

# Belle And Sebastian, Stay Loose

I was choking on a cornflake  
You said "Have some toast instead";  
I was sleeping maybe three hours  
You said "You should get to bed";  
I was waiting at the church door  
For the minister to show

I was looking at the new year  
You said "Walk before you crawl";  
I was feeling like a loser  
You said "Hey, you've still got me";  
I was feeling pretty lonely  
You said "You wanted to be free";  
I was looking for a good time  
You said "Let the good times start";  
With a quiver of your eyelid  
You took on someone else's part

But what about me  
I don't really see  
How things will improve  
If all you want is to stay...

Maybe I'm a little greedy  
You said "Think before you speak";  
Sometimes I'm a little seedy  
You said "Everyone is weak";  
Now I feel a little better  
Is there something I can do?  
But I never heard the answer  
I never had a clue

But what about me  
I don't really see  
How things will improve  
If all you want is to stay  
The lights are on in the house tonight  
Going to creep around going to creep into your head

There's a little echo calling  
Like a miner trapped inside  
If I tell her of this moment  
She will in me doubts confide  
And she's on me like a blanket  
Like a stalk of wilting grass  
I'm not sure about her motives  
I'm not sure about her past

But my faith is like a bullet  
My belief is like a bolt  
The only thing that lets me sleep at night  
A little carriage of the soul  
If it starts a little bleaker  
Then the year may yet be gold  
Happiness is not for keeping  
Happiness is not my goal

But what about me  
I don't really see  
How things will improve  
All you want is to stay loose

Oh what about them  
You play mother hen

To a gaggle of gangling youth  
All you want is to stay  
The lights are on in the house tonight  
Going to creep around going to creep into your head

I was living through the seconds  
My composure was a mess  
I was miles from tenderness  
It was dark outside, the day it was lying in pieces  
Everything is flat and dreary  
I couldn't care what's in the news  
Television is the blues  
Television is hysterical laughter of people

And I know it could be me  
I'm always asking for more  
I keep running round in circles  
I keep looking for a doorway  
I'm going to need two lives  
To follow the paths I've been taking