

# Hung Empty

## Los Campesinos!

They're singing Bread of Heaven but they're baking it with our dough  
Living as common criminal, but acting local hero  
Wish I'd savoured that awkward little silence that grew up to be a deafening  
hush  
Curling up, cuddling a big red button to push

The students spilling out at the bus stop are forcing me to walk in the street  
I move against the tide of the tourists, I am lacking but they're looking replete

He's playing dickhead's advocate and every date's a house show  
I'm dropping my defences 'til libido's my libero  
And if you're keeping track of the notches, even if he had a four poster bed  
He'd be sleeping on a pile of woodchip, plucking splinters from his head

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I move against the tide of the tourists, I am lacking but they're looking replete  
My vision is fading, it's blurry. There are finger prints all over the sun  
We're glad to be loved but we're lonely and we feel like we're the only ones

I'm hung empty: all night, all afternoon  
Hung empty, horse and, not bride and groom  
Hung empty, the world spins but we'll barricade the room  
Hung empty, hang onto me, and we'll quarantine the gloom

I've been penning odes to continental bottled lager  
Bring its mouth to my lips: "oh holy holy, I do not know what I'd do without  
you"

We kneel at different alters but we all desire the same:  
For someone else to seize the bow to find a truer aim  
We're small steps down a steep slope. Exist as living proof:  
Not right to call this old age, but it certainly ain't youth no more  
This certainly ain't youth

I wanna shrink to a size to be coddled between the cobble stones  
For you to grow to a height to drape a shadow over all of us  
Oh would you let me rest in your flesh rolls?  
Lay my langour in the calm of your shade?  
Sink into its dark until I lose my hands in front of my face

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Feels like I've been waiting on it, nearly all my life

But what, if this is it now, what if this is how we die?

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