

Los Campesinos!, Documented Minor Emotional

I restored your mother's faith in men whilst boring you to death,
left nothing more than the circle of stubble rash around your chest.

My life was saved by a packet of nineteen cigarettes carried in my left breast pocket, for a closest friend

A sleeping bag on the floor twists hips like buffalo horns,
they said "that boy is too lazy" you were clearly forewarned.

A jealous ex silenced the room, he said that you were a whore;
"do you kiss your mummy's lips with that mouth?"

She imagined everything I said in falsetto;
the only way to justify my childish despair.

I spent my last six fifty in a public phone box,
(graffited genitalia from the ceiling to the floor)
played reckless, rapid like a fruit machine.

I see gargoyles in the floral of the duvet cover,
you see melodrama move from one sentence to the other.

Many years practice of speaking in hushed tones.