

Artist: fish

Title: Exile on Princes Street

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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