

Los Campesinos!

"Documented Minor Emotional Breakdown # 1"

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I restored your mother's faith in men whilst boring you
to death
Left nothing more than the circle of stubble rash
around your chest
My life was saved by a packet of nineteen cigarettes
Carried in my left breast pocket for a closest friend

A sleeping bag on the floor, two slippers like buffalo horns
They said that boy's too lazy, you were clearly
forewarned
A jealous ex silenced the room, he said that you were a
whore
Do you kiss your mummy's lips with that mouth?

She imagined everything I said in falsetto
The only way to justify my childish despair
I spent my last six fifty in a public phone box
Graffitied genitalia from the ceiling to floor

Play the reckless, rapid like a fruit machine
I see gargoyles in the floral of the duvet cover
You see melodrama move from one sentence to the
other
And many years practice of speaking in hushed tones

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