## Los Campesinos!, ... And We Exhale And Roll Ou

One, two, three, four, five, six...

It's bad enough you ever use the word as an adjective But to suggest we do it in heels is really quite crass And frankly, we're reasonably practical And we know the benefits of always doing these things in flats

And I spent the last seven years perched on the edge of my bed Scratching 'I am incredibly sincere' into my forearm You should know better

A fifteen year old's editorial, some lazy innuendo (The last man standing is a girl)
Four sweaty boys with guitars tell me nothing about my life And the earth's air pressure gets far greater when I hear you You should try harder

It takes an educated guess to see I like you little at best And if you come here for the faces hope you leave under duress And you still treat it like a novelty Less pop concert more butchery And we exhale, and roll our eyes in unison

And we exhale And we roll our eyes And we do these things in unison

And woe is me And woe is you And woe is us, together

And woe is me And woe is you And woe is us, together.