

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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