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
In 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'm trying to be sexy
Biting at the air that falls in front of me.
The 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'll loathe me and I'd 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
So, ten days until I fly
But that was before your reply
You said, "He got his teeth fixed"
I'm gonna break them
I've got a heart on fire
You said, "He's got his sights set"
I'm getting to ya
I've got fists 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 under-cut
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 ya
I've got fists 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 GOES FIRST!