

He Knows You Know

Fish

Light switch, yellow fever, crawling up your bathroom wall.
Singing psychedelic praises to the depths of the china bowl.
You've got venom in your stomach, You've got poison in your head.

You should have listen to the priest at the
Confession when he offered you the sacred bread.

He knows, you know, he knows, you know.
He knows, you know, but he's got problems.

Fast feed, crystal fever, swarming through a fractured mind.
Chilling needles freeze emotion, the blind shall lead the blind
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You've got venom in your stomach, You've got poison in your head.

When your conscience whispered, the vein lines stiffened;
You were walking with the dead.

He knows, you know, he knows, you know, he knows, you know.
He's got experience, he's got experience, he knows you know.
But he's got problems, problems, problems.

He knows... Slash wrists, scarlet fever.
Crawl under your bedroom door.
Pumping arteries ooze their problems
Through the gap that the razor tore.
You've got venom in your stomach,
You've got poison in your head.
You should have listened to your analyst's
Questions when you lay on his leather bed.

He knows, you know, he knows, you know.
He knows, you know, but he's got problems.

Blank eyes, purple fever, streaming through the frosted panes.
You learned your lesson far too late, from the links in a chemist chain.

You've got venom in your stomach, You've got poison in your head.

You should have stayed at home and talked
With father, listen to the lies he fed.

He knows, you know, he knows, you know.
He knows, you know, but he's got problems.
He knows, you know, he knows, you know.
He knows, you know he's got experience.
He's got experience, he knows you know.