

Hate for the Island

Los Campesinos!

(Recall the time)
We straddled your windowpane
(Smoked the last)
Of the weed that sent you insane
In a public loo
In a borough of London
That I won't mention
You phoned me in Minnesota
Said you had a vital question
(And as we smoked)
You feared you neighbours might see
(We watched a fox)
Rip out the contents of each
Bin-bag that lined the road
And then you turned to see me mouth
"Those entrails are how I'll feel
When you decide to leave me." Now I've a whole lot of hate for the island
Since your friends buried you down there
Six feet deep beneath the sand
But at least I know we'll never be
That far now from each other
Just a couple hundred feet either side of sea level
It's no lie if the waters rose
And drowned that place from coast to coast
You wouldn't see this smile leave
My face for all eternity.

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