

Faifley

Deacon Blue

Faifley had a black cloud around it
There was nobody there and someone had stole the chimneys
Fifteen dogs ran up the street
Looking for the Hepatitis Hospital
And a cat with a bread poultice was singing shangalang backward
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The Sunday Mail says Woodys in Japan now
I'd made it through Partic, Whiteinch, Scotstoun and Yoker
I was here same as everyone
No more fags, no more Giro, No more Petrol