

She Purred, While I Grrred

Wild Beasts

Her fruit was ripe, I bit
Her fruit was ripe, I bit
I'm nothing more than a humble mongrel
Whipped cast, rash and unabashed

Her fruit was ripe, I bit
Her fruit was ripe, I bit
Pungent juice wept from the bruise
Where the skin was sluice and slobbered on

Though the meat was fleshy and sweet
She purred while I grrred

I die every day, to live every night
Under the industry of her want for me in our fusty foundry
Please no ceremony, I want she, I want she, no matrimony

My fruit was ripe, she bit
My fruit was ripe, she bit
In her belly lay a pip
A'brooding in the oozing

My fruit was ripe, she bit
My fruit was ripe, she bit
Huffing and puffing on the mattress stuffing
Upon the bunk a fervent funk

In my butcher's hands her soft fruit tendered. She never pretended...
She purred while I grrred

I die every day, to live every night
Under the industry of her want for me in our fusty foundry
Please no ceremony, I want she for laundry, I want she so I'm not lonely
I want she, I want she, not matrimony