

Los Campesinos!, Frontwards

I am the only one
Searching for you
And if I get caught
Well, then the search is through

And the stories you hear
You know they never add up
I hear the natives fussin' at the data chart
Be quiet, the weather's on the night news

Empty homes, plastic combs
Stolen rooms are the alloy of chrome
I've got style
Miles and miles
So much style that it's wasting
So much style that it's wasting
So much style that it's wasting

Now, she's the only one
Who always inhales
Paris is stale
And it's war if we fail

And in the migrant hotels
They never sleep, they never will
Their souls are crumblin' like a dirt-clod hold
Your cigarette cuts to the inside

Empty homes, plastic combs
Stolen rooms are the alloy of chrome
I've got style
Miles and miles
So much style that it's leaving
This pattern's torn and we're weaving
This pattern's torn and we'll weave it