

Pink Floyd

"Several Species Of Small Furry Animals Gathered Together In A Cave And Grooving With A Pict"

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Aye and a bit of mackerel, settler rack and down
Ran it down by the home and I flew
Well, I slapped me and I flopped it down in the shade
And I cried, cried, cried

The fear a fallen down had taken, never back the raise
And then cried Mary and took out wi' your Claymore
Right outta a' pocket, I ran down, down the
mountainside
Back on Battlin the fiery horde that was falling around
the feet

?Never?, he cried, ?Never shall ye get me alive
Ye rotten hound of the burnie crew?
Well, I snatched fer the blade and a Claymore cut and
thrust
And I fell down before him 'round his feet, aye

A roar, he cried
From the bottom of his heart
That I would nay fall but as dead
Dead as I can by a' feet, d'ya ken?
And the wind cried Mary

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