

# Fitzpleasure

Alt-J

Tra, la, la,  
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 down and 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, it's all in your eyes  
In your snatch fits pleasure, broom-shaped pleasure  
Deep greedy and Googling every corner  
Blended by the lights