

# Admiral Fallow, Guest Of The Government

So you've tied your colours to the mast  
Geld up the white bag with the highest flag  
Lock the bathroom door, boy, have a blast  
Use the flush to justify the aftermath  
The Aftermath

Oh and look now you're the guest of the government  
Oh caught out peering over the parapet  
Look now you're a guest of the government

So you've tied your colours to the tree  
Try and bat back question with certainty  
Don't forget your name though that's key  
Let the flock take stock and curb the misery

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Look it's the eager butterflies and the fashionably late  
The tug between those who to drink and those who create  
By the end of the night it's all been granted the old news shrug  
And we all fall gently in a comfortable hug  
And with both eyes on the watch and a trap to the baltic state  
And the love slowly conquers like rust on a gate  
Though the surface can scratch tyou and the colour can fade  
It's the feeling that starts in the tips of your toes as we rise up again

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