Life Is a Long Time

Los Campesinos!

My brown eyes, two pools of mud
Resting in two dark moons
They turn the tide into a flood
And the bloodshot lines in the whites
Map every a road in this town
All the glare of the city lights
Every cul de sac we've talked down
Over time they build up the city
And our arguments show it all
Every ring road, every motorway
Displayed in crease and wrinkle
Until my face is a map you have folded up
One hundred, one thousand times
You know it starts pretty rough
And ends up even worse
And what goes on in between
I try to keep it out of my thoughts
Your blue eyes are like the deepest
And the warmest seas
As the salt elevates my body
They float my heart up past my teeth
And with the water and the Cypriot sun
Would your psoriasis bleach and be gone?
Would it fix the pallor of my skin?
Oh, would my freckles all meld into one?
Your body above me, sobbing down
My cheeks wet from your tears
They extinguish each of the burning thread veins
Flow down to my ears
Now they rest in two tiny reservoirs
That overfed the wedded canals
You know it starts pretty rough
And ends up even worse
And what goes on in between
I try to keep it out of my thoughts
And life, life is a long time
Too long to my mind, too long by far
Between my waterfalls and your landslides
There's cartography in every scar

Life, life is a long time
Too long to my mind, too long by far
Because it starts pretty rough
And ends up even worse
And what goes on in between
I try to keep it out of my thoughts
You know it starts pretty rough
And ends up even worse
And what goes on in between
I try to keep it out of my thoughts
You know it starts pretty rough
And ends up even worse
And what goes on in between
I try to keep it out of my thoughts
You know it starts pretty rough
And ends up even worse
And what goes on in between
I try to keep it out of my thoughts

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