

Jim Woodrow - The Bobbin and the Mill

This place's walls must've seen some things, I dread to think if they could
speak,
A knocking shop, a gambling parlour, I bet it's seen it's fair share of murder.

I mean all of that was long before, they stripped the walls, and painted things.
Even now the place still lives on, the rumour mill still going strong, I heard a
thing or two myself but only about someone else, someone who might have been me,
if things were worded differently.

It's good to see that it's still breathing, I never really share my feelings.
Some might say not the same these days, some of the shite that juke box plays.

But at least they've still got one or two good songs, unlike every place I've
forgotten. Nice to know you, for a while, time for me to buy a pint, one last
thing before I go, love for this place is bittersweet, I know some of you, and
some I don't, but thanks for being near my home.