

Hung Empty

Los Campesinos!

They're singing Bread of Heaven but they're baking it with our dough
Living as common criminal, but acting local hero
Wish I'd savoured that awkward little silence that grew up to be a deafening
hush
Curling up, cuddling a big red button to push

The students spilling out at the bus stop are forcing me to walk in the street
I move against the tide of the tourists, I am lacking but they're looking replete

He's playing dickhead's advocate and every date's a house show
I'm dropping my defences 'til libido's my libero
And if you're keeping track of the notches, even if he had a four poster bed
He'd be sleeping on a pile of woodchip, plucking splinters from his head

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I move against the tide of the tourists, I am lacking but they're looking replete
My vision is fading, it's blurry. There are finger prints all over the sun
We're glad to be loved but we're lonely and we feel like we're the only ones

I'm hung empty: all night, all afternoon
Hung empty, horse and, not bride and groom
Hung empty, the world spins but we'll barricade the room
Hung empty, hang onto me, and we'll quarantine the gloom

I've been penning odes to continental bottled lager
Bring its mouth to my lips: "oh holy holy, I do not know what I'd do without
you"

We kneel at different alters but we all desire the same:
For someone else to seize the bow to find a truer aim
We're small steps down a steep slope. Exist as living proof:
Not right to call this old age, but it certainly ain't youth no more
This certainly ain't youth

I wanna shrink to a size to be cuddled between the cobble stones
For you to grow to a height to drape a shadow over all of us
Oh would you let me rest in your flesh rolls?
Lay my langour in the calm of your shade?
Sink into its dark until I lose my hands in front of my face

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Feels like I've been waiting on it, nearly all my life

But what, if this is it now, what if this is how we die?

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