

Hooting & Howling

Wild Beasts

Carry me hooting and howling
To the river to wash off my hands
Of the hot blood, the sweat and the sand
Any rival who goes for our girls
Will be left thumb sucking in terror
And bereft of all coffin bearers

A crude art, a bovver boot ballet
Equally elegant and ugly.
I was as thrilled as I was appalled
Courting him in fisticuffing waltz
Now I'm not saying the lads always deserve a brayin
And I'm not saying the girls are worth the fines I'm payin
We're just brutes bored in our bovver boots
We're just brutes clowning 'round in cahoots
We're just brutes looking for shops to loot
We're just brutes hoping to have a hoot

Hooting, hooting and howling [repeat]

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