

Splinter

"Costafine Town"

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A dirty old hole
In the side of the road
For the man who cleans the streets
Open pub doors
Where the working class goes at night

Written on walls
Where the cats never crawl
For the glass along the top
Man I was born there
I'm gonna walk right back

Costafine town, it's a fine town
I'm coming home
I feel so lonely,
I've been too long away
Costafine town, it's a fine town
I'm coming home
I wish I'd never
Made up my mind to stray

Nobody owns
All the dirty old clothes
That are lying in the lane
Whistling loud
The 4:30 shift has gone

Little old man
With a pole in his hand
Lighting lamps along the way
Hurry me back there
I wish I'd never gone

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