Hobbit On The Rocks

Toad The Wet Sprocket

There's an old Virginian vibraphone
With a calculated gait
And a man who thinks he's Al Capone
With a cumber bun and capeDon't criticize what a vicar would prize in you
And talk to the man if you feel he needs talking to
And the hobbit on the rocks is crying
And the fish upon the docks are dyingThere's an orchestra in rococo
and an insulated dwarf
And the ships are sinking in the sea
As they sail from the shoresDon't criticize what a vicar would prize in you[Chorus]
And the hobbit on the rocks is crying
And the fish upon the docks are dying
And the hobbit on the rocks is crying
For the grunion in the sand entwiningDon't criticize what a vicar would prize in you
And talk to yourself if you feel you need talking to

Songwriters
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