

Deacon Blue, Faifley

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 backwards

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