Romance Is Boring

Los Campesinos!

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 bedYou'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 boringStart as you mean to continue
Complacent and self-involved
You're trying not to be nervous
If you were trying at allI 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 espouseYou'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 boringWe 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 allYou'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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