

Hot Chip, Tchaparian

I'm looking for a face to attack
It could be that I'm kissing your neck
You will not know because I'm laid back
So watch yourself I'll come with a smack

I've hit you hard it's time for some bounce
I've left a scar there's blood in our dance
I rock the claustrophobia stance
Now fix yourself your heart's in my lungs

Sip on something sleepy, wanna get a little overdose

What can you find in parades
What can you find in a rave
What can be drunk in a dream
What can be dreamt in a drink

It's all attack, it's all a tongue talk
I'll spell it out, just pass me the chalk
If I could teach, you soon would be taught
We're looking for something to report