

Fitzpleasure

Alt-J

Tra, la, la,
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 become Mandela Men
Tall woman, pull the pylons down and wrap them around
The necks of all the feckless men that queue to be the 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