

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