

Clown Blood; or, Orpheus' bobbing Head

Los Campesinos!

Entry of the Gladiators' tinnitus plays in my skull
Climb the Anhedonian Mountains just to circle the plughole
It's with regret I am succumbing to nostalgia
Been thinking 'bout you on that Lanzarote lounge

God only knows why, she's worrying about me
God only knows I am scurrilously making this about me
It's not as if I want her to, I want for nothing
Each evening, morning, afternoon, I want for nothing

Saw your Bundesliga boy in A&E
Blues and twos from Leisure Leagues
My bildungsroman reads
You cannot call whitewash a rivalry
Drown him in a deep dish pizza
Kiss the last breath from his cheeks (mwah)

Gets the clown blood pumping
Way more bitter than the taste is
She fucks to cum, I drink to be drunk, and both of us are waste
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Can we all calm the fuck down?
Parasocial puppet master
Every sucker in between
Sacrificial muppet pastor
To a thousand needy teens
My voice moved Hades so he extinguished the fire
I'm who they mean when they proclaim the boy's a lyre

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Orpheus' head bobs in the ocean
I admit it takes one to know one
Orpheus' head bobs in the ocean
And another one
And another one
And another one
And another one
And another one