

Robyn Hitchcock

"Midnight Fish"

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Some people make it and
Some people don't
Some people take it and
Some people won't
Now you've got everything
A girl could wish
Excepting one thing
I haven't seen any fish
So I'm slipping you the midnight fish
Slipping you the midnight fish
Slipping you the midnight fish
Honey, watch me drown
Rubbing like strangers
In a filthy hole, come on, boy
Moist and expectant
Sardines in a bowl, come on, boy
Cut all their heads off
So they can breathe, come on
Somewhere in my baby's tunnel
I get lost and think I'll drown
Somewhere in my baby's tunnel
Lord I'm feel I'm goin' down
Slipping you the midnight fish
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