

# Goldfish and Paracetamol

## Catatonia

A dead loss, no songs, no fun, just glum  
Lying next to someone  
So don't mention the war, don't question  
Where we stand or where we fall North, south, east where's best?  
If I head left, it turns out directionless  
And needle point aside, I always find  
Embroidery leaves me blind 'Cause I'm too weary to rest, since I noticed  
Coming second best is close to ideal What fools boredom breeds  
So much to do, so many goldfish to feed  
And paracetamol  
I take them all, they line my stomach wall 'Cause I'm too weary to rest, since I noticed  
Coming second best is close to ideal With customary thirst  
I search a water glass but gin hits first  
Oh, I don't believe the hype  
Expectancy will always spoil a party It's tourniquet by crochet  
My waters break, don't drive for pity's sake 'Cause I'm too weary to rest since I noticed  
Coming second best is close to ideal

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