

We're overheating in a small town world  
We're overeating in a small town world  
I hear the sound of several different crimes  
The distant eel and the silver chimes  
Lieutenant Hodges often said to me  
"I see a shoal of them far out to sea"

A distant cormorant above the grey  
It wheels in dots and then it falls away  
A feather biro in a knotted clump  
Performs a vixen with a feline hump  
I wanna hold you in a solar globe  
The way your body is beneath a robe

Bass, bass

The juicy flounder and the tender chub  
Will swim around you when you leave the pub  
Their mouths are open and they will not shut  
Unless you kiss them all behind the hut  
But don't go messing with a guy like Reg  
He'll leave you gurgling behind the hedge

Bass, I'm talking about bass  
Let me tell you about bass  
You wanna ooze with a bass

The looming mullet and the wily bream  
Are at the window with a quiet scream  
The feisty barbel and the gruesome tench  
Are decomposing on a yellow bench  
There's something fluttering upon the sand  
And all I wanna do is hold your hand

Bass, talking about a bass  
Let me tell you about a bass  
I wanna function with a bass

Because  
He'd never make love to a loaf of bread  
Unless of course he found one in his bed  
Now frogs are reproducing on your back  
And bubbles keep emerging from a crack  
It's not a cormorant it's not a shag  
It's only something in a plastic bag