

Belle & Sebastian, There's Too Much Love

I could hang about and burn my fingers
I've been hanging out here waiting for something to start
You think i'm faultless to a 't'
My manner set impeccably
But underneath i am the same as you

I could dance all night like i'm a soul boy
But i know i'd rather drag myself across the dance floor
I feel like dancing on my own
Where no one knows me, and where i
Can cause offence just by the way i look

And when i come to blows
When i am numbering my foes
Just hope that you are on my side my dear

But it's best to finish as it started
With my face head down just staring at the brown formica
It's safer not to look around
I can't hide my feelings from you now
There's too much love to go around these days

You say i've got another face
That's not a fault of mine these days
I'm honest, brutal and afraid of you