

Baby I Got the Death Rattle

Los Campesinos!

We burnt all the skin
From the palm of my hands
With an old zippo lighter
And deodorant can
I went to the palmist
And asked her to read
No heart line,
No sun line
No life line,
No need.
Said all that I wanted was a quiet life
Not one predetermined by minuscule slices
Into my flesh and the broad she agreed
One look in my sad eyes
She had to concede

"Baby... the girdle of venus got me...
Got me down on my knees.
And baby... baby I got the death rattle and
You're six months old s-shakin' me."

Traced my right index finger
'long the roof of every car
On the walk back to your house
In the cold from City Arms
In the frost I drew a dick
For every girl that wouldn't fuck me
Woke early the next morning to see
The frost had bitten me

My blisters black and touch cold
Like a cute stuffed toy bear's nose
The kind of gift I'd give you
Like a less committed Van Gogh

And you, you are an angel
That's why you pray
And I am an ass
That's why I bray

Your halo slipped to frame you
Like a photo, a porthole window
I see blood spill in the pure snow
You see sweet sauce on ice-cream cones

And you, you are an angel
That's why you pray
And I am an ass
That's why I bray
If you were tomorrow
I'd be today
And this is the end...

(I'm serious, so listen)

Baby I got the death rattle
And baby I got it bad

I've been digging my grave
For quite some time
When I'm not digging up the past
And I chewed my only necktie
From the metal frame of my bed
Where I tied your wrists together
Spent all night givin'
(Oh, you get the message)

NOT HEADSTONE
BUT HEADBOARD
'SWHERE I WANT TO BE MOURNED