

# Gaelic Storm, Fish And Get Fat

I keep it goin' day by day,  
Drink my coffee, smile and say,  
"Doin' fine... how's it treatin' you?"  
My smile comes from a movie scene,  
Words from Sunday's magazine,  
Who I am, I only wish I knew.

I wanna fish and get fat, I'm done with all of that!  
I wanna fish and get fat... I ain't comin' back!  
I'm movin' backward stride by stride, I'm sliced I'm diced, I'm crispy fried.  
City's closin' in on me,  
The windows to my soul are sad reflections of a billboard ad:  
Buy one now and get another free!

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I'm genuine synthetic fake, lock me up and let me bake,  
Turn me over now, I think I'm done,  
Sprinkle me with MSG, a word or two of sympathy,  
Slap me 'round and throw me in a bun!  
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River river, wash me clean, carry me away.  
River river, wash me clean, carry me away.  
River river, wash me clean, carry me away.  
River river, wash me clean... 'cause I can't stand another lousy day!  
I move my mouth, the words come out,  
First a whisper, then a shout,

No one hears a thing I have to say,  
The sell-by date stamped on my neck is out of date, but what the heck  
No one's buying anything today!

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