

## 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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