

Belle And Sebastian, The Stars Of Track And Field

Make a new cult every day to suit your affairs
Kissing girls in English, at the back of the stairs
You're a honey, with a following of innocent boys
They never know it
Because you never show it
You always get your way
They never know it
Because you never show it
You always get your way

Have you and her been taking pictures of your obsessions?
Because I met a boy who went through one of your sessions
In his blue velour and silk
You liberated
A boy I never rated
And now he's throwing discus
For Liverpool and Widnes
You liberated
A boy I never rated
And now he's doing business

The stars of track and field, you are
The stars of track and field, you are
The stars of track and field are beautiful people

Could I write a piece about you now that you've made it?
About the hours spent, the emptiness in your training
You only did it so that you could wear
Your terry underwear
And feel the city air
Run past your body

Could I write a requiem for you when you're dead?
"She had the moves, she had the speed, it went to her head"
She never needed anyone to get her round the track
But when she's on her back
She had the knowledge
To get her into college
But when she's on her back
She had the knowledge
To get her what she wanted