

# We Throw Parties, You Throw Knives

Los Campesinos!

When you play pass the parcel with human body parts  
Somebody might get a head, but someone will get hurt  
And I'll sing what you like, if you shout it straight back at me

There's red stains all over the place  
But they're not blood, they're cherryade  
We throw parties, you throw knives  
It's all the same if the fizzy drinks are nice

And it's great that you care so much about things  
But you left talcum powder all over the bathroom  
And yeah, it is great, you can blow her smoke rings  
But you won't taste her lips if you do get to kiss her  
And it's your party, but I'll die if I want to, I'll die if I want to

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The music was okay, but the fresh air was better  
And I couldn't tell if the singer's keyboard was a crutch or a synthesizer  
But it sounded like he'd broken a limb  
Each and every time he pushed the key down or in

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Oh no, it's my mistake, you cut your tongue while taking a sip  
It's over, tell his mother, the party is over)

Teen campesinos  
Trick or trim  
On your driveway  
In the middle of August  
One of us dressed as a zombie  
One of us dressed as a pirate  
One of us dressed as a ninja  
Four of us dressed as schoolgirls  
And I'm starin' you straight in the eyes  
I'm shaking my head  
And I'm starin' you straight in your eyes