

# Several Species of Small Furry Animals Gathered Together in a Cave and

Pink Floyd

Aye an' a bit of Mackerel settler rack and ruin  
ran it doon by the haim, 'ma place  
well I slapped me and I slapped it doon in the side  
and I cried, cried, cried.

The fear a fallen down taken never back the raize and then Crai  
g Marion,  
get out wi' ye Claymore out mi pocket a' ran doon, doon the mid  
din stain  
picking the fiery horde that was fallen around ma feet.  
Never he cried, never shall it ye get me alive  
ye rotten hound of the burnie crew. Well I snatched fer the bla  
de O my  
Claymore cut and thrust and I fell doon before him round his fe  
et.

Aye! A roar he cried frae the bottom of his heart that I would  
nay fall  
but as dead, dead as 'a can be by his feet; de ya ken?

And the wind cried Mary.

Thank you.