The Stars of Track and Field

Belle and Sebastian

Make a new cult every day to suit your affairs Kissing girls in English at the back of the stairs You're a honey with a following of innocent boys They never know it because you never show it, you always get your way They never know it because you never show it, you always get your way Have you and her been taking pictures of your obsessions? Because I met a boy who went through one of your sessions In his blue velor and silk you liberated a boy I never rated Now he's throwing discuss for Liverpool and Widnes You liberated a boy I never rated and now he's doing business Stars of track and field you are Stars of track and field you are Stars of track and field are beautiful people Could I write a piece about you now that you've made it? About the hours spent, the wilderness in your training You only did it so that you could wear Terry underwear Feel the city air run past your body Wear Terry underwear and feel the city air run past your body Could I write a requiem for you when you're dead? She had the moves, she had the speed, it went to her head She never needed anyone to get her round the track But when she's on her back she had the knowledge to get her into college But when she's on her back she had the knowledge

To get her what she wanted
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