

## This Is How You Spell HAHAHA, We Destroyed the Hopes and Dreams of a

Los Campesinos!

I hate the stench of coffee on your breath  
And I hate to feel its warmth against my neck  
And what right do you have to have nightmares about me  
When all I wanted was to sleep?

We have to take the car 'cause the bike's on fire  
We cannot trust your friends 'cause they were born liars  
And if you don't exist with hearts the size of a house brick  
Cease, and desist!

I left your shallow skin and a note on your kitchen sideboard  
It read "I have left you, please never try to find me"  
This is no existential crisis, just turn your pain into piety  
And then set your alarm clock for 4am the next morning

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This is how you spell 'HAHAHA, We destroyed the hopes and the d  
reams of a generation of faux-romantics"  
And I'm pleased, I'm pleased.

You walk in from your mother's balcony  
Panda-eyed, freezing cold  
You bury yourself in my chest to warm  
I notice the goosebumps on your arms, millions  
And whether it's because of the number of hours spent laid face  
down on my bed listening to white noise, or, well, obviously i  
t's not, I somehow manage to translate them from Braille

The trails on your skin spoke more to me than the reams and rea  
ms of the half finished novels you'd leave lying around all ove  
r the place  
And every quotation that'd dribbled from your mouth like a fina  
l, fatal livejournal entry  
I know  
I am wrong  
I am sorry

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s of a generation of faux-romantics"

And I'm pleased, I'm pleased.