

# Fitzpleasure

[alt j \(â†\)](#)

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 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, 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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