

## Hate for the Island

Los Campesinos!

(Recall the time)  
We straddled your windowpane  
(Smoked the last)  
Of the weed that sent you insane  
In a public loo  
In a borough of London  
That I won't mention  
You phoned me in Minnesota  
Said you had a vital question  
(And as we smoked)  
You feared you neighbours might see  
(We watched a fox)  
Rip out the contents of each  
Bin-bag that lined the road  
And then you turned to see me mouth  
"Those entrails are how I'll feel  
When you decide to leave me."

Now I've a whole lot of hate for the island  
Since your friends buried you down there  
Six feet deep beneath the sand  
But at least I know we'll never be  
That far now from each other  
Just a couple hundred feet either side of sea level  
It's no lie if the waters rose  
And drowned that place from coast to coast  
You wouldn't see this smile leave  
My face for all eternity.