

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