

# Fish, I Know What I Like (in Your Wardrobe)

[Genesis, &quot;Selling England by the Pound&quot;]

(T. Banks / P. Collins / P. Gabriel / S. Hackett / M. Rutherford)

It's one o'clock and time for lunch,

Dum-dee-dum-dee-dum-dum

When the sun beats down and I lie on the bench,

I can always hear them talk.

There's always been Ethel:

&quot;Jacob, wake up! You've got to tidy your room now.&quot;

And then Mister Lewis:

&quot;Isn't it time that he was out on his own?&quot;

Over the garden wall, two little lovebirds - cuckoo to you!

Keep them moving blades sharp...

I know what I like, and I like what I know;

getting better in your wardrobe, stepping one beyond your show.

Sunday night, Mr Farmer called, said:

&quot;Listen son, you're wasting your time; there's a future for you  
in the fire escape trade. Come up to town!&quot;

But I remebered a voice from the past;

&quot;Gambling only plays when you're winning&quot;

- I had to thank old Miss Mort for schooling a failure.

Keep them moving blades sharp...

I know what I like, and I like what I know;

getting better in your wardrobe, stepping one beyond your show.

When the sun beats down and I lie on the bench,

I can always hear them talk.

Me, I'm just a lawnmower - you can tell me by the way I walk.