

The Tiger Lillies, Fisheads

Fisheads in the gutters,
the whores are old and tired.
Sailors are tellin' tales,
sailors are all liars.
The fisheads are their only meal,
they lie in their stomachs and congeal.

Fisheads (fisheads),
Fisheads (fisheads),
Fisheads (fisheads),
Fisheads (fisheads),
Fisheads, those fisheads.

Thieves go out thieving,
the old men expire.
The seagulls scream obscenities
from the churches' spires.
And the fisheads are their only meal,
they lie in their stomachs and congeal.

Fisheads (fisheads) ...

The street singers sing,
their throats on fire,
and the crucifixes fall
from the church's spire.
And the fisheads are their only meals,
they lie in their stomachs and congeal.

Fisheads (fisheads) ...

And the police round up the thieves,
kick them about.
The thieves all scream
and the thieves all shout.
And the fisheads, they vomit them out,
those fisheads scream and shout.

Yeah, fisheads (fisheads) ...