

Fish, The Last Straw

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