

# 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!