

## The Last Straw

Fish

Hotel hobbies padding dawns hollow corridors  
A typewriter cackles out a stream of memories  
Drying out a conscience, evicting a nightmare  
Opening the doors for the dreams to come home

We live out lives in private shells  
Ignore out senses and fool ourselves  
Into thinking that out there there's someone else cares  
Someone to answer all our prayers

Are we too far gone, are we so irresponsible  
Have we lost our balls, or do we just not care  
We're terminal cases that keep talking medicine  
Pretending the end isn't quite that near  
We make futile gestures, act to the cameras  
With our made up faces and pr smiles  
And when the angel comes down to deliver us  
We'll find out after all, we're only men of straw

But everything is still the same  
Passing the time passing out the blame  
We carry on in the same old way  
We'll find out we left it too late one day  
To say what we meant to say

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the water  
Those problems seem to arise the ones you never really thought  
of  
The feeling you get is similar to some sort of drowning  
When you are out of your mind, out of your depth  
You should have taken soundings  
We're clutching at straws, we're clutching at straws clutching  
at straws

And if you ever come across us don't give us your sympathy  
You can buy us a drink and just shake our hands  
And you'll recognise by the reflections in our eyes  
That deep down inside we're all one and the same  
We're clutching at straws still drowning