

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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