

# Marillion, Slainte Mhath

(Dick/Kelly/Mosley/Rothery/Trewavas)

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 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, take me away, take me away

From the dream on the barbed wire at Flanders and Bilston Glen  
From a Clydeside that rusts from the tears of its broken men  
From the realisation that 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 but the whistle still blows  
Waiting on the whistle to blow  
We stand here waiting on the whistle to blow