

Heart of Lothian

Marillion

On the outskirts of nowhere
On the ringroad to somewhere
On the verge of indecision
I'll always take the roundabout way

Waiting on the rain
For I was born with a habit
From a sign
The habit of a windswept thumb
And the sign of the rain

Rain on me! {It started to rain}

a) Wide Boy

Wide boys, wide boys, wide boys
Born with hearts of Lothian
Wide boys, wide boys
Born with hearts of Lothian
Wide boys, we were wide boys
Born with hearts of Lothian
These hearts of Lothian

It's six o'clock in the tower blocks
The stalagmites of culture shock
And the trippers of the light fantastic, bowdown, hoe-down
Spray their pheromones on this perfume uniform

And anarchy smiles in the Royal Mile
And they're waiting on the flyboys, slyboys, wideboys
Rooting, tooting cowboys
Lucky little ladies at the watering holes
They'll score the Friday night goals

I was born with a heart of Lothian
I was born with a heart of Lothian
I was born with a heart of Lothian
I was born with a heart of Lothian
I was born with a heart of Lothian, with a heart of Lothian.