

The Last Shadow Puppets, Separate and Ever Dead

When we walked the streets together
All the faces seemed to smile back
And now the pavements
Have nothing to offer
And all the faces seem to need a slap
There's an unfamiliar grip
On an unfamiliar handkerchief
Attending to the tears on cheeks
I wouldn't notice
With you no matter how vicious the grief
Her expression was damp and crooked
Grabs onto my throat and won't let go
Won't let go
Won't let go
Won't let go
Save me from
The secateurs
I'll pretend
I didn't hear
Can't you see
I'm the ghost in the wrong coat
Biting butter and crumbs
There's a handsome maverick
You don't talk about to keep me calm
And I can't help
But try create diversion???
Pulls you back onto his arm
Please don't tell me
You don't have to darling I can sense
That he painted you a gushing sunset
And slayed
Their pink panthers in your defence
He stands separate and ever deadly
Clings onto my throat and won't let go
Won't let go
Won't let go
Won't let go
Save me from
The secateurs
I'll pretend
I didn't hear
Can't you see
I'm a ghost
In the wrong coat
Biting butter and crumbs