

# British Lions, Fork Talking Man

(John Fiddler)

First met you you were lonely, pushin' your smile in my face  
Now I know that you're phoney, you're the human race's disgrace  
You're a fork talking man  
You're a fork talking man  
You're a fork talking man, fork talking man

You laid down on the floor just to cheat me for a while  
Before I could even count to four the visions of you ran wild  
You're a fork talking man  
You're a fork talking man  
You're a fork talking man, fork talking man

People I'm telling you there's a conspiracy  
The witness to that is the sadness that you see  
I'm looking at you. Are you looking at me? Are ya?  
Ain't no-one can make you what you're not  
If there's a chance to run they'll give a shot  
I look pretty cold but I'm really hot. Hotcha!

Every time you walk on the street with your heart muscles all on show  
You ask someone the time of day and they tell you which way to go  
Now you're a man without a brain, a prisoner without parole  
You're in a rush without a name, a spirit without a soul  
You're a fork talking man  
You're a fork talking man  
You're a fork talking man, fork talking man  
You're a fork talking man  
You're a fork talking man  
You're a fork talking man, fork talking man