

Alt-J, Pusher

If you're willing to wait for the love of your life
Please wait by the line
And you know dispersive prisms rainbow
But my native optimism isn't broken by the light

The idea of life without company fell suddenly
It crashed through the ceiling on me
And pinned me to the pine
And layer upon layer of hope and doubt
Will crush bones to oil in time

Are you a pusher or are you a puller?
I pull the weight towards me
And I lack the zest of a lemon, looking forward
Unless I have a woman pushing me

A canopy of red-billed quelea
Passed over the blue
A five hour flock, not one dives down
To tell you the truth

As night falls, a quelea crawls
And whispers on his last wings:
So abundant are we, left alone I shall be
But a waited phone never rings

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Are you a pusher or are you a puller?
We could hold hands for fifteen minutes in the sauna
We could hold hands for a pool length under water
I can push and pull
Her

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