

## Midlake "The Jungler"

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Oh, it must be over there, see  
In the tall weeds with his head leaned  
By an anthill, by some water  
With a trumpet, lightly sleeps the jungler

But I'm not too sure  
That we'd go out like that  
So when we're older, maybe sooner  
We'll take the fumes from factories to love us, love us

Half important, not important  
Not unless you go for gusto  
Maybe we could overtake him  
With a trumpet, lightly sleeps the jungler

Wakes up and there he goes  
With the gold but not all of the gold  
Safely waits in this place  
And when it's clear, I'll get our gold  
I'll get our gold

When we're older  
We will thank the jungler  
For all the gold  
That comes out our pockets  
That comes out our pockets  
That comes out our pockets  
Out our pockets

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