

## 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)

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