

Plan A

Los Campesinos!

Just like when we were seventeen we said we'd move to Malta,
Claim Nationality,
And now that we are twenty three - days tethered to the running
track,
Evenings chained to the dishrack.
I'm called up to the Maltese national team,
My vision is impeccable, my first touch is obscene.
A world cup qualifier finds me fifty, forty, thirty yards from
goal,
A late sub on in an off the striker role.
Was it wind? Did it take a bad deflection?
A decade spent nursing a fear that you might never make it?
The crowd draws breathe at once,
It swerves to the top corner,
The Sunday Tabloid press declares me the new king of Malta.

With my name on shirts, your face on the cash that every week j
ust piles inside our bank account,
We'd rule the roost and we could start a family I think we'd ma
ke about a hundred million bucks.

I head down to the mint and tell them:
Pound every coin deep into the ground,
Burn every note in circulation
There's a new face on the currency of our nation.
I hand them a photograph of you,
The most beautiful thing they'd ever seen.
The press starts a rolling, your image on Euros,
The workforce retires to the bathroom.

With my name on shirts, your face on the cash that every week j
ust piles inside our bank account,
We'd rule the roost and we could start a family I think we'd ma
ke about a hundred million bucks.