

You'll Need Those Fingers for Crossing

Los Campesinos!

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

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You worry a million rain drops will die
With their 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 unfurl
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 learnt not to rely on you or anyone else

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