Wandering Alone

Belle and Sebastian

Wandering alone on the ridge of a coast Lost to the world he had known as a boy He knows his lover lies south in the cityPassing along and sleepy as night Warm in the woods that conceal him from the light He is accustomed to hiding from peopleTaking his time as the crosses the bridge Holding the flowers he picked from the ridge Walking in the shadows to his senoritaSafe in the dawn he gets under the sheets His senorita a heavenly sweet soul So that was put there to save and protect himHe knows that time can not endlessly go Traps will be sat by the people below She will be caught too and he could not bear itHope in the freedom he can almost touch Folk take for granted as they walk to church He says his prayers and God listens to himSir, all I want is a chance to amend Past infidelities please do not send Me far away from my wise, me far away from my wise Me far away from my wise senorita, senorita, senorita

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