

My Girl Going To Town

Deacon Blue

God of warm words
And good things
God of change
God of broken chains
And rusty rails in sidings

God of the saints
And nearly departed
Come down and love the living
Before they go
Tell us a joke...

My girl going to town
She dresses down
She still wears that tiny ring

My girl going to town
Takes the late train
Oh it won't rain, she says

God of good times
Dry, happy, sunshine days
God of sand castles
And holidays
In motor cars

That take you days here and there
How long till we get there?
Fast asleep after tears
That gently change the colour
Of your brown skin

My girl going to town
Spends the days on her own
Says the summer nights are warm

My girl going to town
Is it her I'm worried for?
Are you coming home