

The Boy With the Arab Strap

Belle and Sebastian

A mile and a half on a bus takes a long time
The odor of old prison food takes a long time to pass you by
Day upon day of this wandering gets you down
Nobody gives you a chance or a dollar in this old town
Hovering silence from you is a giveaway
Squalor and smokes not your style I don't like this place we better go
Then I compare notes with your older sister I am a lazy gett
She is as pure as the cold driven snow
What did you learn from your time in the solitary
Cell of your mind there was noises distractions
From anything good and the old prison food
Color my life with the chaos of trouble 'cause anything's better
Than posh isolation I missed the bus you were laid on your back
With the boy from the Arab strap, with the boy from the Arab strap
It's something to speak of the way you are
feeling
To crowds there assembled, do you ever feel you have gone too far?
Everyone suffers in silence a burden the man who drives minicab's
Down in old Compton the Asian man
With his love hate affair with his racist clientele
A central location for you is a must as you stagger about making
free
With your lewd and lascivious boasts
We all know you are soft 'cause we've all seen you dancing
We all know you are hard 'cause we all saw you drinking from noon
Until noon again, you're the boy with the filthy laugh
You're the boy with the Arab strap
Strapped to the table with suits from the shelter shop comic celebrity
Takes a back seat as the cigarette catches and sets off the smoke alarm
What do you make of the cool set in London?
You're constantly updating your hit parade of your ten biggest wanks
She's a waitress and she's got style

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