

Alt-J, Fitzpleasure

Tralala, in your snatch fits pleasure, broom-shaped pleasure,
Deep greedy and Googling every corner.
Dead in the middle of the C-O-double-M-O-N,
Little did I know then that the Mandela Boys soon became Mandela Men.
Tall woman, pull the pylons down
And wrap them around the necks of all the feckless
men that queue to be next.
Steepled fingers, ring leaders, queue jumpers,
rock fist paper scissors, lingered fluffers.
In your hoof lies the heartland
Where we tent for our treasure, pleasure, leisure,
les yeux, it's all in your eyes.
In your snatch fits pleasure, broom-shaped pleasure,
Deep greedy and Googling every corner,
Blended by the lights.