

Los Campesinos! "Ways To Make It Through The Wall"

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Think it's fair to say that I chose hopelessness
And inflicted it on the rest of us
But at least I've come to terms with my own mortality
We search for different ways
To make it through the wall
Resign our parents' interests
Will one day be our own

Are we way at ease?
Ah, we wait to see
Ah, we are waiting here for catastrophe
Are we way at ease?
Ah, we wait to see
Ah, we are waiting here for catastrophe

The guy singing all the sad songs died
Oh well, I guess he was right
Oh, I guess he was right
We learn together over time
That tolerance is more appealing
In theory than in practice
I identify my star sign by asking
Which is least compatible with yours

Are we way at ease?
Ah, we wait to see
Ah, we are waiting here for catastrophe
Are we way at ease?
Ah, we wait to see
Ah, we are waiting here for catastrophe

And a room full of vacuum,
A room full of air look the same
You have not been reborn they've
Just painted your face, painted the walls

Message sent to so far unreached peoples
I think they've got it in for us
I think they've got it in for us
How you break the rules that you yourself imposed
Think you've got it in for us
I think you've got it in for yourselves

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Painted your face, painted the walls
Painted your face, painted the walls
Painted your face

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