

Fish, Credo

(Dick/Simmonds/Boult/Usher)

I watch the TV every night,
I stay awake by satellite,
I hope and pray the nightmares,
Stay away today.

An oily shroud on a coral reef,
A black cloud's hanging over me.

When I hit on the remote,
The programmes stay the same.

Credo, credo, credo, credo.

An assegai slick with sweat and blood,
A shotgun barks at a rabid dog,
A shallow grave hugs a highway,
Beneath a bleaching sun.

chorus:

Credo, credo, credo, credo,
It don't mean nothin'; it don't mean nothin'
It don't mean nothin'; it don't mean nothin' to me.
When cancer sucks a young girl's breast.

When a company chains a young man's soul

When the coal dust stole

My grandad's breath away.

(chorus)

A tattered tramp tacks a windy wynd,
To close a crowded circle a brazier's light,
A man becomes a mountain, in the falling snow.
A mother screams and a baby cries.

The memory gone before the blood has dried.

A needle pricks the conscience,

To help it fade away.

(chorus)

The more you scream, the less you hear,
Or that's how it used to be.

But I just can't tell the difference

Anymore these days.

The open lips of an altar^[1] boy,

A planet spins in a silent void,

The options are ever fewer

On the ground these days

(chorus)

[1] sic. Is this supposed to be altar? This is how it appears on the lyric sheet.