

# Belle And Sebastian, Wandering Alone

Wandering alone on the ridge of a coast  
lost to the world he had known as a boy  
He knows his lover lies south in the city

Passing along and sleepy as night  
Warm in the woods that conceal him from light  
he is accustomed to hiding from people

Taking his time as he crosses the bridge  
Holding the flowers he picked from the ridge  
Walking in the shadows to his senorita

Safe in the dawn he gets under the sheets  
His Senorita a heavenly sweet...soul  
That was put there to save and protect him

He knows that time can not endlessly go  
Traps will be sat by the people below  
She will be caught too and he could not bear it

Hope in the freedom he can almost touch  
Folk take for granted as they walk to church  
He says his prayers and  
God listens to him

Sir all I want is a chance to amend  
Past infidelities please do not send  
Me far away from my wise  
Me far away from my wise  
Me far away from my wise Senorita