

Stoned On Scotch

The amber liquid glistens in the crystal of the glass
It's calling me to listen to its song
The master adds the key to bring the flavour to its best,
A drop or two of water for the dram
A peaceful easy feeling by the Eagles on the deck
To match the mood that only I can feel
Though the bottle that it came from is empty and it's gone,
There's plenty more to make me feel surreal
And I'm hoping that it's glory I can steal

The smoky peaty tang fills up the air around my head
While the fiery liquid lingers o'er my tongue
It passes o'er my lips and travels right down to my heart
And plucks the strings of all the songs I've sung
It settles down inside me and I feel it deep within
It warms the very essence of my soul
Though there's no-one here besides me,
I don't feel like I'm alone
All the masters of this craft are there of old
And I'm feeling like its glory I have stole

The night is getting slower as I pass the time away
With that peaceful easy feeling coming down
All my senses are vibrating yet my body feels so still
A heaviness of comfort brings me calm
The tangle o' the isles is weighing deep within my heart
The Scottish bards will take it up a notch
And I'm thinking that the drinking of this fine old barley dram
Makes me feel like I am really stoned on scotch
And I'm thinking that it's glory I should watch!

Inga Thompson