

Belle & Sebastian, Slow Graffiti

There's a portrait
In a back room,
Which i keep for days upon, which i relent
And gaze for hours on the muscle skin and bone of some
Imaginary friend.

So how about it?
Show me please how i will look in twenty years
And let me please,
Interpret history in every line and scar that's painted
There in front of me.

It doesn't matter what i'm thinking
What i tell myself to do
I'll end up calling.

I stay in to defrost the fridge
Now the kid has gone to bed
A feeling of dread.
At least when she's around the troubles there,
It's worse to wake up with her falling round the room.

Listen johnny; you're like a mother
To the girl you've fallen for,
And you're still falling.

Listen johnny;
You're like a mother to the girl you've fallen for,
And you're still falling,
And if they come tonight
You'll roll up tight and take whatever's coming to you next.