

Belle & Sebastian, Act Of The Apostle

Morning prayers took the girl unawares
She was late for class and she knew it
The broadcaster had a voice that was soothing
She couldn't tell if it was a man or woman
A patch of sun fell onto her neck
She put her head on her arms on her desk
The lesson today was the Acts of Apostles
The crazy hippies, they're running scared
She shut her eyes and imagined the desert
No cars, no mobiles, just sun and bread
What would she look like standing by the well?
More like a woman and less like a girl
Oh, if I could make sense of it all
I wish that I could sing, I'd stay in a melody
I would float along in my everlasting song
What would I do to believe?
Later on she plays Morning Has Broken
She knows she's bad, she is slowing everybody down
The choirmaster, usually a bastard
Knows her mother's sick, he'll be nice to her
She thinks that she shouldn't be there at all
Her worries make everything else seem trivial
Oh, if I could make sense of it all
I wish that I could sing, I'd stay in a melody
I would float along in my everlasting song
What would I do to believe?