

## **Campesinos!, Los**

### **"This Is How You Spell"**

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I hate the stench of coffee on your breath  
And I hate to feel its warmth against my neck  
And what right do you have to have nightmares about  
me  
When all I wanted was to sleep?

We have to take the car 'cause the bike's on fire  
We cannot trust your friends 'cause they were born  
liars  
And if you don't exist with hearts the size of a house  
brick  
Cease, and desist!

I left your shallow skin and a note on your kitchen  
sideboard  
It read "I have left you, please never try to find me"  
This is no existential crisis, just turn your pain into piety  
And then set your alarm clock for 4am the next  
morning

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We cannot trust your friends 'cause they were born  
liars  
And if you don't exist with hearts the size of a house  
brick  
Cease, and desist!

This is how you spell  
'HAHAHA, We destroyed the hopes  
and the dreams of a generation of faux-romantics".  
And I'm pleased, I'm pleased.

You walk in from your mother's balcony  
Panda-eyes, freezing cold  
You bury yourself in my chest to warm  
I notice the goosebumps on your arms, millions  
And whether it's because of the number  
of hours spent laid face down on my bed listening to  
white noise,  
or, well, obviously it's not,  
I somehow manage to translate them from Braille

The trails on your skin spoke more to me than  
the reams and reams of the half finished novels  
you'd leave lying around all over the place  
And every quotation that'd dribbled  
from your mouth like a final, fatal livejournal entry  
I know  
I am wrong  
I am sorry

We have to take the car 'cause the bike's on fire  
We cannot trust your friends 'cause they were born  
liars  
And if you don't exist with hearts the size of a house  
brick  
Cease, and desist!

This is how you spell  
"HAHAHA, We destroyed the hopes and dreams  
of a generation of faux-romantics". And I'm pleased,  
I'm pleased.

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