

# Sukie in the Graveyard

## Belle and Sebastian

Sukie was the kid, she liked to hangout in the graveyard  
She did brass rubbings, she learned you never had to press hard  
When she finished hanging out she was all alone  
She decided that she better check in at home  
There was an awful row between her mum and dad  
They said she hadn't done this, she hadn't done that  
If she wanted to remain inside the family home  
She'd have to tow the line, she'd have to give it a go  
It didn't suit Sukie

So she took her things and left  
Sukie was the kid, she liked to hang out at the art school  
She didn't enrol, but she wiped the floor with all the arseholes  
She took a bijou flat with the fraternity cat  
She hid inside the attic of the sculpture building  
She had a slut slave and his name was Dave  
She said 'Be my photo bitch and I'll make you rich'  
He didn't believe her but the boy revered her  
He got her meals and he got her a bed  
He watched behind the screen and she started to undress  
He never got far

Just lookin' and playing guitar  
Autumn hanging down all the trees are draped like chandeliers  
Sukie saw the beauty but she wasn't wet behind the ears  
She had an A1 body and a face to match  
She didn't have money, she didn't have cash  
With the winter coming on, and the attic cold  
She had to press her nose on the refectory wall  
They served steamed puddings she went without  
She had to pose for life for all the scholars of art  
She didn't feel funny, she didn't feel bad  
Peeling away everything she had  
She had the grace of an eel, sleek and stark

As the shadows played tricks on the girl in the dark  
Sukie was the kid, she liked to hangout in the graveyard

Songwriters

MARTIN/MURDOCH/COOKE/GEDDES/JACKSON/KILDEA/COLBURN

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