

Tom Milsom, Seafood

I've never eaten a lobster
Because I've seen them in their prime
Sitting in a tank beside the dorrway
And if they could see it your way
They would probably start to cry

And the salt water from their tears
Would wash away all of their tears
As they remember all the years
They'd spent so happy in the wild

And then one day the big men came
To make them play a fishy game
Of Russian Roulette for crustaceans
Fifty lobsters, seven nations,
Waiting for the sweaty clientele
To pick them out for boiling water hell

I've never eaten a lobster
Not that I haven't had the opportunity
Other food is so guilt free
But in the case, the killer's me

And while it's sitting on your plate
Regrets would come, but it's too late,
And seafood's such a very tricky dish

And nothing's more emotional than fish