

## **Campesinos!, Los**

### **"Plan A"**

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Just like when we were seventeen  
We said we'd move to Malta, claim nationality  
And now that we are twenty-three  
Days tethered to the running track  
Evenings chained to the dish rack  
I'm called up to the Maltese national team  
My vision is impeccable, my first touch is obscene  
A world cup qualifier finds me fifty, forty, thirty yards  
from goal  
A late sub on in an off the striker role  
Was it wind? Did it take a bad deflection?  
A decade spent nursing a fear that you might never  
make it  
The crowd draws breathe at once it swerves to the top  
corner  
The Sunday tabloid press declares me the new kind of  
Malta  
With my name on shirts, your face on the cash  
That every week just piles inside our bank account  
We'd rule the roost and we could start a family  
I think we'd make about a hundred million bucks  
I head down to the mint and tell them  
Pound every coin deep into the ground  
Burn every note in circulation  
There's a new face on the currency of our nation  
I hand them a photograph of you  
The most beautiful thing they'd ever seen  
The press starts a rolling, your image on Euros  
The workforce retires to the bathroom  
With my name on shirts, your face on the cash  
That every week just piles inside our bank account  
We'd rule the roost and we could start a family  
I think we'd make about a hundred million bucks  
With my name on shirts, your face on the cash  
That every week just piles inside our bank account  
We'd rule the roost and we could start a family  
I think we'd make about a hundred million bucks

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