Fly By

Fatcat & Fishface

Flying high above the city
She was on a mission
Goodbye, to seek to land

Under cover of darkness
She buzzed ground control
And beginning her descent
She diiiiiiiived...

Looking for a place to lay her maggots
Yes she was
Looking for a place to lay her maggots

Fly in the kitchen by the rubbish bin
Buzzing around, buzzing around.
Fridge door is open, won't ya step right in
Buzzing around, buzzing around

Oh she was
Looking for a place to lay her maggots
Yes she was
Looking for a place to lay her maggots

Settle on a sandwich, bomb the biscuit tin
Buzzing around, buzzing around
Do the mashed potata, on a sausage skin
Buzzing around, buzzing around

Oh she was
Looking for a place to lay her maggots
Yes she was
Looking for a place to lay her maggots

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys
A marvel of nature is at work in your very home!
Be astounded as two wings whip the air at a frenzied speed of 200 beats per second!
Gaze in astonishment as two compound eyes collect visual information into four thousand tiny television screens!
But there's more! Not one, not two, but six! Yes, six, sexy, segmented legs, send no money, that's right, send no money!

This wonderful, once-in-a-lifetime show is now appearing in kitchen near you!

Looking for a place to lay her maggots
Yes she was
Looking for a place to lay her maggots

Set her sights (?}, the fly alights, on a fish's fin
Buzzing around, buzzing around
Honey jam, leftover ham, toast sliced thick or thin
Buzzing around, buzzing around

Oh she was
Looking for a place to lay her maggots
Yes she was
Looking for a place to lay her maggots
Oh she was

(tapping)

yes she was

(tapping)

Oh she was
Looking for a place to lay her maggots

Yes she was
Looking for a place to lay her maggots

Oh she was

Lyrics Submitted by Anonymous

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