

## Gas Dance

### The Last Shadow Puppets

There she was,  
Graciously making forever less terrifying  
And you've got the nerve to intervene  
With a colouring book and a biro and a point to prove  
And now you want a word.

Washed all the wisdom out of your mouth  
And gas danced on the edge of your bottom lip  
Quick to scurry back behind the night  
To avoid the silent fight and the struggle.

There I was  
Panicking because someone else kissed me in a dream  
And it was on the cheek  
And you stamp your feet  
And moving from bored to appaled by these poignant fumes  
that you must inflict.

And you washed all the wisdom out of your mouth's  
And gas danced on the edge of your bottom lip  
Someone told me that stench was called advice  
Someone told me that stench was called advice.

Took a silent breath, to a little rip.  
I got a cameo brooch  
To cover that hideous stitch.  
Oh, that grim reaper,  
And we're all upset.  
I see the fear in your cheeks,  
And I still smell the lies on your breath.  
And your jokes don't bounce,  
And you've entered the early stages of bitterness

She washed all the wisdom out of your mouth  
And gas danced on the edge of your bottom lip  
Quick to scurry back behind the night  
To avoid the silent fight and the struggle.