

All Your Kayfabe Friends

Los Campesinos!

Well, this is slept in the weird position
And your back and your shoulders are aching
I say my stomach is chewing its way out from the inside
'Cause I've gone 3 days now without eating

I died on the cross trainer getting in shape for you
I failed at the first hurdle, you told me I always do

You asked if I'd be anyone from history
Fact or fiction, dead or alive
I said I'll be Tony Cascarino, circa 1995

We're feeling so much more content
Knowing where our allegiances lie
Since our kayfabe friends have upped and left you and I

The time we spent around each other's waist
The time spent expressing my distaste
With my eyes on the light bulb
I choose to keep your birthday present for myself
The candles, your ill health

I'm being paid 35 pence an hour
As a specialist foot fetish model
Flatten my arches, I pirouette for them
I pick the [Incomprehensible] my ingrown toenail

You think you're the needle
That drains the blood donation
You're just a repetition
On an old worn out pincushion

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As the bus pulls away I stare at the last film
Before we hit the city, that emotional minefield
I seduced your ex-boyfriend to help you get over him
He found you more attractive, it helped you get over me

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In the shower, I chew the soap bar
From the plastic the morning after
I love the look of empty in your eyes
I love the look of lust between your thighs