The Last Straw/Happy Ending

Marillion

Hotel hobbies padding dawn's hollow corridors A typewriter cackles out a stream of memories Dryin' out a conscience, evictin' a nightmare Openin' the doors for the dreams to come home

We live out lives in private shells
Ignore our senses and fool ourselves
To thinkin' that out there there's someone else cares
Someone to answer all our prayers, all our prayers

Are we too far gone, are we so irresponsible? Have we lost our balls or do we just not care? We're terminal cases that keep takin' medicine Pretendin' the end isn't quite that near

We make futile gestures, act to the cameras
With our made up faces and our PR smiles
And when the angel comes down, down to deliver us
We'll find out, after all, we're only men of straw

But everything is still the same
Passin' the time and passin' the blame
We carry on in the same old way
We'll find out we left it too late one day
To say, what we meant to say

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the water
Those problems seem to arise, the ones you never really thought of
The feeling you get is similar to somethin' like drowning
Out of your mind, you're out of your depth
You should have taken soundings
Clutching at straws
We're clutching at straws
We're clutching at straws

And if you ever come across us, don't give us your sympathy
You can buy us a drink and just shake our hands
And you'll recognize by the reflection in our eyes
That deep down inside, we're all one and the same
We're clutching at straws

We're still drownin'
Clutching at straws
We're still drownin', yeah

Clutching at straws, we're clutching at straws Still drownin', clutching at straws I'm still drownin' We're clutching at straws I'm still drownin' We're clutching at straws I'm still drownin', drownin' Clutching at straws Still drownin' Still, still, still drownin'

No (chuckling)

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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