

IDRchitecture

"Sign Of The Fish"

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So, our story starts in an 1896,
red-brick, Victorian row-house, right on the road, with a
toaster.

(Bluntly put: I hate this town- Citizen's Advice advised
me to get out.)

Kenzie comes round with his Multi Map,
missed call, ayahuasca, tripped out limo with a
swimming pool.

(Tell Stealth Bomber to try and calm down, we're on the
M5 now...)

Pylons in the foreground become nothing but a blur,
whilst the pylons further away from the car are moving
much slower.

(European standard expressways- 3x3 lanes and dual
carriageways.)

We planned for everything ridiculously meticulously,
and then we drove off of the dock into the estuary.
(The light said 'go' before the dock had met the ferry...
SPLASH...)

In the water and it was bloody scary...

Fishes, fishes! I've never seen so many varied friends
and enemies coming together to cleverly cobble
together

whatever the fish pretend to do whenever they're
under less pressure.

(Look at us just looking at you, being fishy on BBC2)

Test, test, this, this, star,

starfish looks unreallistic,

I don't get it, I don't get it, I don't get it...

(Silly, starfish don't exist!

We can't use this- children won't believe it.)

Fishes, fishes! I've never seen so many!

Oh great... It's a giant spider crab,

I hope it doesn't encapsulate the car and drag us all
away.

Say, say, Mr, Mr Crab, s'sorry about this.

We understand they're processed fish-sticks, not crab-
sticks.

'I'll make you wish you were never born when I come
crabbing at your door.

I'm bringing on out my crown of thorns and an army
of ghostly king-prawns with suits of armour on.'

(This crab comes out of his cave and he's making it
tricky for the victims caving in and brickin' it and shit...)
(Whump up- love up whee, wham, jumpin' up jellyfish...)

Jigged, jagged jaws. Sand-papery shark with triangular
teeth and tentacles from jellyfish shoals digesting
other smaller creature's mouthfuls and swallowing
tank-full's
of plankton and algae and coral and sand and it's sad
to drown surrounded by such stunning sea-lifelessness
now we're dead, dead, dead, dead, DEAD!

Our lives are just bubbles and float up and float up
and may the angels take us away from this strange
place.

Oh, we'll find happiness wrapped up in the abyss-
cushioned
by the sea-bed, searching for a sea-shell,
in which to dwell. Our watery grave.
A Supersoaker-after-Sea-Life-Centre, anyway...
It's better now we're all dead; my head was in the
she'd before and it was raining...
(Now we're sitting pretty at the bottom of the sea...
PLUSH...)
With the mermaids, having a cup of tea.
(Fishes, fishes, fishes, fishes)

Oh, fishes, fishes! I've never seen so many varied
friends and enemies coming together to cleverly
cobble
together whatever the fish pretend to do whenever
they're
under less pressure.
(Look at us just looking at you, being fishy on BBC2)
Test, test, this, this, star,
starfish looks unreallistic,
I don't get it, I don't get it, I don't get it...
(Silly, starfish don't exist!
We can't use this- children won't believe it.)
Oh great! It's another tidal wave.
.. I hope that all of these CGI swordfish don't get swept
away...
So, so, come and see us now- pay us a visit.
It's easy to get here but you'll get your clothes wet.

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