

## Sad Suppers

Los Campesinos!

Don't call it a come-on, in spite if not because of whatever  
If extent of my ambition is a lawn to mow, a charger to tether  
Introed at the braggers' amnesty, "The greatest lover in the cl  
oisters"

When the neutrals started cheering me, that is the moment that  
they lost us

Never once a miser with the misery  
Clever compromise, I replant potted history  
You can't eat from spinning plates  
Can't lick clean the mess it makes  
Seen all there is to be shown  
Darling, I'm coming home

Still flutters pitter patter  
Feeling embittered, battered  
Behold the once and future me  
Sad suppers for the saudaddy

Frogmarch through the city, ascend another synthetic summit  
Until I see the route the crows fly to you, then I will want no  
part of it  
Save you epiphanies for the sea level. Save them for the Broads  
ands  
Save them for throwing out time at Scribes West. Save them for  
chucking up in your own hands.

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