

The Loyal

Tiger Lou

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 everyone's 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 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
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 well ok, ok, ok

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>