

# Belle & Sebastian, Dress Up In You

I'm the singer, I'm the singer in the band  
You're the loser, I won't dismiss you out of hand  
You've got a beautiful face  
It will take you places

You kept running  
You've got money, you've got fame  
Every morning I see your picture from the train  
Now you're an actress!  
So says your r&#233;sum&#233;;  
You're made of card  
You couldn't act your way out of a paper bag

You got lucky, you ain't talking to me now  
Little Miss Plucky  
Pluck your eyebrows for the crowd  
Get on the airplane  
You give me stomach pain  
I wish that you were here  
We would have had a lot to talk about

We had a deal there  
We nearly signed it with our blood&#230;  
An understanding  
I thought that you would keep your word  
I'm disappointed  
I'm aggravated  
It's a fault I have, I know  
When things don't go my way I have to

Blow up in the face of my rivals  
I scream and rant, I make quite an arrival  
The men are surprised by the language  
They act so discreet, they are hypocrites so fuck them too!

I always loved you  
You always had a lot of style  
I'd hate to see you on the pile  
Of 'nearly-made-it' s  
You've got the essence, dear  
If I could have a second skin  
I'd probably dress up in you

You're a star now, I am fixing people's nails  
I'm knitting jumpers, I'm working after hours  
I've got a boyfriend, I've got a feeling that he's seeing someone else  
He always had a thing for you as well

Blow in the face of my rivals  
I swear and I rant, I make quite an arrival  
The men are surprised by the language  
They act so discreet, they are hypocrites forget them  
So fuck them too