

Frank Black, Fiddle Riddle

Once stood a man on my face
Ooh yeah, on my face
Gobbled him up 'cause my taste
Leaves nothing to waste

Hear the riddle that I say
Hear the riddle that I say
What is fair is fair
That is fair and square to me

Piano it marks the good pace
Ooh yeah, the good pace
Don't know if it's right, but I like the bass
So turn up the bass

Hear the fiddles as they play
Hear the fiddles as they play
What is fair is fair
And the guitar player

No metal, no brick, was no trace
Oh, no, was no trace
But machines moved on and still chased
No particular place

Hear the riddle that I say
Hear the riddle that I say
What is fair is fair
That is fair and square to me

What is fair is fair
That is fair and square to me