

# Belle & Sebastian, Get Me Away From Here I'm Dying

Ooh! Get me away from here I'm dying  
Play me a song to set me free  
Nobody writes them like they used to  
So it may as well be me  
Here on my own now after hours  
Here on my own now on a bus  
Think of it this way  
You could either be successful or be us  
With our winning smiles, and us  
With our catchy tunes and words  
Now we're photogenic  
You know, we don't stand a chance  
Oh, I'll settle down with some old story  
About a boy who's just like me  
Thought there was love in everything and everyone  
You're so naive!  
They always reach a sorry ending  
They always get it in the end  
Still it was worth it as  
I turned the pages solemnly, and then  
With a winning smile, the poor boy  
With naivety succeeds  
At the final moment, I cried  
I always cry at endings  
I always cry at endings  
Oh, that wasn't what I meant to say at all  
From where I'm sitting, rain  
Falling against the lonely tenement  
Has set my mind to wander  
Into the windows of my lovers  
They never know unless I write  
This is no declaration  
I just thought I'd let you know goodbye  
Said the hero in the story  
"It is mightier than swords  
I could kill you sure  
But I could only make you cry with these words"  
Cry with these words, cry with these words, cry with these words  
Oh get me away, I'm dying  
Get me away, I'm dying  
Get me away, I'm dying  
Get me away, I'm dying  
Oh I'm dying  
Oh I'm dying  
Oh I'm dying  
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