

Campesinos!, Los

"The Sea Is A Good Place To Think Of The Future"

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I grabbed hold of her wrist and my hand closed from
tip to tip
I said, "You've taken the diet too far, you've got to let it
slip"
But she's not eating again, she's not eating again
She's not eating again, she's not eating again

I ask her to speak French and then I need her to
translate
I get the feeling she makes the meaning more
significant
She was always far too pretty for me
To believe in a single word she said, believe a word
she said

At fourteen her mother died in a routine operation
From allergic reaction to a general anesthetic
Spent the rest of her teens experimenting with
prescriptions
In a futile attempt to know more than the doctors

She said, one day to leave her
Sand up to her shoulders waiting for the tide
To drag her to the ocean, to another sea's shore
This thing hurts like hell but what did you expect?

And all you can hear is the sound of your own heart
And all you can feel is your lungs flood and the blood
course
But oh I can see five hundred years dead set ahead of
me
Five hundred behind, a thousand years in perfect
symmetry

Best known left wrist right finger through all the
southern states
On every video games machine they call her triple A
There were racists on the radio trying to give up
smoking
The chat show host, he joked
"You have to wait for the government program"

You talk about your politics
And I wonder if you could be one of them
But you could never kiss a Tory boy
Without wanting to cut off your tongue again

A good place to look to the future is
When you are sat at the sea
With the salt up to your ankles
And a view of the end of the pier

You may look down at your model's feet
And wish that you'd just float away
And the weather here is overcast
And the sea is the same shade of gray

So the landscape before you looks just like the edge of
the world
But to the left side and the right side
Either way is a crazy golf course
The sea is a good place to think of the future

And all you can hear is the sound of your own heart
And all you can feel is your lungs flood and the blood
course
But oh I can see five hundred years dead set ahead of
me
Five hundred behind, a thousand years in perfect
symmetry
A thousand years no getting rid of me
A thousand years in perfect symmetry

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