

# Bye Bye Fatman

## Consumed

verse A:

Here she comes, clothes packed in her suitcase.  
Here she comes, wearing makeup upon her face.  
Here she comes, always looking on the bright side.  
Here she comes, sucking on my good sidechorus:  
She said to me no-one cares and I've a good idea why.

If I said that I did care, then it would be a lie.

No-one cares about you and I've a good idea why.

Good idea why (3x)Here she comes, knocking upon my door.  
Just the same you'd think by now she'd know the score.

Here she comes, looking for a free ride.

Here she comes, sucking on my good sideverse A  
chorus

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