

# Belle And Sebastian, Slow Graffiti

There's a portrait  
In a back room,  
Which I keep for days upon, which I relent  
And gaze for hours on the muscle skin and bone of some  
Imaginary friend.

So how about it?  
Show me please how I will look in twenty years  
And let me please,  
Interpret history in every line and scar that's painted  
There in front of me.

It doesn't matter what I'm thinking  
What I tell myself to do  
I'll end up calling.

I stay in to defrost the fridge  
Now the kid has gone to bed  
A feeling of dread.  
At least when she's around the troubles there,  
It's worse to wake up with her falling round the room.

Listen Johnny; you're like a mother  
To the girl you've fallen for,  
And you're still falling.

Listen Johnny;  
You're like a mother to the girl you've fallen for,  
And you're still falling,  
And if they come tonight  
You'll roll up tight and take whatever's coming to you now.