

Through The Iron Gate

Wild Beasts

Through the iron gate, and he's gone.
See the goslings, the ducklings, the piglets, the lambs
He lets out a little sob.

Sometimes he'd still wish
That he slept in a cot
By his Mum and Dad's bed.

He cry NO. "I'm left here,
And I'm here on my own."

Hear the leaves soft lift hush,
Make him blush.

Pair of welly boots,
The crows in cahoots,
The eggs on the hob,
The corns on their cobs,
He let out little sob.

Sometimes he'd still wish that he left,
Shot through like a bolt
Into mad heifer's head.

He cry NO. "I'm left here,
And I'm here on my own."

Sometimes he'd still wish that he left,
Shot through like a bull.
But NO.