

Slainte Mhath

Fish

A hand held over a candle in angst-fuelled bravado
A carbon trail scores a moist stretched palm
Trapped in the indecision of another fine menu
And you sit there and ask me to tell you the story so far
This is the story so far

Shuffling your memories dealing your doodles in margins
You scrawl out your poems across a beer-mat or two
And when you declare the point of grave creation
They turn round and ask you to tell them the story so far

This is the story so far

And you listen with a tear in your eye
To their hopes and betrayals and your only reply
Is slainte mhath

Princes in exile raising the standard drambuie
Parading their anecdotes tired from old campaigns
Holding their own last orders commanding attention
We sit here and listen to all of the story so far

This is the story so far

Take it away, take it away, take it away, take me away

From the dreams on the barbed wire at flanders and bilston glen
From a clydesdale that rusts from the tears of it's broken men
From the realisation that all we've been left behind
Is to stand like our fathers before us in the firing line
Waiting on the whistle to blow, we stand here waiting
On the whistle to blow
They promised us miracles, and the whistle still blows
Broken promises, and the whistle still blows
The whistle still blows