

Baby I Got the Death Rattle

Los Campesinos!

We burnt all the skin from the palm of my hands
With an old Zippo lighter and deodorant can
I went to the palmist and asked her to read
No heart line, no sun line, no life line, no need
Said all that I wanted was a quiet life
Not one predetermined by minuscule slices
Into my flesh and the broad she agreed
One look in my sad eyes, she had to concede
Baby, the girdle of Venus got me
Got me down on my knees
And baby, baby, I got the death rattle
And you're six months old s-shakin' me
Traced my right index finger
'Long the roof of every car
On the walk back to your house
In the cold from City Arms
In the frost I drew a dick
For every girl that wouldn't fuck me
Woke early the next morning
To see the frost had bitten me
My blisters black and touch cold
Like a cute stuffed toy bear's nose
The kind of gift I'd give you
Like a less committed Van Gogh
And you, you are an angel, that's why you pray
And I am an ass and that's why I bray
Your halo slipped to frame you
Like a photo, a porthole window
I see blood spill in the pure snow
You see sweet sauce on ice-cream cones
And you, you are an angel, that's why you pray
And I am an ass and that's why I bray
If you were tomorrow I'd be today and this is the end
Baby, I got the death rattle
And baby, I got it bad
I've been digging my grave for quite some time
When I'm not digging up the past
And I chewed my only necktie
From the metal frame of my bed

And where I tied your wrists together
Spent all night givin'
Not headstone but headboard
Is where I want to be mourned
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