Hang the Cyst

The Last Shadow Puppets

Was he badly mistaken or guided
As he wondered his valley built in silence
He'd cover his face to speak as he chewed off his finger, to the bone
The haze of his coloured days
That march of content as his dignity splits to unveil
His bitter sweetnessThe town would shudder and stare
At his presence with a single glare
As he makes his way through
The local square
And he says to them
'Your a broken fence, in the yard of annoyance'
'Your a broken fence, in the yard of annoyance'
AnnoyanceHang the cyst
Hang the cyst
Hang the cystThe first time in pace or in math
Was at the sight of his wilting noose
And the chance will soon reduce to an angry silence
He escaped in the shock of the snap
His wonderful vanishing act
Was a spectacle but not what anyone expected
The route was planned as much as the broachpin dagger
The route was planned as much as the broachpin dagger

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