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