

# Wolfe Tones, The Firey Furnaces

Pick up your trumpet,  
your plastic pretend trumpet:  
blow me your horn today  
Pick up your tambourine,  
your Fisher Price My First Tamborine:  
jingle and jangle today.  
Plug in your keyboard,  
your symphonic sound samba Samsung:  
pick out a tune today.  
Turn off your radio  
shut away your stereo  
put away your discman  
and play me a tune today:  
I rub the peg-paste and the chalk in.  
scrape and the wolf-notes start to grrr.  
I did a donkey's back with fixed frog  
and I martellato the slur.  
Through an open wound you watch the guts go,  
cut cross the cat line, thick and thin.  
All overspun and resigned-up a slow stick trills me, trills me:  
She varnished all around her F-holes;  
blue tape take aim, but the arms are too low.  
Legato look and sawing detache:  
but you want to bust your bow.  
Bow down and wipe off, snap the case closed.  
Madame Professor says Well done.  
But an electric stroboscopic frequency meter'd say otherwise.  
I scratch harmonicas in half-position;  
I pinch my e-string rat-a-tat;  
I double stop on any open string;  
screw my G on up to B-flat.