

## 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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