

Belle & Sebastian, Lord Anthony

Anthony, bullied at school
Get your own back now you are cool
Or are you scared bunking off though you're a toff?
It's all gone wrong again, you've got Double Maths.

But the teacher's got no control
The boys all run riot
"You will stay quiet or you will die."

Tony, at the back of the gym
Smoke another one, your chances are slim,
'Cause here they come again
And they got you on the ground.
Tasting blood again;
At least it's your own.

When will you realize it doesn't pay
To be smarter than teachers, smarter than most boys?
"So shut your mouth, start kicking the football."
Bang on the teeth. You are off for a week, boy.

You may as well take it in the guts, it can't get worse.
Just take it in the guts, it can't get worse than this.

'Cause you'll soon be old enough to leave them
Without a notion of a care
You'll leave two fingers in the air
To linger there.

Tony, you're a bit of a mess;
Melted Tolberone under your dress.
If the kids could see you they would pass you right by.
Blue mascara running over your eye.

When will you realize it doesn't pay
To be smarter than teachers, smarter than most boys?
"Shut your mouth, start kicking the football"
Bang on the teeth. You were off for a week, boy.

(Anthony. it could be worse)
(Anthony, it could be worse)

They call you Lord Anthony but hey, it could be worse.
Lord Anthony but hey, it could be worse.
Lord Anthony but hey, it kind of suits you anyway...

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Without a notion of a care
You'll leave two fingers in the air