

Alt-J, 3WW

There was a wayward lad
Stepped out one morning
The ground to be his bed
The sky his awning

Neon /3x
A blue neon lamp in the midnight country field
Can't surround so you lean on
Lean on
So much your heart's become fond of this

These 3 worn words
Let me whisper like the rubbing hands of tourists in Verona
I just want to love you in my own language

Well, that smell of sex
Good like burning wood
The wayward lad laid clean
To 2 busty girls from Horn sea
Who left a note in black ink?

Girls; form above say: Hi

The road erodes at 5 feet per year
Around England's east coastline
Was this your first time?
Love is just a button we press
Last night by the campfire

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Let me whisper like the rubbing hands of tourists in Verona
I just want to love you in my own language