

Sheep

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy

Born in sheep's blood plain and simple
Washed out of my mother's temple
All around I heard them laughing
As father sheep had stood there calving Black they were, with white eyes gleaming
Right in heaven life was seeming
Brittle wind blew snow upon me
I got blanketed all white and frosty In my time I grew and killed them
Or out of memory I willed them
And willed in a greater histry
Out of massacre and mystery Was no longer wealthy, woolly
Nor anything I could grasp fully
Someone rush to re-inject me
God of god's, won't you protect me ? Fixed my face and marching onward
Marching running ever forward
Buildings were a bloody vessel
Edging me below the trestle There in coal and whitened gravel
I built a shield of wooden baffle
Inside of which I raised a fire
So I could tonight retire Everyone will tell you it's evil to be
A free-thinking pecker like bonny old me
But I'll flex my armies and blow out my gut
And prove I'll be loved by any old slut Look here in my wallet, it's loaded and true
And now I can leave here and go and find you

Songwriters

WILKINSON, GEOFFREY/HAWKINS, JIM/VIALVA, MARCUS ANTHONY Published by
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