

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.

