

School Of Fish, Under The Microscope

Porsche books bands
At the pink cadillac
She can do what she wants
She's got a black magic hat
And Mr.Book is
Always up and down
But he's a pain in the ass
'Cause he thinks he runs this town

CHORUS

Give me some room, cut some rope
Give me just five minutes from
Under the microscope

There's an ambulance chaser
On the telephone
He's no sixties rebel
And you're better off on your own
Yesterday you thought
You had it made
But now you'd do anything
Just to make it all go away

CHORUS

How does the flavor of the month taste
Ain't it hard to say good-bye
Now that you're standing face to face

She is convincing
When she stares you down
But you know if you let her
She will drown you out

CHORUS

Give me some room, cut some rope
Give me just five minutes from
Under the microscope