My Year In Lists

Los Campesinos!

You said "send me stationary to make me horny"
So I always write you letters in multicolours
Decorating envelopes for foreplay
Damn extended metaphors, I get carried away
On the back of a natural disaster, fixed with parcel tape and with kids sticking plasters
Nothing says "I miss you" quite like war poetry you carved in your door with a Stanley knife

My year in lists
Stomping on your fingers as you're clinging on to the abyss
So put on every winter coat that you've owned since '98
And every midnight sees the countdown to another awful day

I cherish with fondness the day (before) I met you
I cherish with fondness the day (before) I met you
I cherish with fondness the day (before) I met you

On your request, I compile a list
Of my top five resolutions for this year (one!)
I declined 'cause I decided that I (two!)
Do not believe in the new year anymore (three!)
And you must confess that at times like these
Hopefulness is tantamount to hopelessness (four!)
And I accept that it's time for a change but not in
Places like this with people like these (five! five! five! five! five!)

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