

Syket

"Fish Band"

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Once upon a time a Fish band
Things got out of hand
sailors never reached land
Took the day, day by day
They knew why they we're
they just didn't care
But there's always things to hold you down
you see it works slowly overtime

Why don't you call me no more?
I ran out of friends
We could, we could be friends?
We could go out for a walk
maybe have a brew?
I know you like 'em too!
We could talk about good old times
The times when I was there
The times when I did care
No, please not talk about good old times
You see it works slowly overtime

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