

## **Los Campesinos!**

### **"Drop It Doe Eyes"**

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You expected my war diaries  
But time ran out and I,  
I let you down.  
A small thanks note written in French  
Is no shorthand for this thing gave me writers cramp.

I had a dream about shapeshifting  
Well we move with such elegance  
With such grace  
With all our dignity just in place.

Deer die with their eyes wide open  
Eyes wide open  
Eyes wide open.  
Deer die with their eyes wide open.

Drawing tiny little pictures of skeletons  
To get across the sense of impending doom.  
And the leaves like the artwork to major leagues  
Look like dead foxes on the hard shoulder.

And for some reason I think that I attributed  
This story to the bypass of the town I hadn't visited,  
So goes the backing track  
Of all the sighs we'd ever sighed.

Deer die with their eyes wide open  
Eyes wide open  
Eyes wide open.  
Deer die with their eyes wide open.

Drawing tiny little pictures of skeletons  
To get across the sense of impending doom.  
And I am 17 pages through this notebook now  
And there are little more than how I see  
And an x-ray machine that's more like a television  
screen  
And you're in a rut  
And I know that you know what I mean,  
Then the realisation hits  
That not even two gospel choirs could save us now.

We are beautiful;  
We are doomed.

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