

Documented Minor Emotional Breakdown #1

Los Campesinos!

I restored your mother's faith in men whilst boring you to death
Left nothing more than the circle of stubble rash around your chest
My life was saved by a packet of nineteen cigarettes
Carried in my left breast pocket for a closest friend

A sleeping bag on the floor, two slips like buffalo horns
They said that boy's too lazy, you were clearly forewarned
A jealous ex silenced the room, he said that you were a whore
Do you kiss your mummy's lips with that mouth?

She imagined everything I said in falsetto
The only way to justify my childish despair
I spent my last six fifty in a public phone box
Graffited genitalia from the ceiling to floor

Play the reckless, rapid like a fruit machine
I see gargoyles in the floral of the duvet cover
You see melodrama move from one sentence to the other
And many years practice of speaking in hushed tones