

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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