

## **Campesinos!, Los**

### **"Straight In At 11"**

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I think we need more post-coital and less post-rock  
Feels like the build up takes forever but you never get  
me off  
You pull your dress over your face and I stare down  
towards my chest  
Chastise both our greasy hair, wonder whose gut is the  
softest  
Stand with my ear to the door listening to the landing  
floorboards  
Working out when we'll be safe to dash the mattress to  
your bathroom  
Where I ball my fingers into fists until my knuckles glow  
bright white  
Press the heels into eye sockets 'til I see the flashing  
lights  
Stop me when my stories change, when they have  
started to repeat  
'Cause last time I was a mess of sleep of icy feet  
So baby, all apologies  
It was going to happen inevitably  
I think we need more post-coital and less post-rock  
Feels like the build up takes forever but you never  
touch my cock  
And what exactly do you mean now by what can you  
even eat?  
And how does that affect how I'll get off this evening?  
I flew down south to Mexico, had a minor realization  
I understood why kids draw the sun with its rays  
emanating  
And the beams broke the clouds, the sky were like a  
concertina  
A town in my pocket for weeks folded up from a picture  
I've been playing straight chicken with gay girls, it's  
never enough  
She keeps on pulling the peace sign and it seems like a  
torch  
She licked the glaze on her lips, they shone like  
Battleship Grey  
She never liked the wisdom I gave  
Some people give themselves to religion  
Some people give themselves to a cause

Some people give themselves to a lover  
I have to give myself to goals  
So baby, all apologies  
It was going to happen inevitably  
And if it helps, I mean even slightly at all  
It's best you dust yourself down and get straight back  
on the horse  
I condescend a smile and wink directly at the camera  
And leave you letting both our senses, I tiptoe out the  
backdoor  
I skip down, I see streets in view my face in the  
reflection  
Of a High Street lingerie store though it wasn't my  
intention  
I phoned my friends and family to gather 'round the  
television  
The talking heads count down the most  
Heart wrenching break-ups of all time  
Imagine the great sense of waste, the indignity, the  
embarrassment  
When not a single one of that whole century was mine

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