

# Fish, He Knows You Know

Light switch, yellow fever, crawling up your bathroom wall  
Singing psychedelic praises to the depths of the china bowl  
You've got venom in your stomach, You've got poison in your head  
You should have listen to the priest at the  
Confession when he offered you the sacred bread  
He knows, you know, he knows, you know  
He knows, you know, but he's got problems  
Fast feed, crystal fever, swarming through a fractured mind  
Chilling needles freeze emotion, the blind shall lead the blind  
You've got venom in your stomach, You've got poison in your head  
When your conscience whispered, the vein lines stiffened  
You were walking with the dead  
He knows, you know, he knows, you know, he knows, you know  
He's got experience, he's got experience, he knows you know  
But he's got problems, problems, problems  
He knows... Slash wrists, scarlet fever  
Crawl under your bedroom door  
Pumping arteries ooze their problems  
Through the gap that the razor tore  
You've got venom in your stomach  
You've got poison in your head  
You should have listened to your analyst's  
Questions when you lay on his leather bed  
He knows, you know, he knows, you know  
He knows, you know, but he's got problems  
Blank eyes, purple fever streaming through the frosted panes  
You learned your lesson far too late from the links in a chemist chain  
You've got venom in your stomach, You've got poison in your head  
You should have stayed at home and talked  
With father listen to the lies he fed  
He knows, you know, he knows, you know  
He knows, you know, but he's got problems  
He knows, you know, he knows, you know  
He knows, you know he's got experience  
He's got experience, he knows you know  
He knows you know