

# Several Species Of Small Furry Animals Gathered To

## Pink Floyd

Aye and a bit of mackerel, settler rack and down  
Ran it down by the home and I flew  
Well, I slapped me and I flopped it down in the shade  
And I cried, cried, cried The fear a fallen down had taken, never back the raise  
And then cried Mary and took out wi' your Claymore  
Right outta a' pocket, I ran down, down the mountainside  
Back on Battlin the fiery horde that was falling around the feet Never, he cried, Never shall ye get me alive  
Ye rotten hound of the burnie crew  
Well, I snatched fer the blade and a Claymore cut and thrust  
And I fell down before him 'round his feet, aye A roar, he cried  
From the bottom of his heart  
That I would nay fall but as dead  
Dead as I can by a' feet, d'ya ken?  
And the wind cried Mary

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