

# As the Wine Keeps Flowing

*by* Iain James Robb

My blood has turned to flour  
I've been in Babylon too long  
My heart was singed by fire  
But it's drowning in my song  
We raised a prayer to Mary  
We had to take our share  
We took our places in the ferry  
But we didn't pay the fare  
And we don't know where we've come from  
And we don't know where we're going  
But we don't care just as long  
Just as long  
Just as long  
As the wine keeps flowing.

You took part in the foot race  
I toasted you with gin  
There was a hole inside my suitcase  
For your violent violin  
And the waters now are raging  
Pray to god this boat don't sink  
To face the fate of Gabriel's aging  
As we lurch towards the brink

And we don't know where we've come from  
And we don't know where we're going  
But we don't care just as long  
Just as long  
Just as long

As the wine keeps flowing.

The ferryman is on to us  
He knows we did not pay  
His eyes are filled with flour and pus  
As he looks our way  
There is no shore in sight for us  
Our virtues are grey whores  
The concubines who left the bus  
Are closing all the doors  
And we don't know where we've come from  
And we don't know where we're going  
But we don't care just as long  
Just as long  
Just as long  
As the wine keeps flowing.

I took your sad stringed mandolin  
And nailed it to the sink  
Her dress of gold was growing thin  
Her slippers they were pink  
We don't know where we're coming from  
Or even where we're going  
But we'll be fine for just so long  
As the wine  
As the wine  
As the wine just keeps on flowing.

