The Applecross Wing Commander

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 doorThe 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 anymoreWe 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

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