

## You'll Never Walk Alone



Everyone knows You'll Never Walk Alone but there are plenty of other tunes in the Kopite's repertoire. Here are some of the better ones

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.

## Poor Scouser Tommy/I am a Liverpudlian



The most important of all chants, even above YNWA. It is two songs bolted together and is best sung slow and plaintive to begin with, building up pace until the moment the melody changes direction. At that point comes the supreme statement of faith: "Oh I am a Liverpudlian and I come from the Spion Kop."

I'll tell you a 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 the 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  
Well the battle started next morning  
Under the Arabian sun  
I remember the poor Scouser Tommy  
Who was shot by an old Nazi gun  
As he lay on the battlefield dying

With the blood rushing out of his head (of his head)  
As he lay on the battlefield dying (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 (every week)  
We are the team who plays 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 !

Won it five times



Most often heard as a single chorus during the match but the longer version is frequently sung around the pubs of Anfield

We won it at Wem-ber-ley  
We won it in Gay Paris  
In 77 and 84 it was Rome

We've won it five times  
We've won it five ti-i-imes  
In Istanbul, we won it five times

When Emlyn lifted it high  
He lit up the Roman sky  
Thommo in Paris and Souness did it as well

We've won it five times  
We've won it five ti-i-imes  
In Istanbul, we won it five times

At Wembley we won it at home  
Took 26,000 to Rome  
20,000 to Paris when we won it again

We've won it five times  
We've won it five ti-i-imes  
In Istanbul, we won it five times

Stevie G's eyes lit up  
As he lifted the European Cup  
21 years and now its coming back home

We've won it five times  
We've won it five ti-i-imes  
In Istanbul, we won it five times

## Fields of Anfield Road



Another chant familiar for its chorus. Sung to the tune of Fields of Athenry, it conveys the Kop's sense of history

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 the King Kenny play  
(and could he play!)  
We had 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 are still playing the same way

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

The reds are  
coming up  
the hill



One from the 1970s and a time when the city had little to cheer about except the football team. The defiance holds true today and the song is still heard on the Kop

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

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

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



## Campione

A new chant developed with the Champions League semi-final in mind. After seeing film of PAOK fans singing at their club's AGM, Liverpool supporters were impressed enough to coin their own words and emulate the power generated by the Greek fans. Catchy, defiant and pulsing through with Scouse supremacy

Oh Campione

The one and only

We're Liverpool

They say our days are numbered

We're not famous any more

But Scousers rule the country

Like we've always done before  
(repeat until Chelsea wilt)