

Moxy FrÃ¼vous

"Big Fish"

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(Dave)

As a young boy Michael helped his mother cook,
Down by her apron strings the whole day long.
Knife in hand, her eyes trained on the recipe book
He'd salivate as she sang out this song:

(funny old woman's voice)

Cut the onions, start the dicing.
Listen up Mike, it's the right thing.
Chop the parsnip for a rich dish
In the small pond you'll be a big fish.
In the small pond you'll be a big fish.

(Mike)

When in college our lad made some special friends,
Kept him from subversives and their kind.
Swirled within a world of sports and dividends.
And the song they sang was etched upon his mind:

(All)

Cut the hair off the hippy sleeping.
Listen up Mike, it's the right thing.
Chop the fringes off the freakish.
In the small pond you'll be a big fish.
In the small pond you'll be a big fish.

(Murray)

Thirty-five, a burning drive possessed him
To be the greatest golfer in North Bay.
Sometimes a fear of failure near obsessed him.
But then he'd hear the other golfer's say:

(funny deep voice)

Cut the motion on your back swing.
Listen up Mike, it's the right thing.
Chop the golf ball with a big swish.
In the small pond you'll be a big fish.
In the small pond you'll be a big fish.

(Jian)

Now he's breaking bread with heads of industry.

The captain in the autumn of his years.
He proceeds with Messianical rabidity.
When he echoes mother's words he hears the cheers:

(All)

Cut the welfare, and public housing.
Listen up Mike, it's the right thing.
Chop the health-care, you'll get your wish.
In the small pond you'll be a big fish

Cut the child-care and the schooling.
Lis

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