The International Tweexcore Underground

Los Campesinos!

I bet you twenty pounds if you knew ten years ago
How pretty you'd turn out then
You'd never have gotten your ears pierced
But I never got my ears pierced and look how I turned outAnd the last time that you tried listening to music
And reading fiction at the same time
You never finished the chapter but you finished
The song with your chin on your knees, like you belongAnd I never cared about Henry Rollins
Amelia Fletcher never meant anything to me
But the International Tweexcore Underground
Will save us allGetting the laptop fixed by a professional
Doesn't make me a pawn and stamping harder
On your FX pedal, won't make you feel any better any more
Oh, you said we've gotta bite the hand that feeds
But I was sucking seductively on the fingertips of a civil servantSaid, how you gonna bring the state down
When you're propping it up?
With daytime radio
And skimmed milk and soppy bows
Just 'cause you're scared to be aloneAnd I never cared about Ian MacKaye
Calvin Johnson never meant anything to me
But the International Tweexcore Underground
Will save us allOoh, this city is run by fucking pigs
And though you say you're my friend
You're not, you're one of themAnd I never cared about whatever
Sarah Records never meant anything to me
But the International Tweexcore Underground
Will save us all

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