

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

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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"