

Los Campesinos, Miserabilia

Breathe... easy
Your hands will remain empty
When you have stopped clutching at straws
Clean two bad memories
Forget all the insufferable bores
No one matters
(No one matters)
No one cares
He whispered, "Oh my God,
This really is a joy to behold"
For 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
Miserabilia for one, for all
I've spend too much time on my knees
Next to urinals in garish Mexican restaurants
Sobbing into my warm, pale palms
For a better understanding of her dietary requirements
Cried on ocean floors all walking into clubs
Not '06, not '08, two thousand, 2010!
2004, (?), oh my God, oh my God!
We got nostalgic,
Ended up filling shoeboxes with vomit
Collected scabs in locketts,
Hung them round our necks like nooses
None of it mattered
(None of it matters)
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
Miserabilia for one, for all
I have broken down
Into the naked breasts of a newly ex
And 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!