

## **British Lions**

# **"Fork Talking Man"**

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(john fiddler)

First met you you were lonely, pushin' your smile in my  
face

Now I know that you're phoney, you're the human  
race's disgrace

You're a fork talking man

You're a fork talking man

You're a fork talking man, fork talking man

You laid down on the floor just to cheat me for a while  
Before I could even count to four the visions of you ran  
wild

You're a fork talking man

You're a fork talking man

You're a fork talking man, fork talking man

People I'm telling you there's a conspiracy

The witness to that is the sadness that you see

I'm looking at you. are you looking at me? are ya?

Ain't no-one can make you what you're not

If there's a chance to run they'll give a shot

I look pretty cold but I'm really hot. hotcha!

Every time you walk on the street with your heart  
muscles all on show

You ask someone the time of day and they tell you  
which way to go

Now you're a man without a brain, a prisoner without  
parole

You're in a rush without a name, a spirit without a soul

You're a fork talking man

You're a fork talking man

You're a fork talking man, fork talking man

You're a fork talking man

You're a fork talking man

You're a fork talking man, fork talking man

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