

**Alien Fishes** - J.E.Moores © 1996

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It all started with those alien fishes

I rubbed my lamp and made three wishes

Saturn high and blinding light

Let's set to sail on her waves tonight

Wave to the monkey that sails the sea

A funny monkey that looks like me

I blow the horn and sense the dawn

And run a port upon the lawn

Nightmare dreams and anchor steam

Eyes so red we watch 'em bleed

Skeleton bones and telephones

Buzzin' with a busy tone