

Los Campesinos!

"Don't Tell Me To Do The Math"

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Don't Tell Me To Do The Math(s)

We know that we could sell your magazines, if only you
would give your life to literature just

DON'T READ JANE EYRE

Work on your algebra, stand out in the rain and give
yourself to simple pleasures but

NEVER PLAY CARD GAMES

Meanwhile, back at home, not in Communist Russia,
well only on my headphones, we plot our march onto
the town hall, and if we'd take prisoners or simply
simper at those fools

Please don't tell me to do the math

Tonight we're gonna smash this place up and then
we're gonna deck it out with fairy lights so

WE ARE CONTENT

And then we'll maybe drown in Dewey decimal, but
leave our shoes off at the door 'cause

THAT WAS THE POINT

Of us at home with the moon pouring through the
curtains, working on our attitude towards the second
hand book shop employees, reading the inscriptions
that were never meant for their eyes.

Please don't tell me to do the math

I'm stitching up each one of your pockets so when we
are together you'll maybe look a little less bored, I'm
sticking your fingers into sockets, to kick-start your
little heart and maybe sleep a tiny bit more.

Oh maybe we should read more into the books that we
adore, perhaps we should drink less vitamin C, and
now I'm shouting out in capital letters "I WILL THROW
YOU HIGH FIVES IF YOU KEEP YOUR OWN SECRETS!!"

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