The Jungler

Midlake

Oh, it must be over there, see
In the tall weeds with his head leaned
By an anthill, by some water
With a trumpet, lightly sleeps the junglerBut I'm not too sure
That we'd go out like that
So when we're older, maybe sooner
We'll take the fumes from factories to love us, love usHalf important, not important
Not unless you go for gusto
Maybe we could overtake him
With a trumpet, lightly sleeps the junglerWakes up and there he goes
With the gold but not all of the gold
Safely waits in this place
And when it's clear, I'll get our gold
I'll get our goldWhen we're older
We will thank the jungler
For all the gold
That comes out our pockets
That comes out our pockets
That comes out our pockets
Out our pockets

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