Tessellate

Alt-J (Î”)

All the boys who called their mothers on that day
Were no tough bunch but they had the nerves to go and say
That all your secrets were drowned
With the pioneers who were flooded from this town
They packed their bags only moments too late
With the pounding waves crashing up against
The weakened water gates
'Cause dire times call for dire faces
So lovely dancer call a dancer
Trade our places in the night
We're running barefoot, you and I
Dead lovers salivate
Broken hearts tessellate tonight

And all the kids who cut their knees on that old schoolyard fence
Were holding out for posterity and self-defense
Before we beat them down again
There's no fun in playing cowboys for pretend
We showed them what the backs of our hands is for
The divide is clear in the coming year
The rich will take the poor
'Cause dire times call for dire faces
So lovely dancer, call a dancer
Trade our places in the night
We're running barefoot, you and I
Dead lovers salivate
Broken hearts tessellate tonight

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