

Circus Fish

Vermillion Lies

I'll cook you up some lobster bisque
I wanna smoke you like a fish
You smell like kelp I think it's hot
I'm gonna stick you in my pot
It's true you are my fish fillet
I'll fry you up with some frisee

You are just like my garden trowel
I don't know what to rhyme with trowel
I'll stick you deep down in the dirt
and you can laugh when it hurts (Maniacal laughter-
every musician)
and then you'll flower from your stem
they want to pluck you, I know them.

I'm going to wring you like a sponge
I'll clean my floor with your tongue
You dry the dishes oh so nice
You dirty rag, let's do it twice (Three times! Four!)
And now let's shine the silverware
You're tired, hungry? I don't care.

And when I'm done with your service
I'm gonna sell you to the circus
I'll come and visit in a week
You'll make a nice circus freak
That's what my mother said to me

She never came to visit

That's why I wrote this song.