

# Fishes

Slow Pulp

Looking at a past life  
On a CD stand  
Next to legends  
Do you think Lucy understands?  
Fishes mounted on a wall made out of glass  
Watching me cry to the screen  
Saying I hope that this lasts

Try and fail, and try and fail  
And try it all again  
I wanna catch myself this time  
Like I know

That I'm the prize  
Like the fishes  
And their winning size

Maybe I kinda like myself  
But only when I'm alone  
Take the sugar out of the water  
It's sweetest on its own

Sink and swim, and sink and swim  
And sink it all again  
I've gotta catch myself this time  
Like I know

That I'm the prize  
Like the fishes  
And their winning size

The fishes  
The fishes  
The fishes  
The fishes  
The fishes  
The fishes  
And their winning size