

Pink Floyd

"Several Species Of Small Furry Animals Gathered To"

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Aye an' a bit of Mackerel settler rack and ruin ran it
doon by the haim, 'ma place well I slapped me and I
slapped it doon in the side and I cried, cried, cried. The
fear a fallen down taken never back the raize and then
Craig Marion, get out wi' ye Claymore out mi pocket a'
ran doon, doon the middin stain picking the fiery horde
that was fallen around ma feet. Never he cried, never
shall it ye get me alive ye rotten hound of the burnie
crew. Well I snatched fer the blade O my Claymore cut
and thrust and I fell doon before him round his feet.
Aye! A roar he cried frae the bottom of his heart that I
would nay fall but as dead, dead as 'a can be by his
feet; de ya ken? ...and the wind cried back. Thank you.

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