Fitzpleasure

âˆ† (Alt-J)

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
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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