

Sweet Dreams, Sweet Cheeks

Los Campesinos!

When the smaller picture
Is the same as the bigger picture
You know that you're fucked
When you're trading paper cuts for splinters
You're out of luck

Like sharks don't sleep
And I don't take my eyes off you
The architecture's shit
And my cheeks are all ruddy and bruised

And it hits as hard as a blow to the head (And if we're trading
paper)
Or a smash to the skull or a knee to your chest (cuts for splin
ters)
Sweet dreams, sweet cheeks
Oh tomorrow Oh tomorrow Oh tomorrow

All these mercy killings have got my conscience spilling over
(We've paid off the judges and we're taking advantage)
And the buildings ornate but it's lacking in soul and character
(Pleading our defence in binary a smiley apology montage)
We're burning five storey buildings laying man traps at the fir
e exits
(Like dignity is equal to desperation and self effacement)
Playing feedback over tannoy systems. You look Desperate! You L
ook Pathetic!
(We're holding on to our own grandeur with careful compliment p
lacement)

And it hits as hard as a blow to the head (And if we're trading
paper)
Or a smash to the skull or a knee to your chest (cuts for splin
ters)

It hits as hard as a blow to the head (And if we're trading pap
er)
Or a smash to the skull or a knee to your chest (cuts for splin
ters)

And it hits as hard as a blow to the head (And if we're trading
paper)
Or a smash to the skull or a knee to your chest (cuts for splin
ters)
Sweet dreams, sweet cheeks
Oh tomorrow Oh tomorrow Oh tomorrow

And it hits as hard as a blow to the head (And if we're trading

paper)
Or a smash to the skull or a knee to your chest (cuts for splinters)
Sweet dreams, sweet cheeks
Oh tomorrow Oh tomorrow Oh tomorrow

One blink for yes, two blinks for no.
Sweet dreams, sweet cheeks, we leave alone