

Trout

Phillip Mills

Intro: Em D Em D Am D7 G G

This — cheap Yonge Street rest' - rant serves sea - food. It's
 (The) — prawns, wine - steamed mus - sels, the oys - ters Are
 (He) — nods as he stares my di - rec - tion Wa-
 (In a) wat - er - filled tote bag, I'm cry - ing, Mad,

Sun - day, the stock's get - ting low. The — last di - ner
 sam - ples of shell - fish as art With the cook as his
 sa - bi he sees on a shelf "A — true gas - tro-
 des' - prate that some - one should hear Then the glut - ton stops

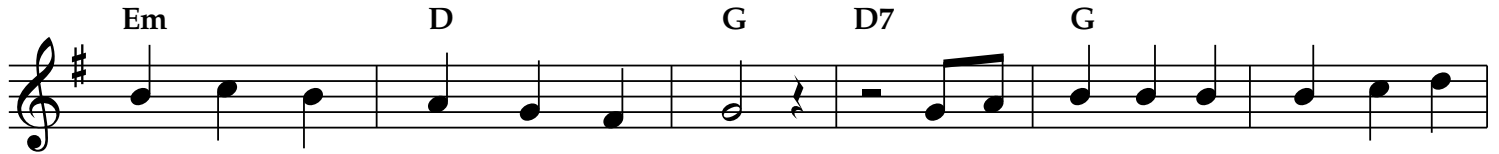
left Af - ter sick' - ning him - self While — gorg - ing on
 guide, He — still can't de - cide So he asks for all
 nome, I could take the trout home And — carve out sa -
 dead With my voice in his head; Rev - e - la - tion hits

stale white - fish roe. I wish they would lock up the
 three. "It's a start." The wait - er re - turns, sound - ing
 shi - mi my - self." There's no room in here to man-
 him like twelve beer. He says, "I'll no long - er eat

doors now, But it looks like that is - n't my fate. A —
 e - vil As he asks if each dish is all right. An - y
 eu - ver No — place to e - scape from the threat My —
 sea - food" He — claims, "No more su - shi for me Now it's



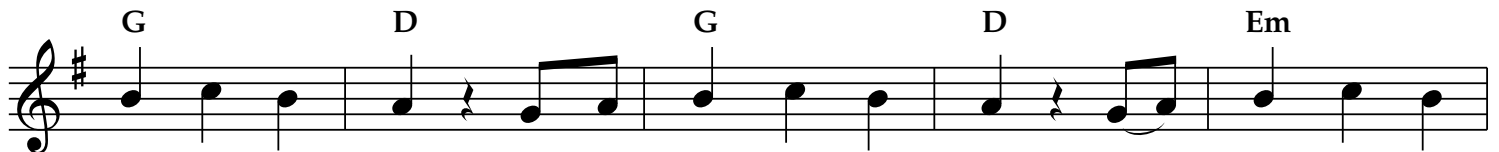
fat man strolls in Stuffs a bib 'neath his chin And the
 en - tree you like? May - be sword - fish or pike? Though the
 friends per - ished first, But my end may be worse. The ____
 bur - gers I'll crave 'Til I'm cold in my grave For I'd



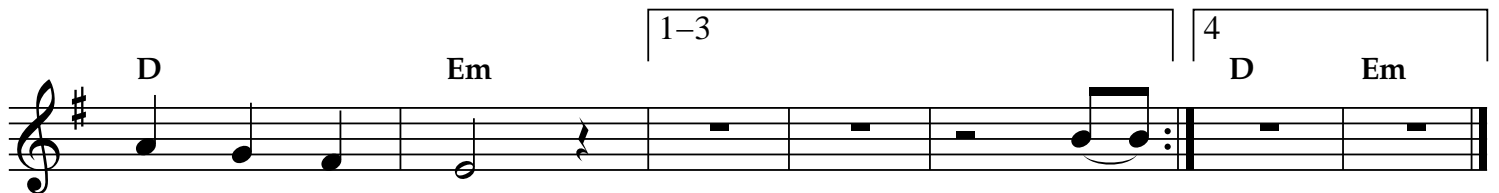
wait - er brings knife, fork and plate. As the last lit - tle trout in the
 trout is our spe - cial to - night. As the last lit - tle trout in the
 wait - er's hand touch - es the net. As the last lit - tle trout in the
 much rath - er watch you swim free." As the last lit - tle trout in the



fish tank I've _ hid - den as long as I can, It ____
 fish tank I've _ hid - den as long as I can, It ____
 fish tank I've _ hid - den as long as I can, It ____
 fish tank I _ hid as well as I knew how, Though it



fills me with guilt, But if sauce must be spilt, Dear _ God, let it
 fills me with guilt, But if sauce must be spilt, Dear _ God, let him
 fills me with guilt, But if sauce must be spilt, I _ still pray he
 fills me with guilt, When I think how he's built, I am hap - py that



land on the clams. The _
 or - der the clams. He _
 switch - es to clams. In a
 I'm not a cow!

History:

May, 2007