Two Dancers (i)

Wild Beasts

THE FUN POWDER PLOT

When we turn up in our turn upâ€™s, 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 because the courts have left us lonely; disowned us daddies like the poopers of the party. Gently, gently take them from meâ€¦ gently, gently take them from meâ€¦gently, gently take them from me, and Iâ€™ll be left dumfound as a donkey. This is a booty call; my boot up your arse hole. This is a Freudian slip; my slipper in your bits.

HOOTING & HOWLING

Carry me hooting and howling to the river to wash of my hands of the hot blood, the sweat and the sand. Any rival who goes for our girls will be left thumb sucking in terror and bereft of all coffin bearers. A crude art, a bovver boot ballet- equally elegant and ugly. I was as thrilled as I was appalled, courting him in fisticuffing waltz. Now Iâ€™m not saying the lads always deserve a braying. And Iâ€™m not saying the girls are worth the fines Iâ paying. Weâ€™re just brutes bored in our bovver boots. Weâ€™re just brutes clowning â€˜round in cahoots. Weâ€™ brutes looking for shops to loot. Weâ€™re just brutes hoping to have a hootâ€¦Hooting, hooting and howling.

ALL THE KING'S MEN

Watch me! watch me!/the belle of the ball/my heart, my hand and everything I own/and we are the boys/with new shiny shoes/weâ€™ve seen â€˜em all/and weâ€™ve chosen you/now no one will find your limit/girls from Roedean/girls from Shipley/girls from Hounslow/girls from Whitby/youâ€™re a candied queen/and let me show my darling what that means/watch me! watch me!/hatch me! hatch me!/a girl before/bouncing round behind the bedroom doors/and we are the boys/whoâ€™ll drape you in jewels/cut off your hair/and throw out your shoes/cause baby, you wonâ€™t need them, where youâ€™ll be/girls astride me/girls beneath me/girls before me/girls between me/youâ€™re birthing machines/and let me show my darling what that means/hatch me! hatch me!/and baby, turns out Iâ€™m evil/in all my dreams, girls whoâ€™ll clothe me/girls whoâ€™ll feed me/girls who want me/girls who need you pretty things waiting for somebody/number my babies and my broken body

WHEN I'M SLEEPY

.â€¦When Iâ€™m sleepy, needing supper, youâ€™re the lips for me to pucker. When Iâ€™m sleepy, needing supper, yo lips.

WE STILL GOT THE TASTE OF DANCIN' ON OUR TONGUES

Kick! The spirit kicks, but the moonshine plays cheap tricks. Us kids are cold and cagey rattling around the town, scaring the oldies into their dressing gowns, as the dribbling dogs howl. Whatâ€™so wrong with just a little fun? We still got the taste dancinâ€™ on our tongues. When we pucker up our lips are bee-stung. We still got the

taste dancinâ€™ on our tongues. We got gusto, we are headstrong. We still got the taste dancinâ€™ on our tongues. Fil our bellies and we fill our lungs. We still got the taste dancinâ€™ on our tongues. Darling the spirit is kicking, donâ€™ be fooled by the moonshine, itâ€™s tricking. Frock spill like alcho-pop around girlsâ€™ knees. Trousers and blouses make excellent sheets, down dimly lit streets. Why should we feel bad for what weâ€™ve done? We still got the taste dancinâ€™ on our tongues. Love the smash and grab of our goings on. We still got the taste dancinâ€™ on our tongues.

TWO DANCERS (I)

I feel as if Iâ€™ve been where you have been/the snow had piled up knee-high in the street/apart, apart/and dancing on/the wanderer/the squanderer/our son was dying and we could hardly eat/they dragged me by the ankles through the street/(two hearts)/they passed me round them like a piece of meat/his hairy hands/his falling fists/his dancing cock/down by his knees/Iâ€™ve seen my children turn away from me/O, do you want my bones between your teeth?/they pulled me half-alive out of the sea/apart, apart/and dancing on/impossible/impossible/I feel as if Iâ€™ve been where you have been/I feel as if Iâ€™ve been where you have been

TWO DANCERS (II)

O, do you want my heart between your teeth?/your hands are curling up like floating leaves/you who shall deserve/you who shall deserve/O, unpluckable flower of the moon!/O, untetherable bird of the blue!/you who shall deserve/you who shall deserve/deserters!/deserters!/deserters!/ deserters!/the neighbours cup their ears to the walls/two hearts/no more

THIS IS OUR LOT

By smirking prank of fate, we find ourselves dancing late, like young reprobates. By the milky light of the mighty moon, find someone to nuzzle to, and waltz from the room. Weâ€™re all quiffed and cropped, this is our lot, we hold each other up heavy with hops. By smirking prank of fate we wiggle and kick like bobbing bate, and wait for a bite. By the milky light of the mighty moon, find someone to nuzzle to, and waltz from the room. Weâ€™re all quiffed and cropped, this is our lot, we hold each other up heavy with hops. My darling, my dumpling, my plump hearts aâ€™ thumping- begging you to come to me. I couldnâ€™t be more ready, I COULDNâ€™T BE M READY. A glottal stop. Bottled up. Waiting for the penny drop.

UNDERBELLY

How the prayer rubs the rosary. How the make up make her face pretty. Oh how we have an underbelly, bitten by brutality. How thereâ€™s guts fried up. How lothario leers at slut. Oh how we have an underbelly, bitten by brutality. And how in our first and last years we are the most needy, least greedy, most grateful, least hateful. How die as deeply doe-eyed as we start.

EMPTY NEST

Did I judge this wrong?/but you had it all/you had it all/a gift of the gods/in your city of gold/and youâ€™ll piss it all/you had it all/and what drags the rope/you know, or, you donâ€™t/you had it all/gonegonegonegone/goinggoinggone/the day you moved off/the whole village mourned/loveâ€™s no kind of joke/or something small/and where will you go?/thereâ€™s things you donâ€™t know/fingers tearing your clothes/bab

ungrown/you had it all/gonegonegonegone/goinggoinggone/and suffering alone/your bowl emptied out/all your secrets known/I welcome your call/these walls donâ€™t fall.

THROUGH THE IRON GATE

Through the iron gate, and heâ€™s gone. See the goslings, the ducklings, the piglets, the lambs he lets out a little sob. Sometimes heâ€™d still wish that he slept in a cot by his Mum and Dadâ€™s bed. He cry NO. â€œIâ€™m left her here on my own.â€• Hear the leaves soft lift hush, make him blush. Pair of welly boots, the crows in cahoots, the eggs on the hob, the corns on their cobs, he let out little sob. Sometimes heâ€™d still wish that he left, shot through like a bolt into mad heiferâ€™s head. He cry NO. â€œIâ€™m left here, and Iâ€™m here on my own.â€• Sometimes h that he left, shot through like a bull. But NO.

Lyrics submitted by ingrid.

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