

# The Cranberries, Fee Fi Fo

Fee fi fo she smells his body  
She smells his body  
And it makes her sick to her mind  
He has got so much to answer for  
To answer for, To ruin a child's mind

How could you touch something  
So innocent and pure  
Obscure  
How could you get satisfaction  
From the body of a child  
You're vile, sick

It's true what people say  
God protect the ones who help themselves  
In their own way  
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In their own way

He was sitting in her bedroom  
In her bedroom  
And now what should she do  
She's got so much insecurity  
And his impurity It was a gathering gloom

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So innocent and pure  
Obscure  
How could you get satisfaction  
From the body of a child You're vile, sick

Fee fi fo x4