

Elbow, The Fix

The fix is in.
There's a nag gonna dance home at Epsom.

The fix is in.
Can't wait to see how it upsets them.

Too many times we've been postally pipped.
We've loaded the saddles.
The mickeys are slipped.
We're swapping the turf for the sand
and the surf and the sin.
'Cause the fix.
The fix is in.

The fix is in.
The odds that I got were delicious.

The fix is in.
The jockey is cocky and vicious.

The redoubtable beast has had Pegasus pills.
We'll buy him the patch in the Tuscany hills
and the vino de Vici will flow like a river in spring.
Now the fix.
The fix is in.

The fix is in.
The snaps of the steward's so candid.

The fix is in.
Yes our pigeons have finally landed.

The Donaghue sisters will meet us in France.
In penguins and pearls we'll drink and we'll dance.
'Til the end of our days.
'Cause it ain't left to chance that we win.
'Cause the fix.
The fix is in.