

## Fatman

Icehouse

Fatman, fatman, fatman, fatman  
On Second Avenue, night life is second nature  
Black jazz in numbers land  
Affairs are all night long  
The girl's best friend is a fatman  
He gives her pearls and diamonds  
Sometimes she looks so blown away  
She hangs her head against the window  
Toasting brandies to her shadow  
Champagne from Paris, France  
Cigars, the best Havana  
The boys don't like the way you do things  
They might not understand  
I don't want to hear about it  
I don't want to talk about it  
I don't want to read about the details in the paper  
St. Valentine's Day blows away  
Leaves a fatman by the window  
Looking straight along the barrel  
Fatman, fatman, give me the gun  
Fatman, you're not fooling anybody  
Fatman, fatman, give me the gun  
Don't be like that baby  
You're just no fun  
Fatman, fatman, give me the gun  
Fatman, you're not fooling anybody  
Fatman, fatman, give me the gun  
Don't be like that baby  
You're just no fun  
Pink champagne from Paris, France  
Cigars, the best Havana  
On Second Avenue, affairs are all night long  
I don't want to hear about it  
I don't want to talk about it  
I don't want to read about the details in the paper  
St. Valentine's Day blows away  
Leaves the fatman by the window,  
looking straight along the barrel  
Fatman, fatman, fatman, fatman  
You're not fooling anybody  
Fatman, fatman, fatman, fatman  
You're not fooling anybody  
Fatman, fatman, give me the gun  
Don't be like that baby,  
You're just no fun.  
Fatman, fatman, fatman, fatman  
You're not fooling anybody  
Fatman, fatman, give me the gun  
Don't be like that baby,  
You're just no fun.