# Fiddle Riddle

## Frank Black

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Once stood a man on my face
Ooh yeah, on my face
Gobbled him up, 'cause my taste
Leaves nothing to wasteHear the riddle that I say
Hear the riddle that I say
What is fair is fair
That is fair and square to mePiano, it marks the good pace
Ooh yea yea, the good pace
Don't know if it's right, but I like the bass
So turn up the bassHear the fiddles as they play
Hear the fiddles as they play
What is fair is fair
And the guitar playerNo metal, no brick, was no trace
Oh no, was no trace
But machines moved on, and still chased
No particular placeHear the riddle that I say
Hear the riddle that I say
What is fair is fair
That is fair and square
To me, to me, to me, to me
Hmm hmm hmmWhat is fair is fair
That is fair and square to me

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