

## **Splatterheads**

### **"Fish Biscuit"**

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Sweet little pretty ran away from the trouble, we saw it  
all through the peephole.  
She carried her belongings in a purple pair of stockings  
and her head in a fish bowl.  
I caught her walking backwards with a dead bunch of  
flowers and a feather in her waistband, talking to the  
birds about the places she was going in the ads on the  
news stand.

Saw lost pretty gone, pretty gone yeah yeah yeah, lost  
pretty gone, pretty gone yeah yeah yeah, lost pretty  
gone.

All her free movie passes burned up in housefire that  
no one could have started.  
Well they fired up the incubator, almost an incinerator,  
laughing about the wall climb.  
Swinging round the tree house, singing like a loud  
trout, it's donuts for the last time.  
Sign says back later, protoplasm gladiator, see you on  
the jelly rack.  
Couldn't really miss it with the number on the biscuit, I'll  
be there when the eggs hatch.

Lost pretty gone, pretty gone, pretty gone yeah yeah  
yeah, pretty gone. Got pretty gone, pretty gone yeah  
yeah yeah, pretty gone.

When all of a sudden said the stripper with the rotor  
button waiting for the big bang.  
Brown suit hot flush, married to a toilet brush that's  
doing up a condo.  
A world famous monkey told me how to knit a bridge  
across a river that don't flow.  
Strange thing piece of string, waiting for a wedding  
ring that brought a weasel meat hall.  
And the lone kipper I saw naked in the tub went and  
moved into a pinball.

I'm pretty gone, pretty gone yeah yeah yeah, well I'm  
pretty gone, pretty gone pretty gone yeah yeah yeah,  
I'm really gone.

And a little birdy told me all the insects in the world are  
gonna decorate my conscience yeah

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