

Romance Is Boring

Los Campesinos!

Darling, I'm with St. Bernards
And we are scouring the Alps and the Andes
And if they die, then it is on my head
They followed paw prints in the snow to my throne, to my bed

You're pouting in your sleep, I'm waking still yawning
We're proving to each other that romance is boring
Sure, there are things I could do if I was half prepared to
Prove to each other that romance is boring

Start as you mean to continue
Complacent and self-involved
You're trying not to be nervous
If you are trying at all

I will wait, I will bake phallic cake
Take your diffidence, make it my club house
But my strengths within lies, ventricle cauterized
It's the way of living that I espouse

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We are two ships that pass in the night
You and I, we are nothing alike
I am a pleasure cruise, you are gone out to trawl
Return nets empty, nothing at all

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