

The Cranberries, Fee Fi Fo

Fee fi fo she smells his body
She smells his body
And it makes her sick to her mind
He has got so much to answer for
To answer for, To ruin a child's mind

How could you touch something
So innocent and pure
Obscure
How could you get satisfaction
From the body of a child
You're vile, sick

It's true what people say
God protect the ones who help themselves
In their own way
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God protect the ones who help themselves
In their own way

He was sitting in her bedroom
In her bedroom
And now what should she do
She's got so much insecurity
And his impurity It was a gathering gloom

How could you touch something
So innocent and pure
Obscure
How could you get satisfaction
From the body of a child You're vile, sick

Fee fi fo x4