

The Proclaimers, Misty Blue

When the inspiration is above my station
Thoughts are melancholy and I let them pass
I tend to view this nation
Through the condensation
On a dirty glass
When the singer solemn was a bonnie laddie
When she brushed his hair with a watered comb
Then he could have dandered
And he could have shown ye
Seven hills like Rome
If misty eyes can witness love and affection
Why does the heart still resist
What the hell is wrong with you?
I've got eyes of misty blue
All the things I want to do
Are all I ever wanted to

As the laddie grew and he looked around him
At the thugs and rapists in their stolen suits
louder beat the rhythm of his bloody heart
Telling him to shoot
Thoughtless competition
Like a home-made prison
Made him fix his vision
On a certain fate
What's the use in winning all the worlds creation
If you won't create.