

A Slow, Slow Death

Los Campesinos!

We felt a chill from the breeze move in from the east, London p
at its own back
Those with the means for the megaphone, will always provide us
the soundtrack
I started to diarise the coming of flies when gloom is descendi
ng
So when it's back round again, I know it's a false start and no
t an ending
Some days I struggle to move in elephant shoes, unwilling commu
ter
Anxiety in my chest, heart under duress taps out of sharpshoote
r
Preoccupied now for days by nostalgia waves I hated the first t
ime
A gambler's fallacy the more I repeat I won't be the punchline

You. On a lilo. Are an island. Of the pacific.
And then me, me, me. I am face down. In a puddle. On the high s
treet

I got your initials inside a heart tattoo
We two in vermilion, we two a lovers' coup
I got your initials inside a heart tattoo
We two in vermilion, we two a lovers' coup
I know little but I promise:
There's a slow, slow death if you want it
If you want it

In time will I have to lie these memories are mine, not in fact
my father's
A schoolboy hero replaced, domestic disgrace, a sad sack, a mar
tyr
We here are common as dirt, 3 lions on our shirt, with high exp
ectations
Absolve this land of a Queen who feasts while we wean a small h
opeless nation

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I got your initials inside a heart tattoo
We two in vermilion, we two a lovers' coup
I know little but I promise:
There's a slow, slow death if you want it
Yeah, I want it