

# The Applecross Wing Commander (live)

## You Am I

We'd like to introduce you to the nature of our trials  
We'd love the chance to bring your elders down  
So fix your Dad a drink 'cause we're gonna need to think  
Now you're a plane we won't need them around anymore  
We done a lot of dumb things now, sure hope we do  
some more  
And we'll wait all summer just to piss on your door  
The wing commander's sister is a golden haired surprise  
I can't walk far but I can shoot for miles  
And my radar can see anyone over thirteen  
Now you're grown up we don't need you around anymore  
We done a lot of dumb things now, sure hope we do some more  
It's the last summer so in our dust you will crawl

Songwriters

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