

Campesinos!, Los

"In Medias Res"

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But let's talk about you for a minute with the vomit in
your gullet
From a half bottle of vodka that we'd stolen from the
optic
In the backseat in your car because it wasn't safe to
start it
"You're far too fucked to drive", were the words that
you imparted
And the water undressed the clothes I tied to the
contours of your body
And the dead grass stuck to fibers from us rolling in
the lay-by
We're passed to dog hair blankets that protected the
backseat covers
And a crucifix was hung from rear view mirror by your
mother
I'm leaving my body to science, not medical but
physics
Drag my corpse to the airport and lay me limp on the
left wing
Drop me at the highest point
And trace a line around the dent I leave in the ground
That'll be the initial of the one you'll marry, now I'm not
around
I flew for seven hours, the sky didn't want it back
I wake from sleep, my head in your shoulder, wet
against the window
The frost had formed and melted, soaked me right
through to my collarbone
If you were given the option of dying painlessly in
peace at 45
But with a lover at your side after a full and happy life
Is this something that would interest you?
Would this interest you at all?

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