

## Every Defeat a Divorce (Three Lions)

Los Campesinos!

I am not a crutch  
Although my knees are rife with woodworm  
And the mealworms I misheard for lunch  
Are rotting in my guts  
With a childhood of fingernails  
That ripped my throat to shreds  
A walk that chimes like church bells  
From all these loose joints in my legs

These three lions that were sitting on my chest  
Are clawing hard into my skin  
As I am gasping for my breath  
And as they each play noughts and crosses  
On the scratches they have left  
I have to screw up both my eyes  
As it goes into sudden death.  
They whisper  
"Really all these noughts are circles holed, bereft  
And all these crosses crucifixes,  
Spreading guilt and sense of dread."  
And as we stumbled homeward up the hill  
To where you used to live  
The cold makes ice upon our cheeks  
From all the tears that we have shed

These things rattle round my head  
If he hasn't blown the whistle  
Then it isn't quite the end.

Every defeat a divorce  
Although I look surprised  
It's par for the course I guess  
Every defeat a divorce  
Although I look surprised  
It's par for the course I guess

And I don't really know now  
What I thought I knew then  
You can lead a horse to water  
But it won't drown itself

This one family photograph  
Always floats to the top  
Like a beaming, bloated corpse  
Though having been made up  
My memories are sepia  
But the photograph is not  
An historian is fucking with them  
As deadly as garrotte

Where they're standing in the kitchen  
With his arms around her waist  
With no idea of what's to come  
And a smile across your face  
And all the fittings are the same  
But every other thing has changed  
Must forget everything you know

As though your mouth and tongue estranged  
Small comforts found in ABBA Gold  
And electronic chess  
When West Clewes was my Waterloo  
My most dramatic test  
Now I've been walking down the shortcuts  
And the alleys in the dark  
Because I'm not scared of the shadows  
They're no blacker than my heart

These things rattle round my head  
If he hasn't blown the whistle  
Then it isn't quite the end.

Every defeat a divorce  
Although I look surprised  
It's par for the course I guess  
Every defeat a divorce  
Although I look surprised  
It's par for the course I guess

But how could I ever refuse  
I feel like I lose when I lose

And I don't really know now  
What I thought I knew then  
You can lead a horse to water  
But it won't drown itself