

Belle & Sebastian, Wandering Alone

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

Safe in the dawn he rests 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 set 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