

# 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

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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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