

# 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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