

King, Fish

Cold comfort greeting tired and well trod feet
Moths flicker life into an empty dim lit street
Well this is somebodys hometown
Absence makes the heart grow fonder
Looking around I have to wonder
I can hardly breathe theres a weight upon my chest
Feels like its pushing me down
Sucking out my breath
Just too many faces around here
That I dont want to see
Ive been looking for the heart of town
But the ringroads lead me round and round
Dreamers of Caribbean seas
Jumping in and jumping out its me
Like a fish out of the water
Like a kite without a breeze
Tell me, did you see the golden pavements?
Was I dreaming or did they gleam
Well whether youre writing on the wall
Or just sitting on the fence
Get up, look around to me theres no defence
Against Celtic brothers in their streams
Hooked and sent to Coventry
Like a fish out of the water
Like a kite without a breeze.