

## Please, Sir

### Wild Beasts

Come to from slumber on bed's soft tundra  
Murky with mourn beside dead uniform  
And I wish and I hope  
And I wish and I hope  
With long drag on me smoke  
And I wish and I hope  
That I'll stalk the corridors once more.

Please, Sir, let me return, if only for a term (how I yearn)  
It's glee, Sir, with your hot breath upon me (gob gurning in a  
fury)

But...  
I only winded that lad before he bolted  
And...  
I only fumbled that lass, besides, I was revolted

So for forgiveness,  
With me boys as witness,  
Take this chips with cheese  
As an offering of peace  
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