

Pity the Plight Score (Original Score)

Plan B

Picture the face of your fellows
Too long a bed with no sleep
With their complex romantic attachments
All look on their sorrows and weep
They dont get a moments reflection
There's always a crowd in their eye
Pity the plight of young fellows
Regard all their worries and cry
Their crusty young mothers were lazy perhaps
Leaving it up to the school
Where the moral perspective is hazy perhaps
And the climate; oppressively cool
Give me one acre of cellos

Songwriters

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