

Belle & Sebastian, Mornington Crescent

Mornington Crescent
I think of you
Rain in the southeast
Men feeling blue
Men with their bowlers
Kids with their spats
Ladies with chauffeurs
Dogs wearing hats and jackets
Rich apartments
Old punk posters
Tartan garments
I love the exquisite array
I love the camp as camp parade
The possibilities suggest themselves to me
I'm feeling free

Mornington Crescent
The sun in the east
I've got a job on
For a Senegalese rich arbitrator
In African law
To paint his apartment, strip down the walls
Came down between us lately
Lust and want and need just caved in
'Is it wise?'
The answer's no
It never is but since you ask
We pause thoughtfully, for twenty seconds reprieve
Then it's off with the briefs

Mornington Crescent
Sin is my game
We'll all be lined up
Irrelevant fame
Next to the broker, the nurse and the drunk
I was a joker, the wannabe punk that got lucky
Had a good time
Life became fruitless
Egotistic swine to all your friends
All the ladies and the men
The possibilities suggest themselves to me