

Wild Beasts

"Woebegone Wanderers"

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Unstable stands aflush with fans
pilfered pies and pints in wobbly hands
in the bowls of the bar two boys spar
don't flinch an inch and territories marked

Oh I'd swear by my own cock and balls
and the family home's four walls

There'll be no treason this season.
The players they bask.
The boss he basks.
Just win the big match it's all I can ask.

Darrell my son the bastards won
we've been lumbered with losing life for far too long
the ground groans like the belly of a sleeping whale
don't flinch an inch you'll be released on bail

Oh I'd swear by my own cock and balls
And the family home's four walls

There'll be reason for treason this season.
The players are slack.
The boss has been sacked.
Just win the big match it's all I can ask.

Woebegone with weeping
that sets you down to sleeping
please canary, please be wary
the pit of a man's heart is dark and scary

Oh are yer yellow with cowardice?
Or are yer yellow with jaundice?

A slap on the arse from my baby,
the hiss and the sting
and the mark of a ring
and the cold reality.

