

The Lips

"Les Poissons"

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PIERRE

Les poissons, les poissons
How I love les poissons
Love to chop and to serve little fish
First I cut off their heads
Then I pull out their bones
Ah mes oui, savez toujours delice

Les poissons, les poissons
Hee hee hee, haw haw haw
With a cleaver I hack them in two
I pull out what's inside
And I serve it up fried
God, I love little fishes, don't you?

Here's something for tempting the palette
Prepared in the classic technique
First you pound the fish flat with a malette
Then you slash off their skin
Give their belly a slice
Then you rub some salt in
'Cause it makes it taste nice

Zoot alors, I have missed one!

Sacre bleu, what is this?
How on earth could I miss
Such a sweet little succulent crab
Quel Damage, what a loss
Here we go, in the sauce
Now some flour I think just a dab
Now I stuff you with bread
It don't hurt, 'cause you're dead!
And you're certainly lucky you are
'Cause it's gonna be hot in my big silver pot!
Tout-aloo mon poisson
Au revoir

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