

Sunday's Pretty Icons

Belle & 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

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

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

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>