

Toad The Wet Sprocket "Hobbit on The Rocks"

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There's an old Virginian vibraphone
With a calculated gait
And a man who thinks he's Al Capone
With a cummerbund and cape

Don't criticize what a vicar would prize in you
And talk to the man if you feel he needs talking to
And the hobbit on the rocks is cryin'
And the fish upon the docks are dying, yeah
And the hobbit on the rocks is crying

There's an orchestra in Rococo
And an insulated dwarf
And the ships are sinking in the sea
As they sail from the shore

Don't criticize what a vicar would prize in you
And the hobbit on the rocks is cryin'
And the fish upon the docks are dying, yeah
Oh oh oh oh oh oh and the hobbit on the rocks is crying
For the grunion in the sand entwining

Don't criticize what a vicar would prize in you
And talk to yourself if you feel you need talking to
And the hobbit on the rocks is cryin'
And the fish upon the docks are dying, yeah
Woh oh oh oh oh, and the hobbit on the rocks is cryin'
Oh oh oh oh oh oh, for the grunion in the sand
entwining
And the hobbit on the rocks is crying

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