Last Shadow Puppets, The "Separate And Ever Deadly"

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When we walked the streets together
All the faces seemed to smile back
And now the pavements
Have nothing to offer
And all the faces seem to need a slap

There's an unfamiliar grip
On an unfamiliar handkerchief
Attending to the tears on cheeks
I wouldn't notice
With you no matter how vicious the grief
Her expression was damp and crooked
Grabs onto my throat and won't let go

Won't let go Won't let go Won't let go

Save me from
The secateurs
I'll pretend
I didn't hear
Can't you see
I'm the ghost in the wrong coat
Biting butter and crumbs

There's a handsome maverick You don't talk about to keep me calm And I can't help But try create diversion??? Pulls you back onto his arm

Please don't tell me
You don't have to darling I can sense
That he painted you a gushing sunset
And slayed
Their pink panthers in your defence
He stands separate and ever deadly
Clings onto my throat and won't let go

Won't let go Won't let go

Save me from
The secateurs
I'll pretend
I didn't hear
Can't you see
I'm a ghost
In the wrong coat
Biting butter and crumbs

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