

# Write About Love (Feat. Carey)

## Belle and Sebastian

I know a spell  
That would you make help  
Write about love, it could be in any tense, but it must make sense I know a trick  
Forget that you are sick  
Write about love, it could be in any form, hand it to me in the morning I hate my job, I'm working way too much  
(every day I'm stuck in an office)  
At one o'clock, I take my lunch up on the roof  
The city's spread below, I'll write about a man  
He's intellectual and he's hot, but he understands The seconds move on (if you watch the clock)  
And the sky grows dark (if you're looking up)  
But the girls move from thrill to thrill on the tightrope walk (on the tightrope walk) I hate my job, I'm working  
way too much (every day I'm stuck in an office)  
At one o'clock, I take my lunch up on the roof  
The city's spread below, I'll write about a man  
He's intellectual and he's hot, but he understands I know a way (so you know the way)  
Get on your skinny knees and pray (maybe not today)  
You've got to see the dream through the windows and the trees of your living room (of your living room)  
You've got to see the dream through the windows and the trees of your living room

Songwriters

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