

Packed To The Rafters Movie

"Fishies"

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I left the house left the room with the foxy on my back
And my supplies in a magic pack
And I followed the sound of music
Not up a hill ... but down to an old wharf shack

Inside I heard the trumpets call
I salute to the champions on the wall
And in the Jazz of squalls and impassioned brawls she
danced

And the night she looked so fine to me
Oh I am a man on an Odyssey
And so tie me to the mast I must believe!

Wow didi-didi I just had to look
I said wow didi-didi how those hips they shook
Eye patch tongue ring little black book
Welcome fishies to my hook

And the tiny chefs they waved their giant knives
And the dark goumas they flicked dynamite
Still I kept the sight of my desire

And this one thing's sure I made no apologies
Lights dimmed but she shone like mythology
And I must admit she felt so alive

Wow didi-didi I just had to look
I said wow didi-didi how those hips they shook
Eye patch tongue ring little black book
Welcome fishies to my hook

She waves for everybody down on the floor
As if to pray to the gods of the festival
And there we were in the depths of the wild below

Her face so close I could taste the distant shores
She whispered 'wait for the trumpets call'
It's not exactly love it's to adore

Wow didi-didi I just had to look

I said wow didi-didi how those hips they shook
Eye patch tongue ring little black book
Welcome fishies to my hook

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