

# Belle & Sebastian, We Are The Sleepyheads

Tired like the beggar with the cold inside his bones  
Looking for the pleasure that he knew was so far gone  
So far gone  
I took a turn to myself  
And I was surprised, cause I saw everyone who ever I had loved  
I felt a whole lot better after that

People look at us and they think were doing fine  
People look at us cause they see us all the time  
All the time  
But they never take to us  
We've been in this town so long we may as well be dead  
So long as people turn their heads  
And cross the street whenever we walk on by

Someone told the truth when it really mattered most  
The beauty of the moment is the beauty sadly lost  
Sadly lost  
So I went around to your house  
Over tea and gin we talked about the things we read  
In Luke and John the things he said

We're always mourning, we are the sleepyheads