

Heart of Lothian

Marillion

On the outskirts of nowhere
On the ring road to somewhere
On the verge of indecision
I'll always take the roundabout way
Waiting on the rain
For I was born with a habit
From a sign
The habit of a windswept thumb
And the sign of the rain
Rain on me!
It started to rain
It started to rain
It started to rain
It started to rain
It started to rain
Wide boys, wide boys, wide boys
Born with hearts of Lothian
Wide boys, wide boys
Born with hearts of Lothian
Wide boys, we were wide boys
Born with hearts of Lothian
These hearts of Lothian
It's 6 o'clock in the tower blocks
The stalagmites of culture shock
And the trippers of the light fantastic, bow down, hoe down
Spray their pheromones on this perfume uniform
And anarchy smiles in the royal mile
And we're waiting on the fly boys, sly boys, wide boys
Rooting, tooting cowboys
Lucky little ladies at the watering holes
They'll score the Friday night goals
I was born with a heart of Lothian
I was born with a heart of Lothian
I was born with a heart of Lothian
With a heart of Lothian

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