

## The Last Straw

Marillion

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 our senses and fool ourselves  
To 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, down to deliver us  
We'll find out that after all, we're only men of straw

But everything is still the same  
Passing the time passing 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 something like drowning  
Out of your mind, you're out of your depth, you should have tak  
en soundings  
Clutching at straws, we're 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 reflection in our eyes  
That deep down inside we're all one and the same

We're clutching at straws  
We're still drowning Clutching at straws