



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.

All round the Fields of Anfield Road
Where once we watched King Kenny play
(and could he play)
We had Highway 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 are still playing the same way

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

Outside the Hillsbrough flame
I heard a Kopite mourning
Why so many were taken on that day,
Justice has never been done

But their memory we'll carry on
There'll be glory round the Fields of Anfield Road

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

Steve Gerrard

Steve Gerrard, Gerrard
he'll pass the ball 40 yards
he's better than Frank Lampard
Steve Gerrard, Gerrard

We Won It Five Times

We won it 5 times
We won it 5 times
In Istanbul
We won it 5 times

Luis Suarez

He's Luis Suarez, he wears the famous Red
I just can't get enough, I just can't get enough
When he scores a volley or when he scores a head
I just can't get enough, I just can't get enough
He scores a goal and the Kop go wild,
and I just can't seem to get enough Suarez!!

Steve Gerrard

You're just too good to be true
Can't take the ball off of you
You've got a heavenly touch
You pass like Souness to Rush
And when we're all drunk in the bars
We thank the Lord that you're ours
You're just too good to be true
Cant take the ball off of you

Oh Steven Steven Steven Gerrard
Oh Steven Steven Steven Gerrard
Oh Steven Steven Steven Gerrard
Oh Steven Steven Geeeer-raaaard

Oh Steven Gerrard
Because he hates Man U
Oh Steven Gerrard
He hates the Blueshite too
Oh Steven Gerrard
You're a Red through and through



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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 the
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!

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 on 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
With crying blues all in a nark
They're probably crying still
at Liverpool 5 and Everton nil.

Repeat 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

Repeat 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

Repeat 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)