

This Is How You Spell

Los Campesinos!

I hate the stench of coffee on your breath
And I hate to feel it's 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 I set your alarm clock for 4am the next morning

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!

This is how you spell
'HAHAHA, I've destroyed the hopes and the dreams
Of a generation of faux-romantics'
And I'm pleased, I'm pleased

You walk in from your mother's balcony
Panda-eyed and 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 numbers of hours spent
Laid face down on my bed listening to white noise
Or, well, obviously it's not
I somehow manage to translate them from Braille

The trails on your skin spoke more to me
Than the reams and reams of half finished novels
You'd leave lying all over the place

And every quotation that'd dribble from your mouth
Like a final, fatal live journal entry
I know I am wrong, I am sorry

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Cease, and desist!

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