

This Is a Flag. There Is No Wind

Los Campesinos!

CAN WE ALL PLEASE JUST CALM THE FUCK DOWN!?

An analogy that makes sense to most:

This opportunity had found me unmarked at the far post,
But I blazed it right against the cross bar of the pub that you
had worked in since you moved here from Bath Spa.
We agreed we couldn't trust a guy that didn't like a single sport,
But those bow-legged suitors hadn't given me much other thought.
They said it smelt delicious but it smelt of burning flesh,
It's not meant to be malicious but this is the cross we bare.

The story of the winter I forgot how to speak:
My mind was like a nation's flag but my breeze was too weak.
How they dragged me to the hospital,
Said I had gone deaf.
But I'd heard everything they said,
It's just I had no interest.

Our friends have put the two of us on suicide watch and every second spent away we spent watching the clock.
There are photos of us holding hands outside of the frame,
I was there but wonder where our fingers were all the same.
It's like our self restraint is the size of a fingernail.
And yet we chew it down all the same.
Sad eyes for sad goodbyes,
It's a crime,
It's a crime,
It's a crime,
It's a crime.

The story of the winter I forgot how to speak:
My mind was like a nation's flag but my breeze was too weak.
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Said I had gone deaf.
But I'd heard everything they said,
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