

Wild Beasts

"Through The Iron Gate"

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Through the iron gate
and he's gone
See the goslings
the ducklings
the piglets
the lambs he lets out a little sob
Sometimes he'd still wish that he slept in a cot by his
Mum and Dad's bed
He cry NO
"I'm left here
and I'm here on my own
" Hear the leaves soft lift hush
make him blush
Pair of welly boots
the crows in cahoots
the eggs on the hob
the corns on their cobs
he let out little sob
Sometimes he'd still wish that he left
shot through like a bolt into mad heifer's head
He cry NO
"I'm left here
and I'm here on my own
" Sometimes he'd still wish that he left
shot through like a bull
But NO

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