

# Tiger Lou, The Loyal

high strung and poorly hung  
i think we're much too young  
i hear a sound from your left lung  
a melody so beautifully sung

sarcasm spread your wings  
oh what sweet joy it brings  
'come home' the whole town sings  
they will greet us like kings

to everyones delight  
we crash at the speed of light  
so deep in the whitest white  
this could have been our burial site

well ok, i am here for the loyalist  
i wanna see its face  
and ok, i am here for the loyalist  
this is the nesting place  
ok, ok, ok

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