

Fish, Worm In A Bottle

When you're down to the last skin
And the limelight splutters to darkness in the death of a Zippo.
At the backstage door the last fan has long disappeared
With a plastic bag stuffed full of memories.
If only you'd signed them, if only to testify, if only to recognise that he existed.
That for a moment he stood there.
Side by side in the gutter on the hard cold shoulder of destiny.
You say never again this is the end and it's all gonna change you're determined this time.
Year after year you pretend it's for real and it's all gonna change you're determined this time.
Well happy birthday to me!
When you're the worm in the bottle.
You're the last one to leave and there's nowhere to go to.
And the minicab driver politely suggests you go home.
If you could only remember, just where that's at,
Just where you been, just where it went wrong.
You'll eventually find it.
You say never again this is the end and it's all gonna change you're determined this time.
Year after year you pretend it's for real and it's all gonna change you're determined this time.
Well happy birthday to me!
When you're down to the end line and they're writing you up and writing you off and it feels just like
You feel it's all over. You want to drive on down to the beach
And just keep on swimming. But you're still treading water.
You say never again this is the end and it's all gonna change you're determined this time.
Year after year you pretend it's for real and it's all gonna change you're determined this time.
Well happy birthday to me!
Happy Birthday!