

Let It Spill

Los Campesinos!

I was born atop a Winter's hill, I took form as a ball in the virgin snow
that started on its slow descent, barely more than 27 years ago
.

And every ounce my love has grown, I absorbed another flake,
when this avalanche has hit, imagine the mess I will make.

A tidal wave from the tears. Will you toil in the garden to dig
a well,
deep to the core of the earth? They'll sob enough to douse all
the fires of hell.
I see you with shovel in hand, your skirt billows above your knees,
envy the soil that fills their pores and this perverted breeze.

And I'm full to the brim
Pull me up to your mouth
Let it spill, let it spill
And I'm full to the brim
Flood the North to the South
Let it spill, let it spill
all over us two
I take no solace in coastal breezes cos the quay is sea minor without you

Béla Guttman of love, curse all my exes to a life of celibacy
and then while you freed the doves, I shot them from the sky for taxidermy.
An every day disaster, a bread and butter tragedy,
I sunk an oil tanker off the shores of Galilee.

You'll find me upside down in the belfry, cos baby I'm bats it
is true.