Fatman

Icehouse

Fatman, fatman, fatman, fatman
On Second Avenue, night life is second nature
Black jazz in numbers land
Affairs are all night long
The girl's best friend is a fatman
He gives her pearls and diamonds
Sometimes she looks so blown away
She hangs her head against the window
Toasting brandies to her shadow
Champagne from Paris, France
Cigars, the best Havana
The boys don't like the way you do things
They might not understand
I don't want to hear about it
I don't want to talk about it
I don't want to read about the details in the paper
St. Valentine's Day blows away
Leaves a fatman by the window
Looking straight along the barrel
Fatman, fatman, give me the gun
Fatman, you're not fooling anybody
Fatman, fatman, give me the gun
Don't be like that baby
You're just no fun
Fatman, fatman, give me the gun
Fatman, you're not fooling anybody
Fatman, fatman, give me the gun
Don't be like that baby
You're just no fun
Pink champagne from Paris, France
Cigars, the best Havana
On Second Avenue, affairs are all night long
I don't want to hear about it
I don't want to talk about it
I don't want to read about the details in the paper
St. Valentine's Day blows away
Leaves the fatman by the window,
looking straight along the barrel
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