

Paul Kantner, Fat

Lyrics & Music: Grace Slick

So we all went through the wall
No one uses doors anymore
We all want to be that small
We can't fit if we're fat and that's all

chorus

Some days you do
Anything anything looks good to do
Some days hardly smiling boy
Well your tongue's so thin it makes no noise
I just don't hear a sound

Don't start pulling it apart
If you can't put it back together again
Don't you roll over in your bed too fast
Land on the floor in nothing but your cold bare skin

chorus

Some days you do
Anything anything looks good to do
Some days hardly smiling boy
Well your tongue's so thin it makes no noise
I just don't hear a sound