

Belle And Sebastian, This Is Just A Modern Rock

Emma tried to run away,
I followed her across the city,
She went out to the Easterhouse,
Because she liked the sound of it.

She didn't have a single penny,
She stuck a finger in the air,
She tried to flag down an aeroplane,
I suppose she needs a holiday.

I put my arm around her waist,
She put me on the ground with Judo,
She didn't recognise my face,
She wasn't even looking.

Laura's feeling just ideal,
Her horoscope was nearly perfect,
She's thinking of something to do,
Because she is The Birthday Girl.

She walked out to the edge of town,
She saw me lying in the park,
She took Emma by the hand,
They've got a lot in common.

I'll leave them to do what they want,
I'll leave them to do what they need to,
I'll go and play with words and pictures,
I'll admit I'm feeling strange.

I'm not as sad as Doestoevsky,
I'm not as clever as Mark Twain,
I'll only buy a book for the way it looks,
And then I stick it on the shelf again.

Now I could tell you what I'm thinking,
But it never seems to do you good,
It's beyond me what a girl can see,
I'm only lucid when I'm writing songs.

This is just a modern rock song,
This is just a sorry lament,
We're four boys in corduroys,
We're not terrific but we're competent.

Stevie's full of good intentions,
Richards into rock 'n' roll,
Stuart's staying in and he thinks it's a sin,
That he has to leave the house at all.

This is just a modern rock song,
This is just a tender affair,
I count "three, four" and then we start to slow,
Because a song has got to stop somewhere.