

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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