

Drop it Doe Eyes

Los Campesinos!

You expected my war diaries, but time ran out and I, I let you
down

A small thanks note written in French is no shorthand for "this
thing gave me writer's cramp"

Another dream about shapeshifting
Well we move with such elegance, with such grace
With all our dignity just in place

Deer die with their eyes wide open, eyes wide open, eyes wide o
pen

Deer die with their eyes wide open

Drawing tiny little pictures of skeletons to get across the sen
se of impending doom

And the leaves like the artwork to major leagues look like dead
foxes on the hard shoulder

And for some reason I think that I attributed this story to the
bypass of the town I hadn't visited, so goes the backing track
of all the sighs we'd ever sighed

Deer die with their eyes wide open, eyes wide open, eyes wide o
pen

Deer die with their eyes wide open

Drawing tiny little pictures of skeletons to get across the sen
se of impending doom and I am 17 pages through this notebook no
w and there are little more than pictures of how I see you in a
n X-ray machine

That's more like a television screen

And you're in a rut, and I know that you know what I mean

And then the realisation hits that not even two gospel choirs c
ould save us now

Turn up on your doorstep

Feeling like roadkill

Tasting like postage stamps

And when I touch you

You fold up like an envelope

With everything I ever wrote

Pouring out of your mouth.