

Poor Little Fish

The Jayhawks

Poor little fish, swimming in the water
Hide behind the cottails of your father
I've been alone so long I thought I'd never last
Stuck up on a shelf like an old dusty hat

But then you came along
You put me on that throne
Up into the sky
Thought I saw Nick Cave down at the laundromat

You put your hand in my hand and that was that
Your perfume on my sleeve
You lit my life like a Christmas tree
Up into the sky

You know a cold, cold heart sleeps awful well
While the maids vacuum the hall outside my cheap hotel room
Then the shit came down
Exploded to the ground
Up into the sky

Where you are is who you are
When you're sleeping
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