

You Am I

"The Applecross Wing Commander"

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We'd like to introduce you to the nature of our trials
We'd love the chance to bring your elders down
So fix your Dad a drink 'cause we're gonna need to
think
Now you're a plane we won't need them around
anymore
We done a lot of dumb things now, sure hope we do
some more
And we'll wait all summer just to piss on your door

The wing commander's sister is a golden haired
surprise
I can't walk far but I can shoot for miles
And my radar can see anyone over thirteen
Now you're grown up we don't need you around
anymore

We done a lot of dumb things now, sure hope we do
some more
It's the last summer so in our dust you will crawl

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