## Tokyo Police Club, Tessellate

All the boys who called their mothers on that day
Were no tough bunch but they had the nerves to go and say
That all your secrets were drowned
with the pioneers who were flooded from this town
They packed their bags only moments too late
With the pounding waves crashing up against the weakened water gates

Cause dire times call for dire faces So lovely dancer, call and answer Trade our places in the night We're running barefoot, you and I Dead lovers salivate Broken hearts tessellate tonight

And all the kids who cut their knees on that old schoolyard fence Were holding out for posterity and self-defense We beat them down again There's no fun in playing cowboys for pretend We showed them what the backs of our hands is for The divide is clear in the coming year The rich will take the poor

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