

The Age Of The Understatement

Decided
To sneak off away from your stomach
And try your pulse
They 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 glasshouse
Endearingly bedraggled in the wind
Twenty little tragedies begin

And she would throw her feather boa in the road
If she thought that it would set the scene
Unfittingly dipped into your companions
Enlightened them to make you seethe

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

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

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 go cold