

# Spirit Of The West, Waking The Lion

(Kelly/Mann)

The Saint Andrews' Cross  
The slate rooves and the chimney pots  
Are dirty against the snow  
Speeding away from Glasgow  
A carriage with a view  
The holiday makers are few  
The off-season beats the peak  
and Sterling town's still fast asleep  
I'm waking the Lion up  
In me  
Harry see me through  
Distract me from the view  
It's only been a day or two  
But a lifetime here for you  
We share a cigarette  
Our expectations and our regrets  
Pass the time that remains  
Two strangers on a train  
With a carrier bag of cans  
The only suitcase in his hands  
He'll be drunk by journey's end  
Before he reaches Stoke-on-Trent