

I Know Where the Summer Goes

Belle and Sebastian

I know where the summer goes
When you're having no fun when you're under the thumb
I know how the summer dwells
When your underarm smells and your kitchen looks like hell I know where the summer goes
If you're scraping a pot and your head is hot
Put your head down, put your thumbs up, girl
With the smell of hot desk and the glitter of your step He was right, he was right
He's the guru of the city
No one told the city councilors I know, you can tell me again
I've got my mobile phone, it's full of silicon chips
No one likes a smart arse
But I've seen a pattern emerge, I will race you up the hill Where the boy who made records
Out of postcard messages
And flowering cherries rain on kids like you Look twice at the kid with the crimped
And overheated hair, they ran a book on his looks
Odds on was the noble pose
And the denim hard riff of the Irish Troubadour But the boy came from nowhere
To steal the hearts
From lassies in the lavies of the club tonight

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