

## For Flotsam

Los Campesinos!

You say you are an old cassette that has gone and spilt its spool

you're far more like a wet cardboard tube on this nightclub toilet floor.

As I describe my lonely, you listen very clear:  
the last set of goalposts taken down, summer of odd numbered years.

She says "if you're unhappy, then you gotta find the cure"  
Well I prescribe me one more beer, beyond that I am unsure  
May not be all and end all, in my defence she is the whole  
I've thrown my goalkeeper forward, she's catenaccio

Flotsam, Jetsam and Spindrift: all the girls I have loved,  
dumped to earth by a spendthrift, gilt angels from above.  
And I saw God in the bathroom, I baptised him in sick  
embraced him around his cistern "c'est la mort!, enough of this".

Knees knocking and  
Blood flowing so  
I want you to know that I want to.

And later she said something that stuck hard in my mind:  
"we are their Capel Celyn, they gotta keep their slippers dry,  
to empathise with Tory's to invite upon disease,  
a safer bet's to pack your bags, go holiday in Eyam"

I will take you where the sun shines, cast shadows on your face  
,  
crawl into their deepest recess, 'til I freeze or dehydrate  
We'll live and breathe it in real time, montage is for the dead  
and my heart's still doing Fosburys nowhere near finished yet