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