

Moxy Fruvous, Bow, Wind, Blow

(Chorus together)

Blow, winds blow,
all my troubles away,
Blow, winds blow,
until judgement day.

(Dave)

Well, it's hardly fair,
that Murray cut his hair
those golden locks went on the [?]
But tonight, if we ask him right
He will regale us all with Blur songs

(chorus together)

(Jean)

The world's biggest dope,
Has got to be the pope
For Christ's sake, where does he get his views from.
He gave the conference a pass,
He's got his head up his ass,
And he's probably not using a condom.

(Chorus together)

(Murray)

Well, for most of our shows,
I wear my casual clothes,
so don't mistake me for Phil Collins.
But London's tough,
so we're all in stuff
that makes us look like Henry Rollins

(chorus together)

(Mike)

Our name is Moxy Fruv
And as we prove
we may be milder than you may have planned.
But hey, don't you freak,
because three nights a week,
we're a brooding, fuck-you grunge band.

(chorus together)

THE ORIGINAL LYRICS:

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all my troubles away,
Blow, winds blow,
until judgement day.