

# Belle And Sebastian, The Model

I will confess to you  
Because you made me think about the times  
You turn the picture on to me and I'll turn over  
The picture was a masterpiece of comic timing  
But you wouldn't laugh at all  
And I wonder what the boy was thinking  
The picture was an old collage of something classical  
The model with the tragic air  
Because without a doubt he'd given up the fight  
The ghost of somebody at his side

I will confess to you  
Because I didn't think about the message  
As I walked down the alleyway it was a Sunday  
And all my friends deserted me because you painted me  
As the fraud I really was  
And if you think you see with just your eyes you're mad  
'Cause Lisa learned a lot from putting on a blindfold  
When she knew she had been bad  
She met another blind kid at a fancy dress  
It was the best sex she ever had

I'll send a dress to you  
Because it's needing badly taken in  
But I was so embarrassed that I missed your party  
It was me that paid for it eventually  
Because you know how much I wanted  
To meet your friend the star of stage and local press  
The dream of all the bowlie kids that hang around here  
And I'm no different from the rest  
I'm not too proud to say that I'm okay with  
The girl next door who's famous for showing her chest

You're not impressed by me  
But it's a funny way for you to tell me  
A whisper in a choir stall  
The man was talking about you simultaneously  
Frankly, I let my heavy eyelids flutter  
Because I have been sleeping badly lately  
I know you were historical from all the books I've read  
But I thought you could be bluffing  
And with this chance I've missed I feel remiss  
It's days and months before I see you again