

Los Campesinos!, We Throw Parties, You Throw

When you play pass the parcel with human body parts
Somebody might get head, but someone will get hurt
And I'll sing what you like, if you shout it straight back at me

Theres red stains all over the place
But they're not blood, they're cherryade
We throw parties, you throw knives
It's all the same if the fizzy drinks are nice

And it's great that you care so much about things
But you left talcum powder all over the bathroom
And yeah, it is great, you can blow her smoke rings
But you wont taste her lips if you do get to kiss her
And it's your party, but I'll die if I want to, I'll die if I want to

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The music was okay, but the fresh air was better
And I couldn't tell if the singer's keyboard was a crutch or a synthesizer
But it sounded like he'd broken a limb
Each and every time he pushed a key down or in

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Oh no, it's my mistake, you cut your tongue while taking a sip
It's over, tell his mother, the party is over)

Teen campesinos
Trick or trim
On your driveway
In the middle of August
One of us dressed as a zombie
One of us dressed as a pirate
One of us dressed as a ninja
Four of us dressed as schoolgirls
And I'm starin' you straight in the eyes
I'm shaking my head
And I'm starin' you straight in your eyes