

## **Fish**

# **"Waterhole"**

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When the taxis gather in mock solemnity,  
Funeral hearses court the death of virginity,  
Was it paradise lost or paradise found?  
Did we gain respect or were we holding ground?  
You had found true love, or so you believed  
And the wideboys tattooed your hearts upon their  
sleeves.

So when you think it's time to go,  
When you think it's time to go,  
Don't be surprised, the heroes never show.

And the patter merchants selling false impressions,  
Tipping eyes at the waitress with american  
expressions,  
Tie angels to the bar with sweet martini's and their  
charms  
They're lying on every word and every arm  
They're turning down their noses to the best lines  
And the cheap wines.  
And the wideboys,  
They wear their lovebites for their crimes.

So when you think it's time to go,  
When you think it's time to go,  
Don't be surprised, the heroes never show.

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