

## **Campesinos!, Los**

### **"Coda: A Burn Scar In The Shape Of The Sooner State"**

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Run the water 'til it scalds you know that I'm listening  
Pitter patter runs the shower hits the bare porcelain  
Watch the dirt run down the plughole, hear an echo  
within  
They described you in detail, I knew everything

An artist's impression of the Manhattan skyline  
And a soon to be burned scar  
In the perfect shape of the sooner state  
I fall to my knees, my piss soaked jeans

The first time, the last time  
All the times in between  
The first time, the last time  
All the times I would've liked there to have been

I can't believe I chose the mountains  
Every time you chose the sea  
I can't believe I chose the mountains  
Every time you chose the sea

I can't believe I chose the mountains  
Every time you chose the sea

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