

Belle & Sebastian, The Blues Are Still Blue

Well look at the kid from school
He's teaching mamas and papas how to be a little cool
He's changing fashion, the way he dress
The tracksuits are old, and the hoody's way too moody
For the kid with the will to funk
He dances in secret; he's a part-time punk

She's getting off the plane
She wants to write a thesis on the population underprivileged
The kids fighting up the lane
Shop lifting, just drifting
Like The Switchblade And The Cross
But if there's trouble she's got the moves
She's taking an elementary class in Kung Fu

I left my washing in the launderette
You can put some money on it, you can place a little bet
That when I see my washing
The black will be grey and the white will be grey
But the blues are still blue

I'm crying out for my mum
If the malady don't go away we're in a little trouble
With the boss of the company
I'm a singer, a swinger I'm a layabout but laying on
The dock in the lazy sun
Will never quite relegate me to a bum

I left my lady in the launderette
You can put some money on it, you can place a little bet
That when I see my lady
The black will be white and the white will be black
But the blues are still blue

Baby, I love your face (baby I love your face)
I've been creeping round this town because
Well, creeping's just my way (oh oh)
But with a little wink I'll be there (little wink I'll be there)
I'll be excited for a week, but then excitement starts to fade
I know your young, but you're out of touch
You're French, your vocabulary's not quite formed

I left my homework in the launderette
I got a letter from my mamma which my stupid dog has ate
I hid behind the fence
Here comes the deputy head with the bark of a bulldog
He's not making much sense

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