

Who Fell Asleep

Los Campesinos!

She turned her back on the church and put all her faith in me at the back of the chapel where I taught her to
screw and blaspheme.

We turned our backs to the church,
With our trousers around our knees,

While screaming the scriptures she said I was her favourite heresy.

In a note I read: "If you should go blind and deaf I'll cleanse and I'll bathe you and I'll cook for you daily.
I will take a dry ballpoint pen and trace on your chest all of the same conversations we have now in bed". I don't
mean to be selfish;

But I think I'd sooner just be dead.

Behind the tennis court alongside the river,
Not a single live flower to see.

This is the one girl who woke up from all that and now falls asleep next to me.

But I swear now,

Every time that I kiss her, she feels her god breathe on her shoulder.

It pains me,

But I'm sure she's still yours. She said she wanted a sea burial,

Not grass and hypodermics to her hips.

I pruned the ivy from your grandmother's tomb,

More tender and careful than the superstitious ripped you from your mother's womb.

In a note I wrote: "I think too much about the end,

But being around it made me feel like I'm coping.

Now when I view the cemetery I don't see headstones I see rows of engraved milk teeth,

Hungry,

Waiting for me". And though I am fearful;

I think I just crave the relief.

Behind the tennis court alongside the river,

Paper flower's still beautiful thing.

This is the one girl who woke up from all that and now falls asleep next to me.

But I swear now,

Every time that I kiss her,

She feels her god breathe on her shoulder.

It pains me,

But I'm sure she's still yours.

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