

For Flotsam

Los Campesinos!

You say you are an old cassette that has gone and spilt its spool

you're far more like a wet cardboard tube on this nightclub toilet floor.

As I describe my lonely, you listen very clear:

the last set of goalposts taken down, summer of odd numbered years.

She says "if you're unhappy, then you gotta find the cure"

Well I prescribe me one more beer, beyond that I am unsure

May not be all and end all, in my defence she is the whole

I've thrown my goalkeeper forward, she's catenaccio

Flotsam, Jetsam and Spindrift: all the girls I have loved,
dumped to earth by a spendthrift, gilt angels from above.

And I saw God in the bathroom, I baptised him in sick

embraced him around his cistern "c'est la mort!, enough of this".

Knees knocking and

Blood flowing so

I want you to know that I want to.

And later she said something that stuck hard in my mind:

"we are their Capel Celyn, they gotta keep their slippers dry,
to empathise with Tory's to invite upon disease,
a safer bet's to pack your bags, go holiday in Eyam"

I will take you where the sun shines, cast shadows on your face
,

crawl into their deepest recess, 'til I freeze or dehydrate

We'll live and breathe it in real time, montage is for the dead

and my heart's still doing Fosburys nowhere near finished yet