

## Straight in at 101

Los Campesinos!

I think we need more post-coital and less post-rock.  
Feels like the build-up takes forever but you never get me off.

You pull your dress over your face,  
And I stare down towards my chest,  
Chastise both our greasy hair,  
Wonder whose gut is the softest.  
Stand with my ear to the door listening to the landing floorboards,  
Working out when will be safe to dash from mattress to your bathroom,  
Where I ball my fingers into fists until my knuckles glow bright white,  
Press the heels into eye sockets 'til I see the flashing lights.  
Stop me when my stories change  
When they have started to repeat,  
'Cause last time I was a mess of sleep of icy feet.

So baby;  
All apologies.  
It was going to happen,  
inevitably.

I think we need more post-coital and less post-rock.  
Feels like the build-up takes forever but you never touch my cock and what exactly do you mean now,  
By "what can you even eat?  
And how does that affect how I'll get off this evening?".

I flew down South to Mexico had a minor realization  
I understood why kids draw the sun with its rays emanating.  
And the beams broke the clouds,  
The sky looked like a concertina I'd sat on in my pocket for weeks,  
Folded up from a picture.

I've been playing straight chicken with gay girls (it's never enough),  
She keeps on pulling the peace sign (and it seems like a taunt),  
She licked a glaze on her lips,  
They shone like battleship grey.  
She never liked the wisdom I gave:

"Some people give themselves to religion,  
Some people give themselves to a cause,  
Some people give themselves to a lover,  
I have to give my self to goals".

So baby;  
All apologies.  
It was going to happen,  
Inevitably.  
And if it helps,  
I mean,  
Even slightly at all,  
It's best to dust yourself down and get straight back on the whorse.

I condescend a smile and wink directly at the camera.  
I leave you led in both our scents as I tip-toe out the backdoor.  
I skid down icy streets and view my face in the reflection of a high street lingerie store,  
Though it wasn't my intention.

I phone my friends and family to gather round the television;  
The talking heads count down the most heart-wrenching break ups of all time.  
Imagine the great sense of waste,  
The indignity,  
the embarrassment,  
When not a single one of that whole century was mine.