

Faithless, Fatty Boo

Hey, nicknamed Fatty Boo with a name lisa
she no have no boyfriend
she live up the fridge freezer
triple chin or facial hair,
she favour geezer
although she friend recommend certain cream and tease her
she favourite tippie is bacardi breezer
claim she 31 but no-one believe her
love randomer restaurant with she friend anita
you should meet her, anita, another big eater

slipped disc for the waiter then theres always a feature
when they run go carrying food for them two creature
one night she come so much rice she nearly have a seizure
fall off she chair, licked she hair and catch amnesia
wake up in a&e and bellows she want pizza (give me food ya)
doctors quickly sign paper and release her (one time...)
cough, 'nough police to police her
fatty boo you better pray no-one sees ya (this time)

be careful of the things that you do
say now you got plenty but the plenty could be few
this is my chance to shout it in other avenue
say dont you be a sinner, dont you keep all for you

i said a long time no you start warm is a ripple
every lickle dime, every nickle, you are trouble
watch you're little head fatty boo
and give the dog a bone that could never be for you

nicknamed fatty boo but we call her mel life
changed forever when she discovered chanel
now she, has a mind to buy designer apparel
she no, favour gazelle, but she bounced like hell
whenever she spya something to die for on the fashion channel (17...breezer...chhhooomm)
and one like tinkerbelle
fatty, big like two church bell in parallel
cats walk and mel never match up too well
but fatty was saucy, couldnt be told
she loved margo with her big nick, drifting the cold
she even bolder than the skinny girls, shoulderless (they're mine!)
and admired everywhere from her openness

microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2, 1, 2!

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be careful of the things that you do
say now you've got plenty but the plenty could be few, be few, be few, be few...etc

yeh, I said a long time no you start warm is a ripple, ripple, ripple, ripple...etc
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finally fatty boo you stood with me in '73
saturday night playing the music at my fathers party
6 records on the changer often with dan settee
still your gram 6 years old and im the man
steady with calypso to start then play reggae
one thousand bolts of holts (huh) for everybody
in the days when r&b meant
arthur conrey, otis reading, booker t and the mg's
every, lickle piece of attention as we tried to squeeze from the father
his friends and the family
sometime deliberately tease with the tune that wont please
and the whole room reaction set my young heart at ease
i used to be black suits and shirts with skinny ties
and they was wise and funny and, funny and wise
staying up late and playing the music with grown ups was my prize
the lickle fat kid with sparkling eyes.