

The Fat Man

Paul Heaton & Jacqui Abbott

The train's running late, but the bills are on time
Greggs and Social, there's a permanent line
Y'all blaming the fat man, you all think that it's him
Rather go McDonald's or Burger King than go to the gym

Every toffee wrapper that's dropped in the street
Seems to gravitate to the soles of your feet
Every time you return from your Saturday shop
Your neighbour's eyes burn through the bags that you've got

Rich in Armani, poor in velour
Every takeaway's a wide-open door
Nicotine chewing gum, e-cigarettes
The harder you try, the fatter you get

The betting shop's open, the grocery's shut
Every time you eat, there's an almighty tut
Y'all think it's the fat man, you all think that it's he
You all think he carries a loyalty card for KFC

Whenever they show the obese on the 6 o' clock news
They only ever show the waistline down to the shoes
No face on the fat man, just a wobbling mass
Dead man walking all the way from the brain to the ass

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So as the fat man, he sits, staring into thin air
He'd choose the noose, but he's broken the chair
He'd take a cruise, throw himself off the boat
He can't swim, but he'd probably float

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