

Piazza, New York Catcher

Belle and Sebastian

Elope with me Miss Private and well sail around the world
I will be your Ferdinand and you my wayward girl
How many nights of talking in hotel rooms can you take?
How many nights of limping round on pagan holidays?
Oh elope with me in private and well set something ablaze
A trail for the Devil to erase San Franciscos calling us, the Giants and Mets will play
Piazza, New York catcher, are you straight or are you gay?
We hung about the stadium, weve got no place to stay
We hung about the tenderloin and tenderly you tell about
The saddest book you ever had to read always makes you cry
The statues crying too and well he may I love you Ive a drowning grip on your adoring face
I love you, my responsibility has found a place
Beside you and strong warnings in the guise of gentle words
Come wave upon me from the family wider net absurd
Youll take care of her, I know it, you will do a better job
Maybe, but not what she deserves Elope with me Miss Private and well drink ourselves awake
Well taste the coffee houses and award certificates
A privy seal to keep the feel of 1960 style
Well comment on the decor and well help the passer by
And at dusk when work is over well continue the debate
In a borrowed bedroom virginal and spare The catcher hits for 318 and catches every day
The pitcher puts religion first and rests on holidays
He goes into cathedrals and lies prostrate on the floor
He knows the drink affects his speed hes praying for a doorway
Back into the life he wants and the confession of the bench
Life outside the diamond is a wrench I wish that you were here with me to pass the dull weekend
I know it wouldnt come to love, my heroine pretend
A lady stepping from the song we love until this day
Youd settle for an epitaph like 'Walk Away, Renee'
The sun upon the roof in winter will draw you out like a flower
Meet you at the statue in an hour
Meet you at the statue in an hour

Lyrics provided by

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