

Los Campesinos!, Miserabilia

Go!

Breathe... easy.

Your hands will remain empty when you have stopped clutching at straws.
Cling to bad memories, forget all the insufferable bores.
No-one matters.
No-one cares.

He whispered,
"oh my god this really is a joy to behold".
I hough he said "it's a joy to be held" so I held him too close.
It was a grave mistake, he never came back again.

I'm not saying there's good in none of this
Miserabilia to show the kids.
I'm not saying that you're responsible.
Miserable, for one, for all.

I've spend too much time on my knees next to urinals in garish Mexican restaurants,
sobbing into my worn pale palms for a better understanding of my dietary requirements.

I've cried on ashen floors of working men's clubs
96, 98, 2000, 2002, 2004.
Oh my god, will it end?

We got nostalgic ended up filling shoe boxes with vomit,
collected scabs in lockets, hung them round our necks like nooses.
None of it mattered.
Nobody cared.

I'm not saying there's good in none of this
Miserabilia to show the kids.
I'm not saying that you're responsible.
Miserable, for one, for all.

I have broken down into the naked breasts of a newly ex (no dignity),
I can only guess that she thinks about it when she touches herself.

Shout at the world because the world doesn't love you.
Lower yourself because you know that you'll have to.