
YNWA

Introduction

HBO's series *This City is Ours* tells us more about Liverpool FC than many football documentaries ever could. It reminds us that *You'll Never Walk Alone* is not just an anthem, but the echo of a city that survived.

Context

This City is Ours is a raw portrait of Liverpool — the city that gave birth to the anthem YNWA. This piece is about identity, the raillery from the stands, and why Liverpool sings differently.

The city that sings even when exhausted.

Liverpool finds you even if you're not looking. That was the case this time as well. I expected an HBO series about gangs and family tensions — no football, no Anfield. But within minutes, the city spoke. Not through footballers, but through its streets, its accent, its refusal to pretend it's like anywhere else.

Liverpool doesn't need football to have a soul. Just walk through its streets.

This city isn't a postcard from England. It's more like the backyard — worn out, scratched over, but unforgettable. A port with a history of trafficking, smuggling, drugs, and violence. Yet one of the loudest, most loyal to its identity.

There's almost no football in the series. Instead there's a fertility clinic, mobsters, strained relationships, and language that cannot be faked. Scouse. Liverpudlian. That very specific, melodic accent — once heard, it cannot be confused with anything else.

In Liverpool, you don't have to talk about Anfield to feel its presence. Football here is like gravity: you can't see it, but everything works around it. That's why YNWA isn't an ordinary anthem. It's not a YouTube clip played before kickoff. It's far more than that: a song sung at funerals, after defeats, in moments of hopelessness. A song that grew out of survival rather than domination.

You can hear it from rival fans: *You'll never wank alone*. Crude? Maybe. But by the end of the first episode, you'll understand the word. It's whispered to a partner bound to visit a fertility clinic regularly. A juxtaposition that defines the power of the phrase: both feeling and mockery.

That chant from the stands isn't just a joke. It's a way of defusing an important statement. Ridicule meant to strip words of their power. And through that, you can sense the difference between a ground that truly sings and one that merely repeats.

Look at the Emirates. Loads of class and history, yet not so long ago almost as quiet as the Etihad. Tunes from the Kop are borrowed by rival fans to praise their own heroes. There's nothing wrong with that, but it sounds like a rendition without soul. Because a voice born of pain, from a place where people had to be tough, isn't easy to imitate.

Liverpool isn't a fairy tale. It's a testimony. A city that sang when no one was listening. And now that everyone is, it sings even louder.

Postscript

The series shows what can never be captured in TV coverage of the game. If you've never been to Liverpool, it offers a valuable glimpse into understanding the city.
