick Station :::**

One scouse at warwick station  
One Stanley sitting by his side  
Quick trip to Picadilly  
Then we'll fucking take Moss Side

## **::: After The Ball Is Over :::**

After the game is over,  
After the whistle blew,

Campbell got excited,  
And down the wing he flew,  
He passed the ball to Liddell  
Liddell scored a goal,  
And left poor Everton's goalie,  
Flying on his 'ole

## **::: Albert Stubbins :::**

You can keep Billy Liddell,  
You can keep Roger Hunt,  
David Johnson was a bit of a cunt.

You can keep Kenny Dalglish  
You can keep Ian Rush  
Albert Stubbins is the man for us,

ALB  
ERT  
Albert Stubbins is the one for me.

## **::: Allez allez :::**

Allez allez, (Allez allez)  
Allez allez, (Allez allez)  
Gerard Houllier  
Allez allez, (Allez allez)  
Allez allez, (Allez allez)  
Gerard Houllier

## **::: All Say Thanks :::**

He was born in bonny Scotland  
And he played the football game  
He came to Liverpool in '59  
To help us win again  
Then with his mighty red army  
He marched to victory  
He was a legend in his time  
Our hero bill shankly

So all say thanks to the Shanks  
He never walked alone



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



Lets sing our song for all the world  
From this his Liverpool home

No matter were you come from  
No matter who you are  
Remember the year of '59  
When the reds they found a star  
And now he shines so brightly  
For the boys of Liverpool  
Soon the world was about to find  
This man was nobody's fool

So all say thanks to the Shanks  
He never walked alone  
Lets sing our song for all the world  
From this his Liverpool home

Then he asked no favours  
Just hard work lets get it right  
You can only succeed through dedication  
And his men they all saw the light  
He gave this town his loyalty  
And proved it all by success  
So always remember when we had Bill  
Shankly  
We all knew we had the best

So all say thanks to the Shanks  
He never walked alone  
Lets sing our song for all the world  
From this his Liverpool home

## **::: Anfield in the Rare Oul Times :::**

(To the tune of "Dublin in the Rare Oul Times")

Raised on Rush and Hansen  
Heroes of the Red  
A brave Attacking football that left the  
rest for dead  
The Hallowed Turf and trophies  
The Kops chanted Rhymes

Were part of what was Anfield in the rare  
oul times

Ring a ring a rosie  
As the light declines  
We're a part of what was Anfield in the  
rare oul times

Standing on the Kop with friends  
Singing, swaying too  
Watching Reds with glory  
But that was long ago  
Now we watch in fear and anger  
As money takes our game  
And Anfield keeps on changing  
Nothing seems the same  
McDonalds before Shankly  
Reebok Carlsberg too  
And though we still feel angry  
Theres nothing we can do  
On the pitch theres hope again  
Off it still declines  
We're a part of what was Anfield in the  
rare oul times

Ring a ring.....

But we gave our hearts to Liverpool  
And there they'll always stay  
With a great undying passion  
No money takes away  
We'd live and die for Liverpool  
But our hearts will always swell for  
Shankly Paisley Fagan  
And the old ground we loved so well

## **::: Anfield Way :::**

Down Anfield Way the world is gay  
All Kopites are to tingle,  
With rows and rows of crimson flags  
From Bootle up to Dingle.  
The toast is to eleven men



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



Who wear the scarlet jersey.  
Their names will live forever more  
Along the river Mersey.

They'll take their place in history  
Amongst the all time greats,  
Thompson, Byrne, St. John, and Hunt  
And Skipper Rowdy Yeats.  
So let us sing a song or two  
On Wembley's famous ground,  
And let London town re-echo  
To that famous Mersey sound.

They beat the Leeds two goals to one  
And Rowdy met the queen,  
And Gerry broke his collar bone  
As brave as you have seen.  
And when they bring that cup back home  
Through streets all paved in Red,  
Those LiverBirds will fly away  
Just like Bill Shankly said.

## **::: Anny Road End :::**

We're all mad, we're all round the bend,  
We are the Anny road end,  
We're not fucking Kopite Gobshites,  
We're going down the Road end for the  
big fight, Na na na .....

B

## **::: Best Midfield In The World :::**

(To the tune The Entertainer)

Wooooo woo woo woo  
We've got the best midfield in the world  
We've got Xabi Alonso, Momo Sissoko  
Gerrard and Mascherano

## **::: Billy Shankly Boys :::**

If you're tired and you're weary  
And your heart skips a beat  
You'll get your fucking head kicked in  
If you walk down Heyworth Street  
If you come to The Albert  
You'll hear our famous noise  
Get out you Everton bastards  
We're the Billy Shankly Boys

We're the boys from The Kop  
We're loyal and we're true  
And when we play the Everton  
We're ready for a do  
To the cry of "NO SURRENDER"  
You'll hear our famous noise  
Get out you Everton bastards  
We're the Billy Shankly Boys.

## **::: Bill Shankly From Glenbuck :::**

(To the tune of Sean South)

Twas on a cold December's day  
Back in 1959,  
When a man came down from Huddersfield  
Town  
To lead the Anfield line,  
He bought Yeats from Dundee and St.  
John,  
And the football world was shook,  
This man he became a legend,  
Bill Shankly from Glenbuck.

On the Kop we'd sway and sing

Till our hearts would burst with pride  
And Shanks he made a pact with us  
To build another side  
With Keegan, Tosh and Steve Heighway  
The great man kept his word  
Then in '74 he bade farewell  
Our dear old Scottish Laird.



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



Now when Shanks was gone we sang walk on  
But feared we'd walk alone,  
The search was on to find the one  
Who could fill the masters throne.  
The one we crowned became renowned  
Throughout the football game,  
Three European Cups, six championships,  
Bob Paisley was his name.

Now when Bob stepped down he left his crown  
Inside his Anfield home,  
Joe Fagan came and brought new fame  
With a treble won in Rome.  
Though the Heysel year left Joe in tears,  
The following year he'd sing,  
When we won the league and FA Cup  
And Kenny was our king.

When he played in red Bob Paisley said  
He's the best he'd ever seen,  
And the team he built in 88  
Ruled the football league supreme.  
And when Hillsborough left us all bereaved  
And the Kop bedecked in flowers,  
Kenny proved he truly was a king  
In Anfield's darkest hour.

Now the mantles being past to a man  
from France  
And it's Houllier we praise.  
As the reds walk on, the Kops in song  
And we savour glory days,  
Days of ball to feet, of victory sweet,  
Days of passion, guile and fire,  
The legacy of one so great,  
Bill Shankly from Ayshire.

**::: Bill Shankly's Pride and Joy :::**

Let me tell you of our football team,  
Liverpool is the name.

We've won the league, we've won the cup,  
We're the finest in the game,  
We've got the greatest skipper any  
manager could employ,  
Let's drink six crates to big Ron Yeats,  
Bill Shankly's pride and joy.

**::: Billy the King :::**

Oh let's drink, a drink, a drink  
To Billy the king, the king, the king,  
The creator of the greatest team,  
For he invented professional football,  
And this year we'll win the league.

Now Gerry Byrne,  
Refused a tourniquet,  
When he's broken his collarbone,  
And they just rubbed on medicinal  
compound,  
And Gerry goes marching on, on, ON!

Oh let's drink, a drink, a drink  
To Billy the king, the king, the king,  
The creator of the greatest team,  
For he invented professional football,  
And this year we'll win the league.

**::: Bring On ... :::**

Bring on your Manchester United,  
Bring on your cockneys by the score,  
And we'll take them two by two,  
And kick fuck out of you  
Cos Liverpool are the team that we adore

C

**::: Campione :::**

(based on a PAOK Anthem)



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



Ooooh 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 we've  
always done before,  
Ooooh Campione,  
The one and only,  
We're Liverpool

## **::: Come All :::**

(to the tune of The Mighty Quinn)

Come all without  
Come All within  
You ain't seen nothing like the Mighty  
Emlyn

D

## **::: Dambusters' March :::**

We all hate Leeds and Leeds and Leeds,  
Leeds and Leeds and Leeds,  
Leeds and Leeds and Leeds,  
We all fucking hate Leeds ...

## **::: Doo Dah :::**

It's ten past nine and stabbing time,  
Doo Dah Doo Dah....

## **::: Dynamite:::**

All the grime all the grit  
All the muck and all the shit  
Gordon Lee's got it all in his team

E

## **:::Every Other Saturday :::**

Every other Saturday's me half day off  
And it's off to the match I go  
I like to take a stroll along the Anfield  
Road  
Me and me old pal Joe  
I like to see the lasses with their red  
scarves on  
I like to hear the Kopites roar  
But I don't have to tell that best of all  
Is when we see Liverpool sc-o-o-o-ore

We've won the English League about a  
thousand times  
And Uefa was a simple do  
We've played some exhibitions in the FA  
Cup  
We are the Wembley Wizards too  
But when we won the European Cup in  
Rome  
Like we should have done years before  
We gathered down at Anfield  
Boys a hundred thousand strong  
To give the boys a welcome ho-om-me

Kenny ohhh Kenny  
I'd walk a million miles for one of your  
goals oh Kenny  
ohhh Kenny

F

## **::: 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.



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



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

Fuck em all  
Fuck em all  
At Anfield the Forest did fall  
Coz we were not mastered  
By Cloughie's red bastards  
We are the cream of them all

G

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 are still playing the  
same way

**::: Gary Macca :::**

Oohhh! Gary Macca, Gary Gary Macca,  
Gary Macca, Gary Gary Macca, Gary Gary  
Macca

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

Oh we Love yer Baldy 'ead (Oh we Love  
yer Baldy 'ead )  
yer Baldy 'ead, yer Baldy 'ead  
You're Gary Mac, (You're Gary Mac)

OOhhh! Gary Macca, Gary Gary Macca,  
Gary Macca, Gary Gary Mac

**::: Forever Blowing Bubbles :::**

I'm forever blowing bubbles  
Pretty bubbles in the air  
They fly so high  
Nearly reach the sky  
Then like West Ham  
They fade and die

Oh we loved yer Derby Goal  
Oh we loved yer Barca Pen  
Oh we loved yer Spurs Peno  
Oh we loved yer Coventry Goal  
Oh we loved yer Bradford Goal  
Oh we loved yer Dortmund Pen  
Oh we love your sweet right foot  
Oh we got you on a free  
Oh we went and won all 3

Tottenham's always running  
Chelsea's running too  
And if you come to Anfield  
We'll be running after you

Oh Gary Macca, Gary Gary Macca, Gary  
Macca, Gary Gary Mac!!!!

**::: Gary Mac the Knife :::**

(The old Rd Enders tended to sing "I'm  
forever throwing bottles ...")

Easter monday at the shit pit  
Blue scum crying what a sight  
Walking wounded, gaping gashes  
Left by Gary Mac ?the knife?.

**::: Fuck Em All :::**



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



Twisted faces spitting venom  
Season tickets torn to shreds  
Smashed up bus stops, housewives  
beaten  
As reds lay w\*nking in their beds.

## ::: Gathering Cups In May :::

Here we go gathering Cups in May,  
Cups in May, Cups in May,  
Here we go gathering Cups in May,  
On a cold and frosty morning.

Round to my house all the boys came  
We wont go that, pit no more  
Woke the kids up doin the conga  
At twenty five past fucking four.

## ::: Good King Wenceslas :::

Vegard Heggem scored a goal on the feast  
of Stephen,  
Vegard Heggem scored a goal as the fans  
were leaving,  
Liverpool they won three-one  
Carragher and Jamie,  
Vegard Heggem scored a goal,  
All the fans went crazy.

Two were hanging from the lampshade  
Another clung to the curtain pole  
I got my head stuck in the ceiling  
When Gary scored that fucking goal.

Oh what a party , what a scoreline  
I've never been so fucking pissed  
Andrew Lloyd Webber , Walt fucking  
Disney  
Couldnt have wrote a better script.

H

## ::: Henchoz :::

Crying bastards chipped up arseholes  
Wondering ?why? , all round the ground  
You disrespected the minutes silence  
So boy what ?goes round comes around?.

(To the tune of "Hi-ho")

You are the pimple on our arseholes  
You're the shite between our toes  
You're the skidmarks in our undies  
And the bogies up our nose.

Henchoz, Henchoz  
Henchoz Henchoz Henchoz  
When we attack  
He's always back  
Henchoz  
Henchoz Henchoz Henchoz

On the front of every programme  
Kenwright productions proudly present  
A puppet show for all the children  
Every Saturday at 3 pm.

## ::: He's... :::

Now im so happy im doin strange things  
Last night I even kissed the wife  
Said ?excuse me? when I farted  
Because of Gary Mac ? the kniiiiiiiiiiiiife?

He's Czech  
He's great  
He's Paddy Berger's mate  
Vladimir, Vladimir

.....Look out ole Gary's back in town

He's red  
He's white  
He scores against the sh!te  
Nick Barmby, Nick Barmby



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



He's fat  
He's round  
He bounces on the ground  
Sammy Lee Sammy Lee

He's fat  
He's shit  
He's never fuckin' fit  
Peter Reid Peter Reid

He's big  
He's Dutch  
We like him very much  
Westerveld Westerveld

## **::: Hou Let the Reds Out? :::**

(To the tune of who let the dogs out)

Hou let the Reds out? Hou, Houllier  
Hou let the Reds out? Hou, Houllier.

I

## **::: Ian Rush :::**

Ian Rush  
Ian Rush  
Ian, Ian Rush  
He gets the ball  
He scores a goal  
Ian, Ian Rush

## **::: In My Liverpool Home :::**

Wembley's our second home,  
Wembley's our second home,  
We're going to Wembley to cheer on our  
team,  
To fight for the best team that we've ever  
seen,  
And watch Emlyn Hughes get the cup off

the Queen  
Wembley's our second home.

From our Liverpool home,  
The reds will go marching to Rome.  
We'll give Monchengladbach a night to  
forget.  
As goal after goal flies into their net.  
Borussia won't beat us cos we are the  
best,  
The Reds will go marching to Rome.

## **::: It's A Long Way To Wembley Stadium :::**

It's a long way to Wembley stadium  
It's a long way to go.  
It's a long way to Wembley stadium  
To see the greatest team I know.  
So it's goodbye Upper Parly, farewell  
Clayton Square.  
It's a long, long way to Wembley stadium,  
But Liverpool will be there.

J

## **::: John Barnes :::**

We love John Barnes, we love John Barnes  
J.B. We love Johnny on the ball  
He's fantastic, legs elastic  
He stands proud while all defenders fall,  
Shout it loud like, Shout it all around like,  
Shout it in the ground like, Or anywhere  
at all, that  
We love John Barnes, We love John  
Barnes,  
We love John Barnes, Johnny on the ball.

## **::: Johnny Barnes :::**

Oh his father was a soldier [repeat]  
He couldn't play the football [repeat]



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



His son he played for Watford [repeat]  
But now he play for Liverpool [repeat]

And give three rousing cheers that  
Liverpool will marmalise Milan.

His name is Johnny Barnes [repeat]  
He comes from Jamaica [repeat]  
And if you read the papers [repeat]  
He's going to Italia [repeat]

Now in three minutes flat, at the drop of a hat  
Geoff Strong passed the ball to Callaghan  
Well our wishes all came true  
When young Roger Hunt went through  
And should have heard the roar from the fans.

Oh no no, no no no, no no no, no no no  
no.

Well boys they're the pride of the whole  
Merseyside  
They're the greatest of heros to a man,  
So fling your favours aloft  
And give three rousing cheers that  
Liverpool will marmalise Milan.

## **::: Johnny Barnes :::**

Johnny Barnes went that way  
Four defenders went that way

K

L

## **::: Kelly The Boy From Killane :::**

## **::: L-I-V :::**

Whats the news, whats the news  
O my brave Anfield fans  
As you wait for the game to begin  
Milne and Byrne are both hurt  
But each noble red shirt  
Will pray tonight that Liverpool will win,  
Oh my boys they're the pride of the whole  
Merseyside  
They're the greatest of heroes to a man  
So fling your favours aloft  
And give three rousing cheers that  
Liverpool will marmalise Milan.

L-I-V  
E-R-P  
Double-O L  
Liverpool FC

## **::: Liverbird Upon My Chest :::**

Tell me who is the giant  
With the black curly hair  
He who stands at the head of your band?  
Seven feet is his height  
With some inches to spare  
And he looks like a king in command,  
Ron Yeats is his name  
The best skipper in the game  
He's the greatest of heros, what a man!  
So fling your favours aloft

(To the tune of Ballad of the Green Berets)

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



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



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

(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

(Chorus)

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

(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

(Chorus)

And as we sang round Goodison Park  
With crying blues all in a nark  
They're probably crying still  
at Liverpool 5 and Everton nil.

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

Now back in 1965  
When great Bill Shankly was alive  
We're playing Leeds, the score's 1-1  
When it fell to the head of Ian St John

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

**::: Liv er pool :::**

And it's Liv er pool  
Liverpool FC  
We're by FAR the greatest team  
The world has ever seen

**::: Lola :::**

He's got long hair and he's strong as an ox,  
And he scores great goals from the edge of the box,  
His name is Berger,  
La la Patrik Berger.

**::: London Bridge :::**



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



London Bridge is falling down  
Falling down, falling down  
London Bridge is falling down  
Poor old Chelsea  
Build it up with Red and White  
Red and White  
Red and White  
Build it up with Red and White  
Poor old Chelsea

(To the tune of Rivers of Babylon)

We've got Marcus Babel on  
Plays at the back  
He's a great defender  
Likes to attack

### **::: Matchstick Men :::**

### **::: Look Out Wembley Here We Come :::**

Look out Wembley here we come,  
With our best shooting boots on,  
The Cup ties have started  
You think it's a joke,  
Each morning at training  
This is what the players are saying  
"When at your toe the ball you get.  
Crack it right into the net,  
And we'll get to Wembley yet,  
Look out Wembley here we come".

Now sit right down and I'll talk to you,  
A song I'd like to sing to you.  
It's all about a team called Liverpool.  
Oh we had an end called the Anfield Road,  
And no surrender was our code,  
And it's been that way  
For over a hundred years.

We went to London town with Liverpool  
red and white,  
We went to Rome and we drank and we  
danced and we sang all night,  
Now we take our banners and wait outside  
the Bill Shankly gates,  
To greet the greatest team a team called  
Liverpool.

See those twinkling toes of Payne,  
Up to his old tricks again,  
A flick and a twist,  
He's away up the wing.  
The half back left standing,  
See he's also beat the full back,  
Then across the centre will go,  
Directly to Liddell's toe,  
Crack! And the rest you know,  
Look out Wembley here we come!

### **::: Men of Anfield :::**

(To the tune of "Men of Harlech")

Stevie Heighway's always running  
John Toshack is always scoring  
Then you'll hear the Koptites roaring  
Toshack is our king  
Men of Anfield here's our story  
We have gone from great to glory  
We're the greatest team in Europe  
Toshack is our king !

M

### **::: Marcus Babel :::**



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



## **::: Michael Owen :::**

(To the tune of "Michael Row the Boat Ashore")

Michael Owen scores our goals, hallelujah  
Michael Owen scores our goals, hallelujah

## **::: Michael Owen Score A Goal For Me :::**

(To the tune of Rene & Renata's "Save Your Love")

Michael Owen score a goal for me  
Just like the two you scored in Italy  
Score another like in Roma  
Then this lot can \*\*\*\* off home-a  
Michael Owen score a goal for me

or the 1980s version ...

Oh win the European Cup for me  
I'll go all the way to Italy  
Make it up by beating Roma  
That's the cup I wanta own  
Win the European Cup for me

## **::: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean :::**

If I had the wings of a sparrow  
If I had the ass of a crow  
I'd fly over Old Trafford tomorrow  
And shit on the bastards below below  
I'd shit on the bastards below.

O

## **::: Oh Come all ye Faithfull :::**

Oh come all ye faithful  
Joyful and triumphant  
Oh come ye Oh come ye  
To Anfield

Come and behold them  
They're the Kings of Europe  
Oh come let us adore them Oh  
come let us adore them  
Oh come let us adore them  
Li-i-verpool

## **::: Oh Liverpool Bill :::**

*Tune : Liverpool Lou*

O Liverpool Bill you're our Liverpool Bill.  
Your name is a legend of courage and  
skill,  
You gave us the league, all the cups and  
the thrills,  
And that's why we love you our Liverpool  
Bill.

Anfield will always remember with pride,  
The Scot who commanded the Liverpool  
side,  
As sharp as a razor - his wit and his voice,  
His love of the game made him Liverpool's  
choice.

O Liverpool Bill you're our Liverpool Bill.  
Your name is a legend of courage and  
skill,  
You gave us the league, all the cups and  
the thrills,



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



And that's why we love you our Liverpool Bill.

Bill you will never be walking alone,  
The Kop will be with you away or at home,  
As long as we breathe we'll remember you still,  
Oh thank you for ever our Liverpool Bill.

O Liverpool Bill you're our Liverpool Bill.  
Your name is a legend of courage and skill,  
You gave us the league, all the cups and the thrills,  
And that's why we love you our Liverpool Bill.

## **::: Oh Suzanna :::**

Oh I went up to Old Trafford with a  
shotgun on my knee,  
And I went down to the scoreboard with  
the men from LFC,  
Oh my darling, don't you cry for me,  
Cos I'm going to Man United with the boys  
of LFC.

Oh I went to Tottenham Hotspur with a  
shotgun on my knee,  
We took all the Tottenham then the North  
Bank Highbury  
Oh and the Chelsea we took your fucking  
Shed.  
At Fulham Broadway station all the blue  
twats they were dead.

Oh I'm going to Man United with a  
shotgun on my knee,  
We're gonna take the scoreboard we're

the boys of LFC,  
We are the Road End the pride of  
Merseyside,  
We do all the fighting while the Kopites  
run and hide.

Oh I went to Man United with a shotgun  
on my knee.  
We went to take the scoreboard for the  
famous LFC.  
We are the Kopites, we all went to Rome,  
We all went to West Ham while the Road  
End stayed at home.

## **::: Oh when the Reds :::**

Oh when the Reds  
Go marching in  
Oh when the Reds  
Go marching in  
I wanna be in that number  
Oh when the Reds  
Go marching in

## **::: One Nil Down, Two One Up :::**

(To the tune of "This Old Man")  
One-nil down, two-one up  
Michael Owen won the cup  
When a top class Paddy pass  
Gave the lad the ball  
Poor old Arsenal won fuck all

P

## **::: Packet of Crisps :::**



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



You get more noise from a packet of crisps  
Than yer do from the Gladwys Street  
Yer get more noise from a packet of crisps  
Than yer do from the Gladwys Street  
Yer get silence here quiet there  
Not a sound from anywhere  
Yer get more noise from a packet of crisps  
Than yer do from the Gladwys Street

## **::: Poor Scouser Tommy :::**

*Tune : 1st part - "Red River Valley" 2nd part - "The Sash"*

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 sands

In a battle that started next morning  
Under a Libyan 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 Liverpoolian  
I come from the Spion Kop  
I like to sing, I like to shout  
I get thrown out quite a lot (every week)

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!

Q

R

## **::: Rafa In Istanbul :::**

(To the tune Ghost Riders In The Sky)

Mourinho said don't worry, Chelsea have nothing to fear  
But how he went so quiet, when up popped Luis Garcia



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



His shot it had no power, but then he took  
his goal  
and now he's taking Rafa to Istanbul

Rafael, Rafael, Rafa in Istanbul

Benitez said don't worry, I'll wipe away  
your tears  
Cos Stevie G's a Red and a Red he'll be for  
years

You can keep your John Terry, stick your  
Lampard up your arse  
Cos Carragher is here and Gerrard's  
staying ours

Rafael, Rafael, Rafa in Istanbul

**::: Reds Never Tire :::**

(To the tune of "Mull of Kintyre")

Far have I travelled and much have I  
seen;  
The years spent in Europe now number  
twenty;  
While all those around us all fade and they  
tire;  
You will hear the Kop singing the reds  
never tire

Chorus :

The reds never tire, you'll hear the Kop  
singing,  
You'll play with the fire, that just keeps us  
winning,  
the Reds never tire

Now Everton are finished and Leeds they  
are dead;  
Benfica and Gladbach their faces are red;  
The cockneys are bottom they wont get  
much higher;  
But you'll hear the Kop singing the Reds  
never tire

Chorus :

Now back in the sixties there Hunt and St  
john;  
With stevo and rowdie but sadly the're  
gone;  
Today we've got Micheal and Robbie on  
fire  
And you'll hear the Kop singing the reds  
never tire

Chorus :

**:::Red & White Kop :::**

(To the tune of Yellow Submarine)

On a Saturday afternoon  
We support a team called Liverpool  
And we sing until we drop  
In a Red ans White Spion Kop  
We all live in a red and white Kop  
A red and white Kop  
A red and white Kop  
We all live in a red and white Kop  
A red and white Kop  
A red and white Kop  
In a town where I was born  
Lived a man who sailed the seas



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



And he told me of his pride  
They were a famous football team  
So we trailed to Anfield Road,  
Singing songs of victory  
And there we found the holy ground,  
Of our hero Bill Shankly  
We all live in .....

**...:Robbie Fowler ...**

(To the tune of Amore)

When the ball hits the net  
Its a fairly safe bet that its Fowler  
Robbie Fowler

And When Liverpool score  
You will hear the Kop roar "Oh, its Fowler  
Robbie Fowler"

Ian Rush, Roger Hunt  
Who's the best man up front? "Oh, its  
Fowler  
Robbie Fowler"

He's the King of the Kop  
He's the best of the lot  
Robbie Fowler

**...: Roma ...**

*Tune : Arriverderci Roma*

We're on our way to Roma  
On the 25th of May  
All the Kopites will be singing  
Vatican Bells they will be ringing

Liverpool boys they will be drinking  
When we win the European Cup.

We'll be drinking all their vino,  
On the 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th of May,  
All the Kopites will be singing  
Vatican Bells they will be ringing  
Liverpool boys they will be drinking  
When we win the European Cup.

Now we went back to Roma,  
On the 30th of May,  
All the Kopites they were singing,  
Vatican bells they were ringing,  
Liverpool FC they were a swinging,  
When we won the European Cup

**...: Romeo and Juliet ...**

(chorus)  
Two clubs alike in dignity,  
In Liverpool where we set our scene,  
And Juliet's dad was Everton mad,  
While Romeo's followed Bill Shankly's  
team.

As she was going to Goodison Park,  
It being on derby day,  
He passed her on his way to the match  
And pretended he'd lost his way.  
?Ello dear Jill can you help me,  
I'm sweating cobs cos it's ten to three,  
If I don't find that Goodison Road,  
I'm bound to miss Hunt's opening goal?.

(chorus)

She flashed her saucy eyes at him,  
And, oh, but they were Kendall-blue,



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



She answered him quite modestly,  
?I?d rather be dead than a red like you,  
I?m a Catterick maverick through and  
through,  
And I would die for the lads in Blue,  
?But I?ll guide you to the holy ground,  
Lest you miss Alan scoring two.?

(chorus)

He arched his back against the bar,  
To save her from the swaying fans,  
They sang ?You?ll never walk alone?,  
And they left Goodison hand in hand.  
Well Juliet?s dad went raving mad,  
And Romeo?s nearly went beserk,  
But over a black-and-tan that night,  
They agreed mixed marriages never work,  
So while the moon was shining bright,  
Our star-struck lovers eloped one night,  
On the midnight ferry they crossed over,  
Now thet?re both supporting Tranmere  
Rovers.

(chorus)

S

## **:::Said Bertie Mee :::**

Said Bertie Mee  
To Bill Shankly  
"Have you heard of the North Bank,  
Highbury ?"  
Shanks said "No,  
I don't think so,  
But I've heard of the Anny Road aggro"

## **::: Sami Hyypia :::**



(To the tune of the theme from the  
Addams Family)

In our defensive foursome  
He's absolutely awesome  
From corners he will score some  
It's Sami Hyypia

## **:::Scouser in Gay Paris :::**

How would you like to be,  
A Scouser in Gay Paris,  
Walking along on the banks of the Seine,  
Winning the European Cup once again.

We'll go up the Eiffel Tower,  
And stay up there half an hour,  
Cos we won't be too late,  
When we celebrate,  
We're the Scousers in Gay Paris.

We'll visit the Follies Bergere,  
They like to see Scousers there,  
The woman are lovely,  
With skin like a peach,  
But they'll never move it like Kenny  
Dalglish.

How would you like to be.  
A Scouser in Gay Paris.

## **::: Shankly's Dream :::**

There are many who doubt we existed  
Years ago, years ago  
But they tended to be bitter and he  
twisted  
Like Big Joe, like Big Joe.



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



But we'd won five league trophies before  
Shanks had come,  
We had players like Liddell and Scott.  
We're the boys from the Kop, Liverpool is  
our team  
And Houllier's reliving Shankly's dream.

We got blessed by a great man of vision  
Bill Shankly, Bill Shankly.  
And he led us out the Second Division  
We thank thee, we thank thee.  
Then we won every trophy that football  
has seen  
'This Is Anfield' was known throughout the  
land,  
We're the boys from the Kop, Liverpool is  
our team  
And Houllier's reliving Shankly's dream.

Everybody in the world heard us singing  
From our ground, from our ground.  
And they copied us from Manland to  
Peking  
Mersey Sound, Mersey Sound.  
Than the players would turn up and wa'd  
make them laugh  
Gordon Banks. Franny Lee and Big Jack.  
We're the boys from the Kop, Liverpool is  
our team  
And Houllier's reliving Shankly's dream.

Then Bob Paisley he did even better  
Than Shankly, than Shankly.  
Euro Cups in a cardie, trendsetter,  
He won three, he won three.  
He was shy, he was quiet but by God he  
was great  
And we loved him just like we loved  
Shanks.

We're the boys from the Kop, Liverpool is  
our team  
And Houllier's reliving Shankly's dream.

Then came Heysel and Kenny took over  
From old Joe, from old Joe.  
For a while we were rolling in clover  
Watch us go, watch us go.  
And he won us the double against Everton  
Wembley sounded like never before.  
We're the boys from the Kop, Liverpool is  
our team  
And Houllier's reliving Shankly's dream.

We were shocked, we were stunned, we  
were shaken  
When it came, when it came.  
All those children of Shanks that were  
taken,  
At a game, just a game.  
And we'll never forget them as long as we  
live  
They are with us now like they were then.  
We're the boys from the Kop, Liverpool is  
our team  
And Houllier's reliving Shankly's dream.

Came a decade that kept us all waiting  
For a team, for a team.  
And now Gerard has started creating  
Our new dream, our new dream.  
And deep down inside us we all do believe  
That he'll take us back where we belong.  
We're the boys from the Kop, Liverpool is  
our team  
And Houllier's reliving Shankly's dream.

**::: Show them :::**



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



Show them the way to go home  
They're tired and they want to go to bed  
(for a wank!)  
Cos they're only half a football team  
Compared to the boys in Red.  
Oh!

**:::Side By Side [Oh we aint gorra barrel of money] :::**

Oh we've no longer Shankly and Paisley  
Or a horse that is gangly and crazy  
But we've Thommo and Ged  
Wearing the Red  
Side by Side

Oh we're leaving the nineties behind us  
In Dortmund is where you will find us  
Wearing the Red  
With Thommo and Ged  
Side by side

[Chorus]  
They'll win many trophies  
Just you wait and see  
Just like Shanks, Bob, Joe and Kenny  
They will win more than three

So we're leaving the nineties behind us  
In Europe is where you will find us  
Just wearing the Red  
With Thommo and Ged  
SIDE BY SIDE

**::: Steve Finnan :::**

(To the tune of Michael Finnegan)

We've got a right back called Steve  
Finnan,  
When he plays we're always winnin',  
He passes the ball,  
Out and in again,  
We've got a right back called Steve  
Finnan.

**::: Stevie G :::**

(To the tune of "99 Red Balloons")

Stevie Gerrard for the 'pool  
Stevie G for the 'pool  
Stevie Gerrard, Stevie G  
Stevie score a goal for me  
You'll here this song echo around  
From all 4 corners of the ground  
He hits the net from 40 yards  
Euro glories on the cards  
With Stevie G and Gary Mac  
The glory days are coming back  
And Gerard Houllier's on the line  
As 96 red balloons fly by  
nananananananana

**::: Stevie G :::**

(To the tune of "Let it Be")

When we find ourselves in times of  
trouble,  
Stevie G runs past me,  
Playing the game with wisdom, Stevie G,  
And in my home, the Spion Kop,  
We watch him jog, right in front of me,  
Spreading balls with wisdom, Stevie G,  
Let it be, let it be, let it be, Stevie G,  
The local lad turned hero, Stevie G



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



And when the jubilant Kopite people,  
All living in The Park agree,  
That we all know the answer, Stevie G,  
And although we may all be fooled,  
There is still a chance that we will see,  
The footballing phenom, Stevie G,  
Let it be, let it be, let it be, Stevie G,  
Spreading balls with wisdom, Stevie G  
And when the night is cloudy,  
There is still a man that we all see,  
A young, committed Kopite, Stevie G,  
Playing to the sound of music,  
Stevie G runs past me,  
Playing the game with wisdom, Stevie G,  
Let it be, let it be, let it be, Stevie G,  
For we all know the answer, his name is  
Stevie G

## ::: Sweet Sixteen :::

We went down to the Bridge we needed a  
win  
And King Kenny stuck the ball in the net  
(or and King Kenny came up with a gem)  
It's sixteen, it's beautiful and it's mine

T

## ::: The 12 Days of Christmas :::

On the 12th day of Christmas my true  
love gave to me  
12 David Hodgson 11 Graeme Souness 10  
Craig Johnstone  
9 Ian Rush 8 Sammy Lee 7 Keny Dalglish  
6 Alan Hansen 5 Ronnie Whelan 4 Mark  
Lawrenson  
3 Barney Rubble 2 Philip Neal  
And Brucie in our goal.

## ::: The Best Behaved Supporters :::

*Tune - She'll Be Coming Round The  
Mountain*

We're the best behaved supporters in the  
land (when we win)  
We're the best behaved supporters in the  
land (when we win)  
We're the best behaved supporters  
The best behaved supporters  
We're the best behaved supporters in the  
land (when we win)

We're a right shower of bastards when we  
lose  
We're a right shower of bastards when we  
lose  
We're a right shower of bastards  
A right shower of bastards  
We're a right shower of bastards when we  
lose (but we don't)

## ::: The Best Centre Forward's Wearing Red :::

Oh the best centre forward's wearing red,  
He's wearing red, wearing red, wearing  
red, red, red  
Oh the best centre forward's wearing red,  
He's wearing red, wearing red, wearing  
red, red, red  
And every time he touches the ball he  
scores a goal  
Every time he touches the ball he scores a  
goal,  
Every time he touches the ball he scores a  
goal,



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



He's Terry Mac, Terry Mac, Super Terry Mac.

**::: The Bluenose Bastards Aren't the Champions Anymore :::**

Oh the worst centre forward's wearing black  
He's wearing black, wearing black,  
wearing black, black, black.

The bluenose bastards aren't the champions anymore  
They went to Nottingham Forest and only got a draw  
The went to Oxford and they couldn't even score  
The bluenose bastards aren't the champions anymore

Oh the worst centre forward's wearing black

He's wearing black, wearing black,  
wearing black, black, black.

And every time he opens his mouth he swallows the ball,

Every time he opens his mouth he swallows the ball,

Every time he opens his mouth he swallows the ball,

He's Malcolm Mac, Malcolm Mac, Malcolm Mac, Mac, Mac.

**::: The Bow-Legged Chicken :::**

I was walking down Lime Street  
Swinging my chain  
Along comes a cockney  
And he asks me my name  
I kicked him in the balls  
And I punched him in the head  
Now that cockney is dead.

**::: The Blaydon Races :::**

Oh me lads we're never off the tele  
We hate the fucking coppers  
Cos they murdered Jimmy Kelly  
United are the bastards  
City are the runners  
And when we get to Highbury  
We'll kick fuck out of the Gunners

**::: The Boys in Red :::**

We'll fight and no surrender,  
We'll fight for the boys in red,  
We'll fight the fight for Liverpool,  
The team that Shankly bred.

Newcastle Brown it has to be a winner  
Twenty five pints on a Saturday night  
And twelve for Sunday dinner  
We taught the geordies how to sing  
We taught them how to sup  
But most of all we taught them  
How to lift the FA Cup

We'll fight for Alun Evans,  
We'll fight for Ian St John,  
We'll fight the fight for Liverpool,  
The pride of division one,  
Two, three, four,  
Listen to the Kopites roar,  
LIV-ER-POOL.....

**::: The Catterick Song :::**



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



Said Catterick to Vernon you're smoking  
too much,  
You're playing like shite and you're losing  
your touch,  
I wish now that I'd signed that Ian St.  
John  
For he is a footballer second to none.

With Hunt alongside him and Cally there  
too,  
There isn't much doubt that they're better  
than you,  
And with all those boys who sing loud on  
the Kop  
Those Redmen are certain to get to the  
top.

So let us acknowledge the team down the  
road,  
Who play all their football by Bill Shankly's  
code,  
Although I'm the boss of this Everton  
team.  
To play like them Redmen is my biggest  
dream.

So with that old Catterick went home on  
the bus,  
There wasn't much point in him making a  
fuss,  
Then Vernon jumped into the back of his  
Jag,  
Drank some Johnny Red Walker and lit up  
a fag.

So what is the moral of this little tale,  
You shouldn't smoke ciggies or go  
drinking ale,  
Unless you're a Kopite in Bill Shankly's

band  
That follows the team that's the best in  
the land.

## **::: The Green Green Grass of Home :::**

Oh the old Kop looks the same,  
As I stand and watch the game,  
There's the green green grass that Liddell  
used to play on,

Now Hunt, St John and Peter Thompson,  
Score the goals whenever Shankly wants  
them,  
Oh its good to watch the greatest team at  
home,

Yes we?ll all be there to see big Rowdy,  
And cheer the team that serves us  
proudly,  
When they bring the league championship  
back home

## **::: The Irish Rover :::**

In the year of our Lord eighteen ninety  
and two,  
John Houlding evicted the blues,  
From their Anfield abode on the Walton  
Breck Road,  
He was tired of seeing them lose.  
Year's behind in rent all their money was  
spent,  
A bank that held nothing but zero's,  
But Houlding instead built a team dressed  
in red,  
Liverpool his Anfield heroes.

## **::: The Reds Are Coming up the Hill :::**



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



The reds are coming up the hill boys,  
The reds are coming up the hill boys.

\*\*\*\*\* back!!!  
Ohhh, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha...

They all laugh at us  
They all mock at us  
They all say our days are numbered.

There was a local derby, not so long ago;  
The Everton fans were singing, the songs  
that they all know;  
Then Dalglish scored a brilliant goal, but  
they said it was offside;  
But we don't give a s\*\*t because we  
scored \*\*\*\*\* five!!!  
Ohhh, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha...

Born to be a Scouse  
Victorious are we,  
If you wanna win a cup  
Then you'd better hurry up  
Cos we're Liverpool FC

and then they won a trophy and things  
were looking bright  
30,000 Evertonians appeared overnight  
but wait until the bubble bursts you know  
were they will be  
right back down in the sewers were they  
were in 83'  
Ohhh, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha...

Victorious and glorious  
We took the Gwladys Street  
between four of us  
And glory be to God that there isn't  
anymore of us  
Cos we'd take the fucking lot!

## ::: The Laughing Policeman :::

It happened down at Goodison, not so  
long ago;  
The Everton fans were singing, Howard  
Kendall he must go;  
But then he won a trophy, and he was  
Everton's pride;  
You two-faced Everton \*\*\*\*\*, you're the  
s\*\*t on Merseyside!!!  
Ohhh, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha...

## ::: The Men from Anfield's Spion Kop :::

*Tune : The Shores Of Tripoli*

We are the men from Anfield's Spion Kop,  
Our team is Liverpool FC.  
We like to sing and shout,  
Because we know,  
We'll cheer the team to victory.  
For it's a great team you'll agree,  
And we'll go down in history.  
We've won the cup, been champions too,  
And today we'll murder you.  
We're the Liverpool FC.

There was a local manager, not so long  
ago;  
The Everton fans were singing, Colin  
Harvey he must go;  
And then they lost at Bramall Lane, so  
they gave the \*\* the sack;  
But six days later, and they brought the

And if you go to any ground,  
You'll always hear our songs.



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



To see our team we'll be there,  
For we know our team will  
FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT  
It's gonna be a glorious  
SIGHT, SIGHT, SIGHT

We all agree it's gonna be  
Another glorious vicory  
For the Liverpool FC.

## ::: The "Original" Amore ! :::

When he runs down the wing  
You can hear the Kop sing  
Billy Liddell!  
When he runs through to score  
You can hear the Kop roar  
Billy Liddell  
La la la la la la  
La la la la la la  
Bil-ly Lid-dell

## ::: The Rocky Road to Wembley :::

*Tune : The Rocky Road to Dublin*

6th round away from home, wives were  
broken hearted.  
Devils nearly scored almost before we  
staled.  
Packed into the ground, praying for a  
massacre,  
Stood behind a girl, she thought I made a  
pass at her.  
Boyfriend grabbed me arm - sounded the  
alarm,  
I tried me Liverpool charm but he was  
quite implacable.  
18 stone of man - fight them if you can -

'specially Leicester fans  
On the rocky road to Wembley.

12345  
Draw the ties away and win at home  
And thats the way to Wembley

Well I packed me little jar- purely  
medicinal,  
Just to ease the throat before the semi-  
final.  
Aston Villa's ground, what a piece of  
property.  
Jays! could only see the back of Tommy  
Docherty.  
There in Villa park, Thompson lit the  
spark.  
We stayed on till dark in modest joviality,  
When we had a feed, we found that it was  
Leeds - a difficult team indeed,  
On the rocky road to Wembley.

12345  
Draw the ties away and win at home  
And thats the way to Wembley.

## :::The Scarf My Father Wore :::

(To the tune of The Sash My Father Wore)

It was back in nineteen-sixty-five  
On the very first day of May.  
Me Dad sang and danced for the lads in  
Red  
as he walked down Wembley Way.  
Ian St. John scored the goal that won  
The Cup we'd never won before.  
And as his son I love to wear  
The scarf my father wore.



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



It is old but it is beautiful  
And its colours they are fine  
It was worn in Paris Wemberly  
In Rome and on the Rhine  
My father wore it as a youth  
In the bygone days of yore  
And as his son I love to wear  
The scarf my father wore.

## **::: The Soldier Song :::**

Loyalists are we whose lives are pledged  
to Anfield,  
We have come, [where from]  
From the mighty Spion Kop  
Sworn to be Red, we're loyal  
Liverpudlians,  
We'll follow our team throughout the land.  
Tonight we'll raise the red flag high  
For Liverpool we live and die.  
And as we march, eternal light,  
We will chant a loyal song, Liverpool.

## **::: These Boots Are Made For Walking :::**

We'll all sing end raise our glasses up,  
When we win the European Cup,  
We've got the greatest side in the land,  
And we're all known as Shankly's happy  
band.

These boots are made for shooting.  
And thats just what they'll do.  
And when we get to Hungary they'll score  
a goal or two.

They keep saying we'll do something new,  
And rest assured thats what we're gonna

do,  
When Ian St John and Roger come inside.  
They'll give the Honved goalie such a  
fright.

These boots are made for shooting.  
And thats just what they'll do.  
And when we get to Hungary they'll score  
a goal or two.

Something else that really makes us sing,  
Is Callaghan and Thompson on the wing,  
Their centre forward may find things are  
cloudy.  
When he finds himself beneath big Rowdy.

These boots are made for shooting.  
And thats just what they'll do.  
And when we get to Hungary they'll score  
a goal or two.

## **::: This could be :::**

(To the tune of Rotterdam -Beautiful  
South)

This could be Parc de Princes or Wem-ber-  
ley  
Liverpool or Rome  
And when we win in Rotterdam  
We'll bring the cup back home.

## **::: This Old Man :::**

This old man  
He told me  
Bryan Robson's got VD  
With a knick knack paddywhack



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



Give the dog a bone  
Man United fuck off home

Here's the song we'll be singing  
When the boys in Red appear.

## ***:::Those Were The Days :::***

(To the tune of Those Were The Days, My Friends)

Those were the days my friends  
We took the Stretford End  
We took the Shed  
The North Bank Highbury

We took the Geordies too  
We fought for Liverpool  
We are the Kop  
Of Liverpool FC

Na na na na, nana ...

Same tune :

Come on you mighty reds,  
Come on you mighty reds,  
Come on you reds,  
Come on you mighty reds  
Come on you mighty reds,  
Come on you mighty reds,  
Come on you reds,  
Come on you mighty reds

U

Liverpool are the greatest,  
The greatest team in the land,  
Liverpool have the greatest,  
The greatest fans in the land,  
We are the pride,  
Of Merseyside.

Liverpool - they are pure magic.  
And no matter where they play,  
When we go all over Europe.  
You can hear the people say ...

Liverpool are the greatest,  
The greatest team in the land,  
Liverpool have the greatest,  
The greatest fans in the land,  
We are the pride,  
Of Merseyside

We'll collect another trophy  
When we go and play in Rome,  
And all the Kopites will be singing  
When we're on our way back home.

Liverpool are the greatest,  
The greatest team in the land,  
Liverpool have the greatest,  
The greatest fans in the land,  
We are the pride,  
Of Merseyside

## ***::: Una Paloma Blanca :::***

When the ground is full of Kopites  
And the kick off time is near.

## ***:::Underneath the Floodlights :::***

Tune : Lily Marlene



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



Underneath the floodlights  
Down in Dusseldorf  
All the kop were singing  
Bevied up of course  
We've been to Lisbon and to Rome  
And our team "never walk alone"  
We're going off to Europe to bring the cup  
back home

## **... We Fight For ...**

We dont carry bottles  
We dont carry lead  
We only carry hatchets to bury in your  
head  
We are loyal supporters  
Fanatics everyone  
We all hate man city, leeds and everton

All the way from Anfield to the gates of  
Rome,  
All the way from Anfield to bring the  
trophy home,  
Nothing can stop us come what may,  
We'll have our say, this is our day,  
Liverpool's red army,  
Is marching on it's way

We are the pride of europe  
The pride of merseyside  
We fight for no surrender  
We fight for shanklys pride....

V

We hate Tottenham Hotspur  
we hate Chelsea too  
but most of all we hate the shite  
that play in Royal Blue

W

## **... We Hate ...**

## **... We are the Scousers ...**

We are the scousers  
The cocks of the north  
We hate man utd and city of course  
We only drink whisky and bottles of brown  
The Liverpool boys are in town  
Na na na na nanananana nanananana  
Oh we're the boys on the social,  
The boys on the dole,  
We're so fucking ugly  
We can't get our hole,  
But we all go mental  
When we score a goal,  
Oh the Liverpool Boys are in town.  
Na, na, na.

We hate Nottingham Forest  
We hate Everton too (They're shit !)  
We hate Man United  
But Liverpool we love you

## **... We Love you Liverpool ...**

We Love you Liverpool we do. We Love  
you Liverpool we do.  
We Love you Liverpool we do. Oh  
Liverpool we love you.

Shankly is our hero, he showed us how to  
play  
The mighty reds of Europe are out to win  
today



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



He made a team of champions, with every man a king  
And every game we love to win and this is what we sing.

We Love you Liverpool we do. We Love you Liverpool we do.  
We Love you Liverpool we do. Oh Liverpool we love you.

Clemence is our goalie, the best there is around  
And Keegan is the greatest that Shankly ever found  
Heighway is our favourite, a wizard of the game  
Anh heres the mighty Toshack to do it once again.

We Love you Liverpool we do. We Love you Liverpool we do.  
We Love you Liverpool we do. Oh Liverpool we love you.

We've won the league, we've won the cup,  
We're masters of the game.  
And just to prove how good we are  
We'll do it all again.

We've got another team to beat and so we've got to try  
'Cos we're the best in all the land  
And that's the reason why ..

We Love you Liverpool we do. We Love you Liverpool we do.  
We Love you Liverpool we do. Oh Liverpool we love you.

## **::: We're a Happy Band :::**

We sing our songs with joy and pride,  
Every time we watch our side,  
In all the league we are top  
We're members of the mighty Kop  
[mighty Kop]

Chorus  
Liverpool supporters we're a happy band  
(e eye addio)  
That's because we're following the best team in the land.

We're leaving in the morning light,  
Flying on a chartered plane,  
By noon we'll be in Budapest,  
By nine we'll know which team is best  
(team is best)

Hungarians may laugh and grin,  
But wait till Roger bangs one in,  
And St. John will make them frown,  
We'll bring the iron curtain down (curtain down)

Their ghoulish may be up to scratch,  
But that won't help them win the match,  
When the winning goal brings down the house,  
They'll all resort to eating scouse (eating scouse).

## **::: We're the Champions :::**

Here in Liverpool we all say with pride,  
We are the supporters of the greatest football side,  
We are the champions, yes we are the



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



kings,  
We are the champions and that is why we  
sing

Liverpool are the team  
We're the best you've ever seen,  
You can stick United and the rest  
Liverpool are still the best,  
Na na, na na na na, hey hey, we're the  
champions.

We have played the best in Europe and at  
home  
And our sportsmanship and skill to all is  
known,  
We tie the champions, there can be no  
doubt  
We are the champions and that is why we  
shout

Liverpool are the team  
We're the best you've ever seen,  
You can stick United and the rest  
Liverpool are still the best,  
Na na, na na na na, hey hey, we're the  
champions.

We thank all those teams that gave us  
such a fright  
Now as your champions we'll set the world  
alight,  
We are the champions, shout it from the  
Kop  
We are the champions, that Liverpool are  
top.

Liverpool are the team  
We're the best you've ever seen,  
You can stick United and the rest

Liverpool are still the best,  
Na na, na na na na, hey hey, we're the  
champions.

Liverpool are the team  
We're the best you've ever seen,  
You can stick United and the rest  
Liverpool are still the best,  
Na na, na na na na, hey hey, we're the  
champions.

## ***::: When Johnny Comes Marching Home :::***

While on the bus to Villa Park haroo,  
haroo,  
I heard my mate make this remark  
haroo,haroo,  
We made poor Chelsea weep and ill  
Its Liverpool 2 and Chelsea 0  
and we'll all get blind drunk when  
Liverpool win the cup.

Chorus:  
So here's to Lawrence, Byrne St John,  
haroo haroo,  
Milne and Yeats and Stevenson  
haroo,haroo  
Hunt and Thompson what a man,  
Lawler Smith and Callaghan,  
and we'll all get blind drunk when  
Liverpool win the cup

For the Liverpool lads raise your glass  
haroo, haroo  
To Stevenson who made the pass - haroo,  
haroo  
Thompson had them in a trance,  
Bonetti never stood a chance,



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



And we'll all get blind drunk when  
Liverpool win the cup.

It's Wembley on the first of May - haroo,  
haroo,  
It's Leeds United labour day - haroo,  
haroo,  
We'll be there to cheer Bill Shankly's side,  
And bring the cup to Merseyside,  
And we'll all get blind drunk when  
Liverpool win the cup.

And if it's a draw you'll hear us moan,  
Lets use the coin that beat Cologne,  
And we'll all get blind drunk when  
Liverpool win the cup.

## **::: Where Are The Lads ? :::**

(Tune : The Boys Of The Old Brigade)

Oh father why are you so sad,  
Your face so pale and fraught,  
When all us reds are proud and glad  
Of the team that we support.  
Oh son I see in memory's view  
Days of long ago you see,  
When we cheered and sang  
And from the Kop there rang,  
Songs of Liverpool FC.

### **\*CHORUS**

Where are the lads who stood with me  
At Milan and Etienne ?  
Oh it grieves me that I will never see  
The Spion Kop again.

From Cantril Farm the call to arms  
Was heard by one and all,



And from Garston came brave young men  
To answer Shankly's call.  
I think of them at St Etienne  
Who made the rafters shake,  
And in 65, they brought the Kop alive  
And made poor Inter quake.

### **\*CHORUS**

Where are the lads who stood with me  
At Milan and Etienne ?  
Oh it grieves me that I will never see  
The Spion Kop again.

And so my son I've told you why  
On this dark day I sigh,  
As I recall great players all  
From the glory days gone by.  
Who played before the greatest fans  
Their singing never stopped,  
Oh they sang and cheered and Liverpool  
revered  
On the mighty Spion Kop.

### **\*CHORUS**

Where are the lads who stood with me  
At Milan and Etienne ?  
Oh it grieves me that I will never see  
The Spion Kop again.

## **::: Who Do You Think You Are Kidding Mr Catterick :::**

Who do you think you're kidding Harry  
Catterick  
It you think the 'Pools no good,  
There's Stevie Heighway, John Toshack  
and Christy Lawler too  
They scored three goals for Liverpool and  
worked it right up you!



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



So who do you think you are kidding  
Harry Catterick  
If you think the 'Pools no good.

The Kop was here, they came to cheer  
A famous victory,  
With Alan Evans, Tommy Smith  
And our leader Bill Shankly,  
So who do you think you are kidding  
Harry Catterick  
If you think the 'Pools no good.

Well the Everton supporters they have  
had quite just enough  
They'd seen heir team two goals in front  
Then Shankly called his bluff, 1-2-3  
So who do you think you're kidding Harry  
Catterick  
If you think the 'pools no good.

## **::: Why are we so Good :::**

(To the tune of "Ikley Moor Baht At")

Oh why are we so GOOD?  
Oh why are we so GOOD?  
Oh why are we so GOOD?

Because we're Liverpool  
Because we're Liverpool  
Because we're Liverpool

X

Y

## **::: Yellow Rose of Texas:::**

Have you ever heard of the Liverbird of  
Liverpool FC  
Proud on the chest of the team that's best  
The team for you and me  
The team of Billy Liddell, Dalglish and Bill  
Shankly  
We'll fight fight fight for the red and white  
of Liverpool FC

## **::: 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,  
There's 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

## **::: You're Gonna Die :::**

*Tune: The Old Woman Who Swallowed a  
Fly*

You shouldn't laugh,  
You aught to cry.  
Cos when we get you outside.  
You're gonna die!



# Liverpool Football Club Songs:



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The cockney's sing,  
I don't know why,  
Cos after the game.  
They're gonna die!

Z

