

# Los Campesinos!, Drop It Doe Eyes

You expected my war diaries  
But time ran out and I, I let you down  
A small thanks note written in French is no shorthand for  
&quot;This thing gave me writer's cramp&quot;;

Another dream about shapeshifting  
Well we move with such elegance, with such grace  
With all our dignity just in place

Deer die with their eyes wide open, eyes wide open, eyes wide open  
Deer die with their eyes wide open

Drawing tiny little pictures of skeletons  
To get across the sense of impending doom  
And the leaves like the artwork to &quot;Major Leagues&quot; look like dead foxes on the hard sh  
And for some reason I think that I attributed this story  
To the bypass of the town I hadn't visited  
So goes the backing track of all the sighs we'd ever sighed

Deer die with their eyes wide open, eyes wide open, eyes wide open  
Deer die with their eyes wide open

Drawing tiny little pictures of skeletons  
To get across the sense of impending doom  
And I am 17 pages through this notebook now  
And there are little more than pictures of how I see you in an X-ray machine  
That's more like a television screen  
And you're in a rut, and I know that you know what I mean  
And then the realisation hits that not even two gospel choirs could save us now

Turn up on your doorstep  
Feeling like roadkill  
Tasting like postage stamps  
And when I touch you  
You fold up like an envelope  
With everything I ever wrote  
Pouring out of your mouth.