

# King, Fish

Cold comfort greeting tired and well trod feet  
Moths flicker life into an empty dim lit street  
Well this is somebodys hometown  
Absence makes the heart grow fonder  
Looking around I have to wonder  
I can hardly breathe theres a weight upon my chest  
Feels like its pushing me down  
Sucking out my breath  
Just too many faces around here  
That I dont want to see  
Ive been looking for the heart of town  
But the ringroads lead me round and round  
Dreamers of Caribbean seas  
Jumping in and jumping out its me  
Like a fish out of the water  
Like a kite without a breeze  
Tell me, did you see the golden pavements?  
Was I dreaming or did they gleam  
Well whether youre writing on the wall  
Or just sitting on the fence  
Get up, look around to me theres no defence  
Against Celtic brothers in their streams  
Hooked and sent to Coventry  
Like a fish out of the water  
Like a kite without a breeze.