

Los Campesinos!, Broken Heartbeats Sound Like

One! Two! Three! Four!
One! Two! Three! Four!

Any more tears for the birthing pool?
Bear this child directly into misery
Kiss him in the face with no lips and no tongue
But with your little, middle, index and ring fingers
Singing I see songs in shapes and colours
Like nuclear physics or pottery ovens
Fluid lines that soar like towers
Patterns reformed just like child actors

Plunge your hand, rip out my spine
Replace it with a UV light
So I can be the beacon of hope that you'd always expected

These constant broken heartbeats sound like breakbeats
Looping round and round to me
You know he's so much more like Spiderman than you will ever, ever be

So stick with your instincts
Stick with the imprints
With the hieroglyphics that the fan club sent us
And roll with the toppers
Just like steady choppers
Bat it with your eyelids
And lose it with your static
Go b-b-b-b-b-b-b - honeeeeeey!
I'm taking far too many chances
On these less than idealistic romances

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Replace it with a UV light
So I can be the beacon of hope that you'd always expected

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