

## Moxy Fruvous

### "Bow, Wind, Blow"

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(Chorus together)  
Blow, winds blow,  
all my troubles away,  
Blow, winds blow,  
until judgement day.

(Dave)  
Well, it's hardly fair,  
that Murray cut his hair  
those golden locks went on the [?]  
But tonight, if we ask him right  
He will regale us all with Blur songs

(chorus together)

(Jean)  
The world's biggest dope,  
Has got to be the pope  
For Christ's sake, where does he get his views from.  
He gave the conference a pass,  
He's got his head up his ass,  
And he's probably not using a condom.

(Chorus together)

(Murray)  
Well, for most of our shows,  
I wear my casual clothes,  
so don't mistake me for Phil Collins.  
But London's tough,  
so we're all in stuff  
that makes us look like Henry Rollins

(chorus together)

(Mike)  
Our name is Moxy Fruv  
And as we prove  
we may be milder than you may have planned.  
But hey, don't you freak,  
because three nights a week,

we're a brooding, fuck-you grunge band.

(chorus together)

THE ORIGINAL LYRICS:

Blow, winds blow,  
all my troubles away, Blow, winds blow, until  
judgement day.

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