

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