

## Tiki 4

Fish

She holds court, queen of all the mountains  
Snow leopards hide amongst her hills,  
The bong billows clouds up to the ceiling  
Fresh stars day-glo in the night.  
Mai-Tais at the bar, she only sees charlie at weekends,  
The cocktail monkeys are climbing, a tower is chiming, faraway.  
Micha is smiling back in Tiki 4  
Back in Tiki 4.

One eye is all that is needed to be king of all he surveys,  
Grandmaster, apprentice of architects  
Design curves where others leave trails  
It's freaking you out as you search for the lock on the door  
Pillars of smoke are guiding you back to the floor  
Back to Tiki 4  
Tiki 4  
Tiki 4

And the darkness zips up the city like a body bag  
The good citizens are lying asleep in their beds dreaming of the  
day ahead  
Meanwhile we're back in Tiki 4.  
Tiki 4  
Tiki 4  
Back in Tiki 4

Renee is curled up on the sofa  
Judy scratches away at her scars  
Loud lines that were only a whisper  
Too weak for the angels to hear  
But she's proud, she got the respect of her mother  
She didn't waver, straight down the lines and out of sight  
Judy woke up in Tiki 4  
Back in Tiki 4

And the darkness zips up the city just like a body bag  
The good citizens are lying asleep in their beds dreaming of the  
day ahead  
Meanwhile we're back in Tiki 4.  
Tiki 4  
Back in Tiki 4  
Writing graffiti on the moon  
Graffiti on the moon  
Writing graffiti on the moon