

## Woebegone Wanderers

Wild Beasts

Unstable stands afflush with fans  
Pilfered piles and pints in wobbly hands...  
In the bowls of the bar two boys spar  
Don't flinch an inch and territories marked

Oh I'd swear by my own cock and balls  
And the family home's four walls

There'll be no treason this season  
The players they bask  
The boss he basks  
Just win the big match it's all I can ask

Darrell my son the bastards won  
We've been lumbered with loosing life for far too long  
The ground groans like the belly of a sleeping whale  
Don't flinch an inch you'll be released on bail

Oh I'd swear by my own cock and balls  
And the family home's four walls

There'll be no treason this season  
The players are slack  
The boss has been sacked  
Just win the big match it's all I can ask

Woebegone with weeping  
That sets you down to sleeping...  
Please canary, please be wary  
The pit of a man's heart is dark and scary

Oh are yer yellow with cowardice?  
Oh are yer yellow with jaundice?

A slap on the arse from my baby  
The hiss and the sting  
And the mark of a ring  
And the cold reality

Who are yer? Who are yer? Who are yer? Who are yer?