

## I Broke Up in Amarante

Los Campesinos!

I found a home away from home  
As I broke up in Amarante  
In the Campo do Carvalhal  
Centre circle everyday  
Erratic kamikaze  
I co-piloted the swift  
Dreamt I'm anchoring that midfield  
Like the anchor in my midriff

I drifted through a month alone  
As I broke up in Amarante  
Nursed a two-beer buzz four whole weeks  
'Cause it's the only way to feel sane  
The newspaper front on the counter top  
Emblazoned spot kick miss  
I couldn't even hum in your mother tongue  
Just a thumbs down raspberry kiss

(It seems unfair)  
To be a rotten horn of plenty  
(It seems unfair)  
To be cadaver for a curse  
(It seems unfair)  
To be an overflow for empty  
(It seems unfair)  
To try your best but feel the worst

I threw an empty bottle from way up  
It thudded into the maw  
Truth be told I spent the afternoon  
And I threw fifteen more  
I'm woken by a honking horn  
Hungover, spread-eagle  
Strength between the clicking crickets' knees  
Enough to crush my skull

(It seems unfair)  
To be a rotten horn of plenty  
(It seems unfair)  
To be cadaver for a curse  
(It seems unfair)  
To be an overflow for empty  
(It seems unfair)  
To try your best but feel the worst

You really can't complain  
It's just a holiday  
You fill a wall chart out  
Thirty-one days away

It seems unfair  
To be a rotten horn of plenty  
Seems unfair  
To be...  
(Nah, I'm gonna need you to help me out here)  
(It seems unfair)  
To be an overflow for empty

(It seems unfair)  
To try your best but feel the worst

(It seems unfair)  
It seems unfair to be a rotten horn of plenty  
(It seems unfair)  
It seems unfair to be cadaver for a curse  
(It seems unfair)  
It seems unfair to be an overflow for empty  
(It seems unfair)  
It seems unfair to try your best but feel the worst