

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