

Xiu Xiu, The Jim Yoshii Pile-Up - Birthday Cake

Let's go out tonight. I feel like picking a fight.

I feel like starting a brawl and then slipping out the back door.

Do you think that's funny? I don't think it's funny.

But our backs have been broken too many times. We've seen all their tricks and we know all their lies.

So we risk our necks and reputations. When we hit the ground, the needle skips.

I put a file in your birthday cake because a cheap cliché and a half-hearted gesture is what you asked for this year. I spent a day on that damned mix tape.

I should have known that you'd have Nick Drake.

The saddest songs are the oldest news to you.

The saddest songs are the oldest news to you.

But our hearts have been broken too many times. We've seen all their tricks and we know all their lies.

So the saints are all lying on my kitchen floor, drifting in and out of consciousness and hanging on to life. It will be. And they close their eyes and smile their smiles of bloody lips and broken teeth.

I put a file in your birthday cake because a cheap cliché and a half-hearted gesture is what you asked for.

But do you find you're so different? Have you never met your own friends?

Does the time move slowly only for you? Were the police reports, the articles, the eulogies written on your behalf?

I dreamt that I kissed you. I dreamt that I kissed you and then let you go.