

# 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