

# The Sea Is a Good Place to Think of the Future

## Los Campesinos!

I grabbed hold of her wrist and my hand closed from tip to tip  
I said, "You've taken the diet too far, you've got to let it slip"  
But she's not eating again, she's not eating again  
She's not eating again, she's not eating again I ask her to speak French and then I need her to translate  
I get the feeling she makes the meaning more significant  
She was always far too pretty for me  
To believe in a single word she said, believe a word she said At fourteen her mother died in a routine operation  
From allergic reaction to a general anesthetic  
Spent the rest of her teens experimenting with prescriptions  
In a futile attempt to know more than the doctors She said, one day to leave her  
Sand up to her shoulders waiting for the tide  
To drag her to the ocean, to another sea's shore  
This thing hurts like hell but what did you expect? And all you can hear is the sound of your own heart  
And all you can feel is your lungs flood and the blood course  
But oh I can see five hundred years dead set ahead of me  
Five hundred behind, a thousand years in perfect symmetry Best known left wrist right finger through all the  
southern states  
On every video games machine they call her triple A  
There were racists on the radio trying to give up smoking  
The chat show host, he joked  
"You have to wait for the government program" You talk about your politics  
And I wonder if you could be one of them  
But you could never kiss a Tory boy  
Without wanting to cut off your tongue again A good place to look to the future is  
When you are sat at the sea  
With the salt up to your ankles  
And a view of the end of the pier You may look down at your model's feet  
And wish that you'd just float away  
And the weather here is overcast  
And the sea is the same shade of gray So the landscape before you looks just like the edge of the world  
But to the left side and the right side  
Either way is a crazy golf course  
The sea is a good place to think of the future And all you can hear is the sound of your own heart  
And all you can feel is your lungs flood and the blood course  
But oh I can see five hundred years dead set ahead of me  
Five hundred behind, a thousand years in perfect symmetry  
A thousand years no getting rid of me  
A thousand years in perfect symmetry

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