

Is It Wicked Not to Care?

Belle and Sebastian

Is it wicked not to care when they say that you're mistaken
Thinking hopes and lots of dreams that aren't there?
Is it wicked not to care, when you've wasted many hours
Talking endlessly to anyone that's there? I know the truth awaits me
But still I hesitate because of fear
Skipping tickets making rhymes
Is that all that you believe in?
Wearing rags to make you pretty by design
Rusting Armour for effect, it's not fun to watch the rust grow
For it will all be over when you're dead
Counting acts and clutching thoughts
By the river where the moss grows
Over rocks the water running all the time
Is it wicked when you smile, even though you feel like crying
Even though you could be sick at any time? But if there was a sequel, would you love me as an equal?
Would you love me till I'm dead? If there was a sequel would you love me like an equal?
Would you love me till I'm dead
And if there was a sequel would you love me as an equal?
Would you love me till I'm dead
Or is there someone else instead?

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