

Shivaree, Fat Lady Of Limbourg

Well, I rang up Pantucci
Spoke to Lu-chi
I gave them all
They needed to know

And if affairs are proceeding
As we're expecting soon enough
The weak spots will show

I assume you understand that we have options on your time
And will ditch you in the harbour if we must

But if it all works out nicely
You'll get the bonus you deserve
From doctors we trust.

The Fat Lady of Limbourg
Looked at the samples that we sent
And furrowed her brow

You would never believe that
She'd tasted royalty and fame
If you saw her now

But her sense of taste is such that she'll distinguish with her tongue
The subtleties a spectrograph would miss

And then announce her decision
While demanding her reward
The jellyfish kiss

Now we checked out this duck quack
Who laid a big egg, oh so black
It shone just like gold

And then the kids from the city
Finding it pretty, took it home
And there it was sold

It was changing hands for weeks 'till someone left it by their fire
It melted to a puddle on the floor

For it was only a candle
A Roman scandal oh oh oh
Now it's a pool

That's what we're paid for
That's what we're paid for
That's what we're paid for here

That's what we're paid for
That's what we're paid for
That's what we're paid for here