

Arab Strap, Scenery

You used to be part of the scenery
but now I know your name.
And my mind wonders what my hands would do
to make sure that you came.
She hardly said a word again tonight.
I threw a book and grabbed my keys.
And on the way here I swore to myself,
I'd fuck whoever I please.
Everywhere I go,
there's so much on show.
Everyone is beautiful
and I stay dutiful.
The only solid solution is to sever my hands.
Stitch my mouth up and blind me.
Wrap me up and pack me tight.
Leave me somewhere you'll never find me.
Everywhere I go,
there's so much on show.
Everyone is beautiful
but I stay dutiful.
It must just be the sun
and my desire for fun.
If you did it, would you tell us?
I think I'll always be jealous.