

Campesinos!, Los

"Drop It Doe Eyes"

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You expected my war diaries
But time ran out and I, I let you down
A small thanks note written in French is no shorthand
for
"This thing gave me writer's cramp"

Another dream about shapeshifting
Well we move with such elegance, with such grace
With all our dignity just in place

Deer die with their eyes wide open, eyes wide open,
eyes wide open
Deer die with their eyes wide open

Drawing tiny little pictures of skeletons
To get across the sense of impending doom
And the leaves like the artwork to "Major Leagues" look
like dead foxes on the hard shoulder
And for some reason I think that I attributed this story
To the bypass of the town I hadn't visited
So goes the backing track of all the sighs we'd ever
sighed

Deer die with their eyes wide open, eyes wide open,
eyes wide open
Deer die with their eyes wide open

Drawing tiny little pictures of skeletons
To get across the sense of impending doom
And I am 17 pages through this notebook now
And there are little more than pictures of how I see you
in an X-ray machine
That's more like a television screen
And you're in a rut, and I know that you know what I
mean
And then the realisation hits that not even two gospel
choirs could save us now

Turn up on your doorstep
Feeling like roadkill
Tasting like postage stamps

And when I touch you
You fold up like an envelope
With everything I ever wrote
Pouring out of your mouth.

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