Belle & Sebastian, Act of The Apostle Part 1

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 desk She put her head on her arms, on her neck The lesson today was the act of apostle 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 women 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?