

# The Last Shadow Puppets, The Age Of The Under

Decided  
To sneak up away from your stomach  
And try your pulse  
And captured  
What seemed all unknowing and candid  
But they suspected it was false  
She's playful  
The boring would warn you be careful  
Of her brigade  
In order to tame this relentless marauder  
Move away from the parade  
And she was walking on the tables in the glass house  
Endearingly bedraggled in the wind  
Subtle in her method of seduction  
The twenty little tragedies begin  
And she would throw a feather boa in the road  
If she thought that it would set the scene  
Unfittingly dipped into your companions  
Enlighten them to make you see  
And there's affection to rent  
The age of the understatement  
Before the attraction ferments  
Kiss me properly and pull me apart  
Affection to rent the age of the understatement  
Before this attraction ferments  
Kiss me properly and pull me apart  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh  
And my fingers scratch at my hair  
Before my mind can get too reckless  
The idea of seeing you here  
Is enough to make the sweat grow cold  
Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh