

The Sea Is a Good Place to Think of the Future

Los Campesinos!

I grabbed hold of her wrist and my hand closed from tip to tip
I said "you've taken the diet too far, you have got to let it slip"
But she's not eating again, she's not eating again,
she's not eating again, she's not eating again.

I ask her to speak French and then I need her to translate,
I get the feeling she makes the meaning more significant.
She was always far too pretty for me
to believe in a single word she said, believe a word she said.

At fourteen her mother died in a routine operation,
from allergic reaction to a general anesthetic.
She spent the rest of her teens experimenting with prescriptions,
in a futile attempt to know more than the doctors.

She said one day to leave her,
sand up to her shoulders waiting for the tide
to drag her to the ocean, to another sea's shore.
This thing hurts like hell, but what did you expect?

And all you can hear is the sound of your own heart
And all you can feel is your lungs flood and the blood course
But oh I can see five hundred years dead set ahead of me
Five hundred behind, a thousand years in perfect symmetry

Best known left wrist right finger, through all the Southern States,
on every video games machine they call her triple A.
There were racists on the radio trying to give up smoking,
the chat show host, he joked
"You have to wait for the government program".

You talk about your politics,
and I wonder if you could be one of them,
but you could never kiss a Tory boy
without wanting to cut off your tongue again.

A good place to look to the future
is when you are sat at the sea,
with the salt up to your ankles
and a view of the end of the pier.

You may look down at your model's feet
and wish that you'd just float away,
and the weather here is overcast
and the sea is the same shade of grey.
So the landscape before you looks just like the edge of the world,
but to the left side and the right side,
either way is a crazy golf course.
The sea is a good place to think of the future.

And all you can hear is the sound of your own heart
And all you can feel is your lungs flood and the blood course
But oh I can see five hundred years dead set ahead of me
Five hundred behind, a thousand years in perfect symmetry
A thousand years no getting rid of me
A thousand years in perfect symmetry.