

Los Campesinos!, How I Taught Myself To Scream

Hey! You want some universal truce like
"In your heart, you know we're right";
You faked your death in a game of charades
So you know how to get me hot

We get by on four hours sleep at night
And we never get tired, only tired of you

So swap an alibi for an alibi
Tonight's the night we all uprise
I proof-read your biography
Hum to the tune of a tragedy

And your very existence is a monument
To how I taught myself to scream
We'll bulldoze this city, plough it to the ground
But with two steps you just build something ...