

# Knee Deep At ATP

## Los Campesinos!

And every sentence that I spoke began and ended in ellipsis  
Each of eight fingers gripping what he wrote, clung on tightly, like parenthesis  
And for each correctly used apostrophe, I could feel my heart sink inside my chest in front of me  
So, maybe the lining of a winter's coat mightn't be the best place to hide a summer secret  
Said every photo that you took that festival got lost in your camera in an insurance scam  
And though underexposed, i could see from the quality, his K Records t-shirt and you holding his hand  
And I know he took you to the beach, I can tell from how you bite on your cheek, every time the sand falls from  
your insoles  
And when our eyes meet, all that I can read, is "you're the b-side". They said "it's not what you like, it's what  
you're like as a person",  
Well, I need new hobbies, that's one thing for certain  
Not what you like, but what you're like as a person,  
Well, I need new hobbies, that's one thing for certain.

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