

Los Campesinos!

"Broken Heartbeats Sound Like Breakbeats"

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One, two, three, four
One, two, three, four

Any more tears for the birthing pool?
Bear this child directly into misery
Kiss him in the face with no lips and no tongue
But with your little, middle, index and ring fingers

Singing, I see songs in shapes and colors
Not nuclear physics or pottery ovens
Fluid lines that soar like towers
Patterns reformed just like child actors

Plunge your hand, rip out my spine
Replace it with a UV light
So I can be the beacon of hope
That you'd always expected

These constant broken heartbeats sound like
breakbeats
Looping round and round to me
You know he's so much more
Like Spiderman than you will ever, ever be

So stick with your instincts
Stick with the imprints
With the hieroglyphics that the fan club sent us
And roll with the toppers
The slow steady choppers

Bat with your eyelids
And lose it with your stutter
Go b, b, b, b, b, b, b, b, honey
I'm taking far too many chances
On these less than idealistic romances

Plunge your hand, rip out my spine
Replace it with a UV light
So I can be the beacon of hope
That you'd always expected

These constant broken heartbeats sound like

breakbeats
Looping round and round to me
You know he's so much more
Like Spiderman than you will ever, ever be

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