In Medias Res

Los Campesinos!

But let's talk about you for a minute with the vomit in your gullet
From a half bottle of vodka that we'd stolen from the optic
In the backseat in your car because it wasn't safe to start it
"You're far too fucked to drive", were the words that you impartedAnd the water undressed the clothes I tied to the contours of your body
And the dead grass stuck to fibers from us rolling in the lay-by
We're passed to dog hair blankets that protected the backseat covers
And a crucifix was hung from rear view mirror by your motherI'm leaving my body to science, not medical but physics
Drag my corpse to the airport and lay me limp on the left wing
Drop me at the highest point
And trace a line around the dent I leave in the ground
That'll be the initial of the one you'll marry, now I'm not around
I flew for seven hours, the sky didn't want it backI wake from sleep, my head in your shoulder, wet against the window
The frost had formed and melted, soaked me right through to my collarboneIf you were given the option of dying painlessly in peace at 45
But with a lover at your side after a full and happy life
Is this something that would interest you?
Would this interest you at all?

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