

Don't Tell Me to Do the Math(s)

Los Campesinos!

You know that we could sell your magazines
If only you could give your life to literature
Just don't read Jane Eyre!
Work on your algebra and stand out in the rain
And give yourself to simple pleasures but
Never play card games!
Meanwhile, back at home
Not in Communist Russia, well only on my headphones
We plot our march on to the town hall
And if we'll take prisoners or simply simper at those fools

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Tonight we're gonna smash this place up
And then we're gonna deck it out in fairy lights
Til we are content!
And then we'll maybe drown in Dewey decimal
But leave our shoes off at the door
'Cause that was the point!
Of us at home with the moon
Pouring through the curtains, working on our attitude
Towards the second hand book shop employees
Reading the inscriptions that were never meant for their eyes

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I'm stitching up each one of your pockets so when we are together you'll maybe look a little less bored
I'm sticking your fingers into sockets to kick-start your little heart and maybe sleep a tiny bit more
Oh maybe we should read more into the books that we adore, perhaps we should drink less vitamin C
And now I'm shouting out in capital letters "I WILL THROW YOU HIGH FIVES IF YOU KEEP YOUR OWN SECRETS!"