Sunday's Pretty Icons

Belle and Sebastian

There is no hole in which to hide
There is no plane to catch
No hope, tell them that's warm enough
No rent to a room that's quietA friend, I've known through six degrees
Cools down to where I hide
A friend, I've known through dreams and prayers
She comes back to my sideYou're so far from wanting to talk
You're so far from wanting to say something good
Feel something goodThe sea cries of loves of girls
The sea cries of boys
The storm, we are the both of us
Too close to ever loveWhiskey from the Island of Sund
Whiskey from the year you were born
Tastes like kidnap and ransom and exileSomebody asked me what hell was like
Somebody asked me for help
Somebody asked me what hell was like
Lunging and happening, parting of soulsEvery girl you ever admired
Every boy you ever desired
Every love you ever forgot
Every person that you despised is forgiven

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