

Belle And Sebastian, Put The Book Back On The

Sebastian you're in a mess
You had a dream, they called you king
Of all the hipsters, is it true?
Or are you still the queen?

Like getting blood out of a stone
The city left you all alone
You came to dance, but there's no poignancy
When they all leave you standing alone

The wider issues of the day
Don't interest you, you'll have to pay
For looking at the floor
When people talk to you

You wrote a book about yourself
The people left it on the shelf
You'll write another one
Now you've got a story that's worth talking about

Are you happy with yourself?
Are you talking to yourself?
Are you happy with yourself?
Put the book back on the shelf

I know the company you keep
You're on the sofa hidden deep
While on the telly Sid James speaks
To you like God

You're always looking for a sign
But boy you blow it every time
You hear a voice begin to speak
You ignore it and go softly to sleep