

# Waterhole (expresso Bongo)

## Marillion

When the taxis gather in mock Solemnity  
Funeral hearses court the death of virginity  
Was it paradise lost or paradise found?  
Did we gain respect or were we holding ground?  
You had found true love, or so you believed  
And the wide boys tattooed your hearts upon their sleeves  
So when you think it's time to go  
When you think it's time to go  
Don't be surprised, the heroes never show  
And the patter merchants selling false impressions  
Tipping eyes at the waitress with American expressions  
Tie angels to the bar with sweet Martini's and their charms  
They're lying on every word and every arm  
They're turning down their noses to the best lines  
And the cheap wines  
And the wide boys  
They wear their love bites for their crimes

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