

Spirit Of The West

"Let the Ass Bray"

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We were gathered on a Thursday
To see the 2 out of 5
Pitch your newly pressed pop record
And the room was well inside
Until the faithful got the bends
And you never made amends
For the fielding error on the call
To play your best known song of all

I wanted to hate you
That was my first choice
I wanted to hate you
Until I heard your voice

My, how rude, so impolite
All this on your night of nights
Little man of smallish frame
Crushed beneath your pop band name
Your table manners left behind
In an Oxfrd flat at suppertime
You came of range on centre stage
Now sleep's not all your losing

I wanted to hate you
That was my first choice
I wanted to hate you
Until I heard your voice
When I heard your voice
I could ignore your face
When I heard your voice
Tom with a "TH"

Let the ass bray
Make the punters pay

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