

Spirit Of The West, Let The Ass Bray

We were gathered on a Thursday
To see the 2 out of the 5
Pitch your newly pressed pop record
And the room was well inside
Until the faithful got the bends
And you never made amends
For the fielding error on the call
To play your best known song of all
I wanted to hate you
That was my first choice
Wanted to hate you
Until I heard your voice

My, how rude, so impolite
All this on your night of nights
Little man of smallish frame
Crushed beneath your pop band name
Your table manners left behind
In an Oxford Flat at supertime
You came of rage on centre stage
Now sleep's not all you're losing

I wanted to hate you
That was my first choice
Wanted to hate you
'til I heard your voice
When I heard your voice
I could ignore your face
When I heard your voice
Tom with a 'TH'

Let the ass bray
make the punters pay
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