

## **Campesinos!, Los**

### **"Please Don't Tell Me To Do The Math"**

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We know that we could sell your magazines  
If only you could give your life to literature just  
Don't read Jane Eyre!  
Work on your algebra  
And stand out in the rain  
And give yourself to simple pleasures but  
Never play card games!

Meanwhile, back at home  
Not in Communist Russia  
Well only on my headphones  
We plot our march onto the town hall  
And if we'd take prisoners  
Or simply simper at those fools

Please don't tell me to do the math  
Please don't tell me to do the math

Tonight we're gonna smash this place up  
And then we're gonna deck it out with fairy lights 'til  
We are content!  
And then we'll maybe drown in Dewey decimal  
But leave our shoes off at the door 'cause  
That was the point!  
Of us at home with the moon  
Pouring through the curtains  
Working on our attitude  
Towards the second hand book shop employees  
Reading the inscriptions  
That were never meant for their eyes

Please don't tell me to do the math x4

I'm stitching up each one of your pockets  
So when we are together you'll maybe look a little less  
bored  
I'm sticking your fingers into sockets  
To kick-start your little heart and maybe sleep a tiny bit  
more  
Oh maybe we should read more into the books that we  
adore

Perhaps we should drink less vitamin C  
And now I'm shouting out in capital letters  
"I WILL THROW YOU HIGH FIVES IF YOU KEEP YOUR  
OWN SECRETS!!"

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