

We've Got Your Back (Documented Minor Emotional Breakdown #2)

Los Campesinos!

On the dashboard assembled in Descending height order,
Half a decade of father's day gifts her mother bought for;
Never passed on.

Puffy eyes,

Nasty reaction;

Doe eyes,

You're kidding yourself.

I learned remedial Spanish from a toddler.

Passenger seat of father's taxi,

Cussing in unison.

Clutching receipts and deceased handwriting,

Filled with a sense of great disappointment;

Doe eyes,

You're kidding yourself.

And so fucking on and so fucking forth:

We've got your back,

Whatever that's worth.

If your hero told you to go huff a sharpie,

What would you do?

(I do not know).

Every girl I ever kissed I was thinking of a pro-footballer

(THOUGHT. YOU. SHOULD. KNOW).

I've learnt more from toilet walls,

Than I've learnt from these words of yours.

Your feelings are buried in scriptures and fictions,

It's all in the words but I'm here for the pictures.

I'm sweating off the cheap notes on my thighs,

They were for your benefit not mine.

And so fucking on and so fucking forth:

We've got your back, whatever that's worth.

If we didn't know the shape was for functionality, what would we do?

(I do not know).

If it wasn't for the corrupt US Pharmacy,

What would we do?

Sometimes only you'll know.

We're cementing old friends,

Dismissing old foes.

We're throwing punches,

And ducking blows.