

Los Campesinos, Documented Minor Emotional Breakdown

Ooooh, ahhhh

I restored your mother's faith in men

Whilst boring you to death

Left nothing more than the circle of stubble rash around your chest

My life was saved by a packet of nineteen cigarettes

Carried in my left breast pocket, for a closest friend

A sleeping bag on the floor, two slippers like buffalo horns

They said, "that boy's too lazy, you were clearly forewarned"

A jealous ex silenced the room

(Shhhhh)

He said that you were a whore

Do you kiss your mummy's lips with that mouth?

Ooooh, ahhhh

She imagined everything I said in falsetto

The only way to justify my childish despair

I spent my last six fifty in a public phone box

Graffitied genitalia from the ceiling to floor

Play the reckless, rapid like a fruit machine

I see gargoyles in the floral of the duvet cover

You see melodrama move from one sentence to the other

And many years practice of speaking in hushed tones