

## Glue Me

## Los Campesinos!

The clouds salivating  
Drooling from the sky at the thought of the trouble to wreak  
'til lightning breached their bellies  
Caesarean section washes pigment from every street

And it's high tide, as the sewers rise  
And the drains have become obsolete  
Seems there's no place in this town  
For something as pure as you seem

I'm diving into headers  
Put this pretty face where the boots are flying in  
Been bobbing rotten apples  
Water to my waist, in a shark-infested bin  
People laugh, they will call it folly, but we connected like a Yeboah volley  
I'm totting up my worth in stamps, but doing so in second class

I heard that it hurts, and I said...

Two wrists, two wrist watches  
Tick-tick-tocking, second hands slightly out of time  
A constant subtle reminder  
One of us will be gone before bells of the other chime  
I requested a room with a view  
In the middle of a war between me and you  
And leave with all the dignity of missed Panenka penalty

I heard that it hurts, and I said...

I'll be gloomy 'til they glue me in the arms of she who loves me  
She smiled at a joke, but I said...  
I'll be gloomy 'til they glue me in the arms of she who loves me  
'til the rats and worms are all interned at least 5 feet above we

Draw me like one of your fence, girls  
Stood erect as a post, head to toe in creosote  
We're blocking out all the lapsed-punks  
Listen them piss and moan, counting out major notes

Banned from every bar in town  
Snooker balls a weapon made  
Snooker cue held upside down  
Propelled like helicopter blade

I heard that it hurts, and I said...

I'll be gloomy 'til they glue me in the arms of she who loves me  
She smiled at a joke, but I said...  
I'll be gloomy 'til they glue me in the arms of she who loves me  
'til the rats and worms are all interned at least 5 feet above we

I'll be gloomy 'til they glue me in the arms of she who loves me  
'til the rats and worms are all interned at least 5 feet above we

The crowds celebrating  
Drooling from each side with the thought of the trouble to wreak  
And you hear them singing (in every room, from nursery to tomb):

"Ex-boyfriend give us a song, ex-boyfriend, boyfriend give us a song  
Ex-boyfriend give us a song, ex-boyfriend, boyfriend give us a song"