

Coda: A Burn Scar In the Shape of the Sooner State

Los Campesinos!

Run the water 'til it scalds you know that I'm listening
Pitter patter runs the shower hits the bare porcelain
Watch the dirt run down the plughole, hear an echo within
They described you in detail, I knew everythingAn artist's impression of the Manhattan skyline
And a soon to be burned scar
In the perfect shape of the sooner state
I fall to my knees, my piss soaked jeansThe first time, the last time
All the times in between
The first time, the last time
All the times I would've liked there to have beenI can't believe I chose the mountains
Every time you chose the sea
I can't believe I chose the mountains
Every time you chose the seaI can't believe I chose the mountains
Every time you chose the sea

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>