

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Whoever Invented the Fishfinger

Whoever Invented the Fishfinger
(Leon Rosselson)

Whoever invented the fishfinger,
ought to be transmogrified.
Skinned mashed and boxed, into uniform blocks,
then covered all over, from collar to socks,
and frozen and finally fried.

Because who'd do that to a fish,
finning its way through the seas,
Colours in harmony, perfectly poised,
riding its flying trapeze.

And progress, is all very well,
but not when it chops up our dreams.
And it's hard to feel, at ease in the world,
when nothing is what it seems.

Whoever invented the Daily Mail,
ought to be cut down to size.
Pulped and reduced to a nauseous juice,
and dried out at flattened 'til ready for use,
Then covered in newsprint and lies.

Because who'd do that to a tree
raising its head to the sky
Rooted in centuries, telling tall tales,
breathing a green lullaby.

And progress, is all very well,
but not when it chops down our dreams.
And it's hard to feel, at ease in the world,
when nothing is what it seems.

Whoever invented the Policeman,
ought to be licked into shape.
Toughened and trained, 'til the body's a cane
'til the arms are a chain, 'til the nerves feel no pain,
'til obedience rules and encircles the brain,
With walls so he'll never escape.

Because who'd do that to a child,
jumping with joy and desire.

Floating in fantasies, drowning in dreams,
Brimming with feelings of fire.

And progress, is all very well,
but not when it locks up our dreams.
And it's hard to feel, at ease in the world,
when nothing is what it seems.

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