

Los Campesinos!

"Coda: A Burn Scar In the Shape Of The Sooner State"

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Run the water 'til it scalds you know that I'm listening
Pitter patter runs the shower hits the bare porcelain
Watch the dirt run down the plughole, hear an echo
within
They described you in detail, I knew everything

An artist's impression of the Manhattan skyline
And a soon to be burned scar
In the perfect shape of the sooner state
I fall to my knees, my piss soaked jeans

The first time, the last time
All the times in between
The first time, the last time
All the times I would've liked there to have been

I can't believe I chose the mountains
Every time you chose the sea
I can't believe I chose the mountains
Every time you chose the sea

I can't believe I chose the mountains
Every time you chose the sea

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