

## **Campesinos!, Los**

### **"Knee Deep at ATP"**

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And every sentence that I spoke began and ended in  
ellipsis  
Each of eight fingers gripping what he wrote, clung on  
tightly, like parenthesis  
And for each correctly used apostrophe,  
I could feel my heart sink inside my chest in front of me

So, maybe the lining of a winter's coat  
mightn't be the best place to hide a summer secret  
Said every photo that you took that festival  
got lost in your camera in an insurance scam  
And though underexposed, i could see from the  
quality,  
his K Records t-shirt and you holding his hand  
And I know he took you to the beach,  
I can tell from how you bite on your cheek,  
every time the sand falls from your insoles  
And when our eyes meet, all that I can read, is "you're  
the b-side".

They said "it's not what you like, it's what you're like as  
a person",  
Well, I need new hobbies, that's one thing for certain  
Not what you like, but what you're like as a person,  
Well, I need new hobbies, that's one thing for certain.

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