

Los Campesinos! **"Knee Deep At ATP"**

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And every sentence that I spoke began and ended in
ellipsis
Each of eight fingers gripping what he wrote, clung on
tightly, like parenthesis
And for each correctly used apostrophe, I could feel
my heart sink inside my chest in front of me

So, maybe the lining of a winter's coat mightn't be the
best place to hide a summer secret
Said every photo that you took that festival got lost in
your camera in an insurance scam
And though underexposed, I could see from the
quality, his K Records t-shirt and you holding his hand
And I know he took you to the beach, I can tell from how
you bite on your cheek, every time the sand falls from
your insoles
And when our eyes meet, all that I can read, is "you're
the b-side".

I said it's not what you like, it's what you're like as a
person,
Well, I need new hobbies, that's one thing for certain
Not what you like, but what you're like as a person,
Well, I need new hobbies, that's one thing for certain.

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