

Fitzpleasure

Alt-J (Î”)

Tralala, 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 downAnd wrap them around the necks of all the feckless men that queue to be the
next

Steeped 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, its all in your eyes

In your snatch fits pleasure, broom-shaped pleasure

Deep greedy and Googling every corner

Blended by the lights

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