

Separate and Ever Deadly

The Last Shadow Puppets

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 a 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 it if I create diversion
That 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 angry panthers in your defense
And he stands separate and ever deadly
Clings onto my throat and won't let go

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