

Please, Sir

Wild Beasts

Come to from slumber on bed's soft tundra
Murky with mourn beside dead uniform
And I wish and I hope
And I wish and I hope
With long drag on me smoke
And I wish and I hope
That I'll stalk the corridors once more.

Please, Sir, let me return, if only for a term (how I yearn)
It's glee, Sir, with your hot breath upon me (gob gurning in a
fury)

But...
I only winded that lad before he bolted
And...
I only fumbled that lass, besides, I was revolted

So for forgiveness,
With me boys as witness,
Take this chips with cheese
As an offering of peace
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