

Cemetery Gaits

Los Campesinos!

We lined up there pale, stiff and cold, like racks of bed and breakfast toast
So high up on the slate quarry, that you swore that you could see the coast
I thought I lost you in the dark, only twenty-four feet apart
More stories tightrope on that stare, than the same white line at Meurig Park

The dirt above, the stars below, I watched your face dry cold amid the afterglow
And when they think of you and me, it's clear if you're the doormat, I'm the hickory

Happenstance can wait for tomorrow, 'cause you got to do it right
Your shoulders flow from neck like a wine bottle's, bear them broad tonight
You and I, we consecrate, my heart and all resolve might break
You'll know us by the way we crawl, you'll know us by our cemetery gaits.

Dawn comes, awoken by sheep's bleat, a fleet of hearses line the street
A widow sobs, more widows weep, while we intrude like a widow's peak
I shimmy up the cenotaph, regale with my melancholy
"Two words upon my headstone, please", don't need date or name, just 'Sad Story'

They boast of poets on their side, but what use will they be if this comes to a fight?
I glance along the length of pew and all that I can think's I want to undress you