

Fish

"Worm In A Bottle"

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When you're down to the last skin and the
limelight splutters,
to darkness in the death of a zippo (tm).
At the backstage door the last fan has long
disappeared with
a plastic bag stuffed full of memories.
If only you'd signed them, if only to testify, if only
to recognise that he existed.
That for a moment he stood there.
Side by side in the gutter on the hard cold
shoulder of destiny.

(Chorus):

You say never again this is the end and it's all gonna
change you're determined this time.
Year after year you pretend it's for real and it's all
gonna change you're determined this time.

Well happy birthday to me!
When you're the worm in the bottle. You're the
last one to leave
and there's nowhere to go to. And the minicab driver
politely suggests
you go home. If you could only remember, just where
that's at, just
where you been, just where it went wrong. You'll
eventually find it,

(Chorus):

When you're down to the end line and they're writing
you up
and writing you off and it feels just like an obituary.
You feel it's all over. You want to drive on down to the
beach
and just keep on swimming. But you're still treading
water.

(Chorus):

Happy Birthday!

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