

## For Whom the Belly Tolls

Los Campesinos!

May I have a moment please, before the guillotine, to lament on  
her wet hair  
Tousled over her left shoulder wearing a Corfu t-  
shirt she took as her nightwear  
I could slip on my own salt sobs seeking the cold embrace of th  
e fridge freezer aisle  
Catwalk into the dog pound, now with my flesh wounds dressed to  
spring-summer style

For whom the belly tolls  
For who the tap drips dry and the bath water runs cold  
For whom the belly tolls  
For who all time ticks by until one joke becomes old

There is beauty in the world, I have been told by people I've n  
othing but trust in  
Piled up with the cotton buds, among the toothpicks, inside the  
dark of the dustbin  
Waited outside of "Jersey Boys" for what seemed like a year, a  
life in the vestibule  
Scout yourself as a one-  
man team, you're a one club man denied a testimonial

(No knot in the waistband)  
Persuade me to give up and leave quietly  
(No reason to grandstand)  
File me alongside the obscene

It's 7:20 Monday morning  
I look to the man with no suit for a warning  
If open to reason/collusion  
May the way that I go be regrettable, gruesome  
In exchange for one thing: "I beg do not take me today"  
Babbling "please let me stay"

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