

This Is How You Spell HAHABA, 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 'HAHABA, 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"

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