

Los Campesinos!, We Are Beautiful, We Are Doo

By the light of the LED display of the VCR recorder
You kiss my neck, I whisper in your ear: this is my downfall
As you squint and you grimace, we both know your heart's not in it

By the glow of a thousand fireflies in a travelodge en-suite
They think the future's bright as halogen, we know it's pretty bleak
And I am trying to be sexy, biting at the air that falls in front of me

Your telegrams are more and more less detailed by the day
And all the characters are strangers and the pubs have different names
I tell a joke, I'd like to meet them but they loathe me and I hate them back

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, fondness makes the absence longer
Length loses my interest, I'm a realist, I'm insatiable
Swapped counting days until I fly, with hours before your reply

You said he got his teeth fixed
I'm gonna break them
I've got a heart on fire
He said he's got his sights set
On getting to you
I've got fist on fire

And you feel terrified at the thought of being left behind
Of losing everybody, the necessity of dying
Oh we kid ourselves there's future in the fucking
But there is no fucking future
I'm just practising my accents, picking at old sutures

I taught myself the only way to vaguely get along in love
Is to like the other slightly less than you get in return
I keep feeling like I'm being undercut

Charlotte says it's more constructive than the one in Canada
When you got drunk, ate loads of crisps
And threw up by a football pitch
I know it is
And really that's what worries me
I feel like I should hurt

You said he's got his teeth fixed
I'm gonna break them
I've got a heart on fire
He said he's got his sights set
I'm getting to you
I've got fist on fire

I cannot emphasise enough that my body
Is a badly designed, poorly put together vessel
Harbouring these diminishing, so called vital organs
Hope my heart goes first
I hope my heart hoes first

We are beautiful
We are doomed