

Fish, Exile On Princes Street

I saw a blue umbrella in Princes Street Garden
Heading out west for the Lothian Road
An evening news stuffed deep in the pocket
Little did I know that he had a heavy load
I found I was walking Grierson's dockyards
Where the only thing working was the foreign film crews
Making an impressive documentary
For the news, for the news
To the satellite
And all we're left with is the black, black oil
With a sense of pride and identity
The waters left behind we shouldn't forget
Laid low in the books of history
I saw the starlings wheel round Georgian spires
They're gathering on patrol in the skies
In the distance burns the flame of Grangemouth
And the dream is lost
Everything
What it could inspire
When we take, you know there is no distance
How we're talked about in the secret affairs
Taking our ride into the distance
To be what it was or could have been
What I should have said
And all we're left with is the black, black oil
With a strong sense of national pride
'Till we take some more steps to unity
Take it back to me
Take away
(?)
And all we're left with is the black, black oil
With a strong sense of national pride
Calling the (ministry?) for identity
What it meant to me, what it said
What we could have had
I saw a blue umbrella in Princes Street Garden
Heading out west for the Lothian Road
An evening news stuck deep in the pocket
Little did I know that he'd fall
Carrying a heavy load
And all we're left with is the black, black oil
With a strong sense of national pride
Calling a name in the sake of unity
What it meant to me you'll never know
You'll never know
I see myself forced in servant exile
Turning around at another's command
All I want to see is identity
What I could have been
What I did
Could have been
Internal exile
Internal exile