

The Coin-Op Guillotine

Los Campesinos!

Hypnic jerk, and I'm woken from a dream
We were pooling pennies for the coin-op guillotine
They gotta give us bread but give us roses, or lifeless he reposes
In a puddle of blood by a deadly blade a gleam
Your eyes glazed over while you sat unlistening
You said your head's on fire and every thought is kindling
A tired life is a wild ride for the saddest boy on the waterslide
When the breadcrumbs only lead to where you've been

But the last thing said while we lay in bed
Is that "I love when you invoke my death"
When the grey gauze mist descends on me like sleep
So how does it seem like I've been coping?
My brain is fried and my spirit's broken
Working for the coin-op guillotine

If you've got a cross to bear
Call my name, I'll see you there

A 3-beer-buzz or bust these days, hungover international break
Time slides glacier slow, and the gallows concrete will hit like a pillow
House a white whale, all of your exes ache within your solar plexus
Heart erupts and the pavement splatters
I think I'm right, I don't think it matters

Two sounds collide upon the breeze
Sunday service, Sunday league
From either side there comes unholy scream
How's it look like I've been dealing?
Ten-tonne truck struck full of feelings
Longing for the coin-op guillotine

If you've got a cross to bear
Tell me what it costs in prayer
Call my name, I'll see you there

We've gotta pool all of our pennies
Between us we have plenty
Call my name, I'll see you there