

Belle & Sebastian, Women's Realm

I don't care whether you hear this
I don't care if I'm alone here singing songs to myself
There's nobody else around, around
Meet you up at the Indian part of the town
The town's shut down, the people left with their bags
Their kids so there's not a sound a sound
But I must get from there to here
There's a small voice crying on the other side of the river from here
It's too late to phone her now
What went wrong, your grades were good
It would take a left wing Robin Hood to pay for school
Your dad's a boozier and you keep him alive

Just a minute close your eyes
If we settle for this compromise I'll stay with you
The river looks so good tonight
I don't know what's with your friend
She met a boy and at the summer's end
She said she'd had enough of playing games

I don't care cause I'm by myself
All the dancers left but I can't dance
So I will stay and clean the mess they left behind
But I dream as I set to scrub all the floors, the walls
I'm thinking of a song or two, a boy a girl a rendezvous

Are you coming or are you not?
There is nothing that would sort you out
There's nothing I could say or do
You're going to crash, I'll set the bails in front of you
Are you coming or are you not?
There is nothing that would sort you out
An interesting way of life
Deny yourself the benefits of being alive

You slept better in a sleeping train in a shed in a station
With a torch and a Woman's Realm to keep you warm
To keep you company
You slept better in a sleeping train in a shed in a station
With a torch and a Woman's Realm to keep you company tonight