Age Of The Understatement

The Last Shadow Puppets

Decided
To sneak up away
From your stomach
And try your pulse
And captured
What seemed all
Unknowing and candid
But they suspected
It was false

She's playful
The boring would
Warn you be careful
Of her brigade
In order to tame
This relentless marauder
Move away from the parade

And she was walking on the tables
In the glass house
Endearingly bedraggled in the wind
Subtle in her method of seduction
The twenty little tragedies begin

And she would throw
A feather boa in the road
If she thought
That it would set the scene
Unfittingly dipped
Into your companions
Enlighten them to make you see

And there's affection to rent
The age of the understatement
Before the attraction ferments
Kiss me properly and pull me apart

Affection to rent
The age of the understatement
Before this attraction ferments

Kiss me properly and pull me apart

Ah

And my fingers scratch at my hair
Before my mind can get too reckless
The idea of seeing you here
Is enough to make the sweat grow cold

Oh

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