

Wild Beasts "Brave Bulging"

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Câ'mon weâ're young, weâ're young
Yet weâ'll be dead as soon
Câ'mon we came, we came
From our motherâ's womb to swoon

Brave Bulging Buoyant Clairvoyants
Adopting this young spirit of sin
To make the most, before we turn to ghost
Before, old friend, lifeâ's just a means to an end
To make the most, before we turn to ghost

Swig the bottle, bottle
Slap the face of Aristotle
Race me, Race me, Race me, Race me
In yer fourth hand jalopy

Brave Bulging Buoyant Clairvoyants
Adopting this young spirit of sin
To make the most, before we turn to ghost
Before, old friend, lifeâ's just a means to an end
To make the most, before we turn to ghost

My mother, she said, â"you donâ't delve in tabooâ".
But mother, my moribund will come
When Iâ'm through with taboo

Brave Bulging Buoyant Clairvoyants
Adopting this young spirit of sin
To make the most, before we turn to ghost
Before, old friend, lifeâ's just a means to an end
To make the most, before we turn to ghost

That sink and pull in the guts
Thatâ's this foolhardy flux

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