

Sundayâ€™s Pretty Icons

Belle and Sebastian

There is no hole in which to hide
There is no plane to catch
No hotel room that's warm enough
No rent to a room that's quiet
A 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 side
You're so far from wanting to talk
You're so far from wanting to say something good
Feel something good
The secret lives and loves of girls
The secret lives of boys
The storm, we are the both of us
Too close to ever love
Whisky from the Island of Sund
Whisky from the year you were born
Tastes like kidnap and ransom and exile
Somebody asked me what hell was like
Somebody asked me for help
Somebody asked me what hell was like
Lunging and happening, panting of souls
Every girl you ever admired
Every boy you ever desired
Every love you ever forgot
Every person that you despised is forgiven

Songwriters

MARTIN, SARAH / MURDOCH, STUART / COLBURN, RICHARD / COOKE, MICHAEL / GEDDES,
CHRISTOPHER / JACKSON, STEPHEN / KILDEA, BOB

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