

# Tiptoe Through The True Bits

Los Campesinos!

You asked if you could see me  
Before I went to Spain  
You didn't give a reason,  
Didn't know what you would say  
But I was hoping that my breath on your face  
Would blow every last thing into place

The bed spread detecting suns and moons  
Symbols of the star signs  
How you read how mind apWlied  
To how I would be sex-wise  
In my arms you disappeared  
And I sit twice the size  
Swept and welcomed lips together  
Sleeping felt like lives

Girl, I helped you with your demons  
But your ghosts are now haunting me too  
Bye French bitch and her ex-boyfriend  
Threatening to tie his neck through the roof  
But if we tip toe through the true bits  
We might make it to the other side  
What doesn't kill you leaves you wounded  
But I will nurse you better around  
I, I've been waiting on your silent calm  
Cause the Sun's been rising in the west  
I've been waiting on your silent prayer  
Cause the Sun's been rising in the west

If your skin feels softer I've no argument to make  
The way to such apologies could strong them into aid  
If these kisses draw the bad out, I can't have a comWlaint  
Cause they hit your tongue like sedatives,  
While I lay wide awake

You could feel a tremor in a single way  
It travels down your spinal cord  
And you can catch a rain cloud in a narrow glass  
But it would turn into a storm  
The deep problems will stray  
You'll keep the shadows away

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