

Trout

Phil Mills

Intro: Em D Em D Am D7 G G

Em D Em

This — cheap Yonge Street rest' - rant serves sea - food. It's
 Prawns, wine - steamed mus - sels, and 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,

Am7 D7 G

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

D G D Em

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

D G Em D

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

Em Am7 D7

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

G D G D
 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

Em D G D7 G
 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

D F Em
 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

G D G D Em
 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

1-3

D Em
 land on the clams.
 or - der the clams.
 switch - es to clams.
 I'm not a cow!

4

D Em
 He
 In a

History:

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