Los Campesinos!, Heart Swells/Pacific Daylight T

Black holes. Unraised moles. Let's just call them freckles.

Hair cut. Part left. Happy on the West Coast.

Coat fell. Heart swells. Draped across the sofa.

Sleep well. I feel you've ruined me forever

I don't want to sound trite, but you are perfect, the way you look could seriously make nature dysmorphic. I wish that you would kiss me 'til the point of paralysis, the way I flail my arms in front of you, it just embarrasses. I'll never turn my body clock back. Think about the things I'm glad I left out, ...

some things are best left unsaid.

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