

Los Campesinos, You'll Need Those Fingers For

I can taste the blood on your lips and on your tongue
I can see your teeth turned pink, your gums fade to white
The less and less I eat
The more you see my teeth
The closer they move together
Fill the gaps, curse the weather
Rip the flesh from your bones
Wipe me down, drive me home
Dump me side of the road
If I'm too annoying
Wear your best suit, all these people are watching
Oh baby, you'll need all those fingers for crossing
I'm sucking your last words from the back of your throat
So perfect, so bitter, we laugh then we choke
(Keep)
Wear your best suit, all these people are watching
(Your fingers)
Oh baby, you'll need all those fingers for crossing
(Crossed)
I'm sucking your last words from the back of your throat
So perfect, so bitter, we laugh then we choke
You worry a million raindrops'll die
With the last memory of you and I
In a soft-porn version of the end of the world
I quake at the knees as my intentions unfurle
You wrote a letter to God, just in case,
You said, "I'm nothing if I'm not a pragmatist
You needn't worry about us
We can look after ourselves
We have enough to rely on you or anyone else"
Wear your best suit, all these people are watching
Oh baby, you'll need all those fingers for crossing
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(Keep)
Wear your best suit, all these people are watching
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