

Campesinos!, Los

"Documented Minor Emotional Breakdown #1"

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I restored your mother's faith in men whilst boring you
to death,
left nothing more than the circle of stubble rash around
your chest.
My life was saved by a packet of
nineteen cigarettes carried in my left breast pocket, for
a closest friend.
A sleeping bag on the floor twists hips like buffalo
horns,
they said "that boy is too lazy" you were clearly
forewarned.
A jealous ex silenced the room, he said that you were a
whore;
"do you kiss your mummy's lips with that mouth?".

She imagined everything I said in falsetto;
the only way to justify my childish despair.
I spent my last six fifty in a public phone box,
(graffited genitalia from the ceiling to the floor)
played reckless, rapid like a fruit machine.
I see gargoyles in the floral of the duvet cover,
you see melodrama move from one sentence to the
other.
Many years practice of speaking in hushed tones.

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