

# The International Tweexcore Underground

Los Campesinos!

I bet you twenty pounds if you knew ten years ago  
How pretty you'd turn out then  
You'd never have gotten your ears pierced  
But I never got my ears pierced and look how I turned out

And the last time that you tried listening to music  
And reading fiction at the same time  
You never finished the chapter but you finished  
The song with your chin on your knees, like you belong

And I never cared about Henry Rollins  
Amelia Fletcher never meant anything to me  
But the International Tweexcore Underground  
Will save us all

Getting the laptop fixed by a professional  
Doesn't make me a pawn and stamping harder  
On your FX pedal, won't make you feel any better any more  
Oh, you said we've gotta bite the hand that feeds  
But I was sucking seductively on the fingertips of a civil servant

Said, how you gonna bring the state down  
When you're propping it up?  
With daytime radio  
And skimmed milk and soppy bows  
Just 'cause you're scared to be alone

And I never cared about Ian MacKaye  
Calvin Johnson never meant anything to me  
But the International Tweexcore Underground  
Will save us all

Ooh, this city is run by fucking pigs  
And though you say you're my friend  
You're not, you're one of them

And I never cared about whatever  
Sarah Records never meant anything to me  
But the International Tweexcore Underground  
Will save us all