

## **Campesinos!, Los**

### **"Romance Is Boring"**

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Darling, I'm with St. Bernards  
And we're scouring the Alps and the Andes  
And if they die then it is on my head  
They follow paw prints in the snow to my throne to my  
bed  
You're pouting in your sleep, I'm waking still yawning  
We're proving to each other that romance is boring  
Still there are things I could do if I was half prepared to  
Prove to each other that romance is boring  
Start as you mean to continue  
Complacent and self-involved  
You're trying not to be nervous  
If you were trying at all  
I will wake, I will bake phallic cake  
Take your diffidence, make it my clubhouse  
But my strength's within lies, ventricle cauterized  
It's the way of living that I espouse  
You're pouting in your sleep, I'm waking still yawning  
We're proving to each other that romance is boring  
Still there are things I could do if I was half prepared to  
Prove to each other that romance is boring  
We are two ships that pass in the night  
You and I, we are nothing alike  
I am a pleasure cruise, you a direct to trawl  
Return less empty, nothing at all  
You're pouting in your sleep, I'm waking still yawning  
We're proving to each other that romance is boring  
Still there are things I could do if I was half prepared to  
Prove to each other that romance is boring

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