

Los Campesinos! **"Plan A"**

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Just like when we were seventeen
We said wed move to Malta, claim nationality
And now that we are twenty-three
Days tethered to the running track
Evenings chained to the dish rack

I'm called up to the Maltese national team
My vision is impeccable, my first touch is obscene
A world cup qualifier finds me fifty, forty, thirty yards
from goal
A late sub on in an off the striker role

Was it wind? Did it take a bad deflection?
A decade spent nursing a fear that you might never
make it
The crowd draws breathe at once it swerves to the top
corner
The Sunday tabloid press declares me the new kind of
Malta

With my name on shirts, your face on the cash
That every week just piles inside our bank account
We'd rule the roost and we could start a family
I think we'd make about a hundred million bucks

I head down to the mint and tell them
Pound every coin deep into the ground
Burn every note in circulation
There's a new face on the currency of our nation

I hand them a photograph of you
The most beautiful thing they'd ever seen
The press starts a rolling, your image on Euros
The workforce retires to the bathroom

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