

Wild Beasts

"She Purred, While I Grrred"

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Her fruit was ripe, I bit
Her fruit was ripe, I bit
I'm nothing more than a humble mongrel
whippet cast, rash and unabashed

Her fruit was ripe, I bit
Her fruit was ripe, I bit
pungent juice wept from the bruise
where the skin was sluice and slobbered on

though the meat was fleshy and sweet
she purred, while I grrred

I die every day, to live every night
under the industry of her want for me in our fusty
foundry
please no ceremony, I want she, I want she, not
matrimony

My fruit was ripe, she bit
My fruit was ripe, she bit
in her belly lay a pip
a'brooding in the oozing

My fruit was ripe, she bit
My fruit was ripe, she bit
huffing and puffing on the mattress stuffing
upon the bunk a fervent funk

in my butcher's hands her soft fruit tendered, She
never pretended
she purred while, I grrred

I die every day, to live every night
under the industry of her want for me in our fusty
foundry
please no ceremony, I want she for laundry, I want she
so I'm not lonely

