

## 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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