

Los Campesinos!, All Your Kayfabe Friends

Word is you slept in a weird position and your back and your shoulders are aching.
I say my stomach is chewing its way out from the inside 'cause I've gone three days now without eating.
I died
on a cross
trainer,
getting in shape for you.
I fell
at the first
hurdle,
you tell me I always do.
You asked if I'd be anyone from history, fact or fiction, dead or alive:
I said, "I'd be Tony Cascarino, circa 1995";.

We're feeling so much more content knowing where our allegiances lie.
Since our kayfabe friends have upped and left, you and I.

The time we spent around each others' waists,
the time spent expressing my distaste.
With my eyes on a lightbulb I choose to keep your birthday present for myself.
Blow candles, your ill health.
I'm being paid 35 an hour
as a specialist foot fetish model,
flatter my arches, I pirouette for them.
I pick the angles, hide my ingrown toenail.

You think you're the needle
that drains the blood donation,
you're just a repetition on an old, worn-out pin cushion.

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As the bus pulls away, I stare at the last field
before we hit the city, that emotional minefield
I seduced your ex-boyfriend, to help you get over him,
you found him more attractive, it helped you get over me.

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In the shower, I chew the soap bar
from the plastic, the morning after.
I love the look of empathy in your eyes
I love the look of lust between your thighs.