

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