

# Bell X1, Light Catches Your Face

The dog-eared Disprin, in your handbag  
A gathering of crumbs and, twenty fags  
I'd steal some chewing gum, a few stray coins  
I'm sure you noticed but didn't much mind  
Haaah  
And so it goes  
Haaah  
Here I am, in the condiment aisle  
I'm worried about my basil from isreal and new world wine  
I need to lose these poses, reset my charms  
To when I left the factory in your arms  
Singing haaah  
Haaoh  
And so it goes  
But the words on the page start to swim  
As light catches your face you're smiling  
This must be what all the fuss is about  
Haaoh X 3  
You're trying to talk to me, all grateful and smiles  
I'm glued to the TV giving one word replies  
It's small and shameful it's a poor show  
Beat myself up on the way home and go crying to my girl  
And so it goes  
Yeah so it goes  
Yeah so it goes  
But the words on the page start to swim  
As light catches your face you're smiling  
This must be what all the fuss is about X2