

# Los Campesinos!

## "You'll Need Those Fingers For Crossing"

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I can taste the blood on your lips and on your tongue  
I can see your teeth turned pink, your gums fade to  
white

The less and less I eat the more you see my teeth  
The closer they move together, fill the gaps, curse the  
weather  
Rip the flesh from your bones, wipe me down, drive me  
home  
Dump me side of the road if I'm too annoying

Wear your best suit, all these people are watching  
Oh baby, you'll need all those fingers for crossing  
I'm sucking your last words from the back of your  
throat  
So perfect, so bitter, we laugh then we choke

Wear your best suit, all these people are watching  
Oh baby, you'll need all those fingers for crossing  
I'm sucking your last words from the back of your  
throat  
So perfect, so bitter, we laugh then we choke

You worry a million raindrops'll die  
With the last memory of you and I  
In a soft porn version of the end of the world  
I quake at the knees as my intentions unfurl

You wrote a letter to God just in case  
You said I'm nothing if I'm not a pragmatist  
You needn't worry about us, we can look after  
ourselves  
We have enough to rely on you or anyone else

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