

X-Ray Fish  
by Ralph McTell

Flim, Flam, there's a traffic jam  
At the bottom of the deep blue sea  
'Oh, what a mess,' said the X-ray Fish  
'Oh what can the problem be, be, be, be  
What can the problem be?'  
'I was the first,' said a big fat fish  
'And the others won't let me through  
Now all of the others are stuck behind  
Oh what are we going to do, do, do, do,  
What are we going to do?'

Flim, Flam, there's a traffic jam  
At the bottom of the deep blue sea  
Oswald's trying to sort it out  
But he's making a mess you see, see, see  
Making a mess you see.  
He's got so many legs and arms  
They point all over the place  
He knows he's making a terrible mess  
You can tell by the look on his face, face, face, face,  
Tell by the look on his face.

Flim, Flam there's a traffic jam  
At the bottom of the deep blue sea  
'I've got a plan,' said the X-ray Fish  
'So come and listen to me, me, me, me,  
Come and listen to me.

What we need are traffic lights  
With colours that will show  
When they're red you have to stop  
And when they're green you go.

Flim, Flam, there's a traffic jam  
At the bottom of the deep blue sea  
'The traffic lights are the X-ray fish  
So everybody look at me, me, me, me,  
Everybody look at me'

So X-ray swam around the fish  
With the red seaweed inside his tum  
And the fish they all just waited their turn and they all agreed 'Well done,  
done, done, done,  
All agreed well done.

Flim, Flam, no traffic jam  
And the fish were moving again  
The X-ray Fish is only little  
But he's got a very good brain, brain, brain,  
He's got a very good brain.