

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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