

# Political Lies

[Robin Williamson](#)

In the summer that my son was born  
In the same unchanging town that fathered me  
I retraced many steps trying to fit my own footsteps  
Is it the truth perhaps there is no return  
Political lies, political promises  
This shadow everywhere, the sense of powerlessness  
And you and I left stumbling in their blindness  
The blindness of Wall Street, Moscow, and White Hall  
How many miles I walked by the union canal  
Thinking of the hands that made it, the hands of the navies  
Thinking of the patient horses that pulled along the barges  
Whose tow ropes have rubbed grooves on the pillars of the bridges  
And I thought this "What rubs you rubs me"  
Political lies, political promises  
This shadow everywhere, the sense of powerlessness  
And you and I left waiting in the history  
A history of mystery, a history of betrayal  
All along the banks of the union canal  
I walked in the flaming sunset of a summer's evening  
Scottish skin head, glue head, Scottish flag, the tune in his head  
Looks at the sky and asks me "What does it mean?"  
Political lies, political promises  
This shadow everywhere, the sense of powerlessness  
And you and I left basking in the anguish  
The anguish of those we have failed to hear  
In the night I listen to my own darkness  
I think being born and dying have the same tax bases  
I think about the signature of God on the prison  
And about following sides and becoming lost again  
Political lies, political promises  
This shadow everywhere, the sense of powerlessness  
And you and I left with the same old question  
The sheer unspeakable strangeness of being here at all

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