The Fun Powder Plot

Wild Beasts

When we turn up in our turn ups,
our hearts are heavy,
our heads are ready to levy.For the yippee-less swing,
for the tot-less cot,
for the mock, for the shock,
for the fun powder plot.With courage and conviction,
in donkey-jaw diction,
we cry for the cause (x2)
because the courts have left us lonely;
disowned us daddies like the poopers of the party.Gently, gently take them from me
gently, gently take them from me
gently, gently take them from me,
and Ill be left dumfound as a donkey.This is a booty call; my boot up your asshole.
This is a Freudian slip; my slipper in your bits.

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