

# Paul Kantner, Fat

Lyrics & Music: Grace Slick

So we all went through the wall  
No one uses doors anymore  
We all want to be that small  
We can't fit if we're fat and that's all

chorus

Some days you do  
Anything anything looks good to do  
Some days hardly smiling boy  
Well your tongue's so thin it makes no noise  
I just don't hear a sound

Don't start pulling it apart  
If you can't put it back together again  
Don't you roll over in your bed too fast  
Land on the floor in nothing but your cold bare skin

chorus

Some days you do  
Anything anything looks good to do  
Some days hardly smiling boy  
Well your tongue's so thin it makes no noise  
I just don't hear a sound