

Campesinos!, Los

"And We Exhale and Roll Our Eyes in Unison"

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One, two, three, four, five, six...

It's bad enough you ever use the word as an adjective
But to suggest we do it in heels is really quite crass
And frankly, we're reasonably practical
And we know the benefits of always doing these things
in flats

And I spent the last seven years perched on the edge
of my bed
Scratching 'I am incredibly sincere' into my forearm
You should know better

A fifteen year old's editorial, some lazy innuendo
(The last man standing is a girl)
Four sweaty boys with guitars tell me nothing about my
life
And the earth's air pressure gets far greater when I
hear you
You should try harder

It takes an educated guess to see I like you little at best
And if you come here for the faces hope you leave
under duress
And you still treat it like a novelty
Less pop concert more butchery
And we exhale, and roll our eyes in unison

And we exhale
And we roll our eyes
And we do these things in unison

And woe is me
And woe is you
And woe is us, together

And woe is me
And woe is you
And woe is us, together.

