

# 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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