

Los Campesinos! **"Miserabilia"**

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Go, breathe easy

Your hands will remain empty
When you have stopped clutching at straws
Clean two bad memories, forget all the insufferable
bores
No one matters, no one matters, no one cares

He whispered, oh my God this really is a joy to behold
For he said it's a joy to be held so I held him too close
It was a grave mistake, he never came back again

I'm not saying there's good in none of this
Miserabilia to show the kids
I'm not saying that you're responsible
Miserabilia for one, for all

I've spend too much time on my knees
Next to urinals in garish Mexican restaurants
Sobbing into my warm, pale palms
For a better understanding of her dietary requirements

Cried on ocean floors all walking into clubs
Not '06, not '08, two thousand 2010
2004, [Incomprehensible], oh my God, oh my God

We got nostalgic ended up filling shoe boxes with
vomit
Collected scabs in lockets
Hung them round our necks like nooses
None of it mattered, none of it matters, nobody cared

I'm not saying there's good in none of this
Miserabilia to show the kids
I'm not saying that you're responsible
Miserabilia for one, for all

I have broken down into the naked breasts of a newly
ex
And no dignity, I can only guess
That she thinks about it when she touches herself

Shout at the world because the world doesn't love you
Lower yourself because you know that you'll have to

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