

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

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.