

This Is Just a Modern Rock Song

Belle and Sebastian

Emma tried to run away
I followed her across the city
She went out to the Easter house
Because she liked the sound of itShe didn't have a single penny
She stuck a finger in the air
She tried to flag down an aeroplane
I suppose she needs a holidayI put my arm around her waist
She put me on the ground with judo
She didn't recognize my face
She wasn't even lookingLaura's feeling just ideal
Her horoscope was nearly perfect
She's thinking of something to do
Because she is the birthday girlShe walked out to the edge of town
She saw me lying in the park
She took Emma by the hand
They've got a lot in commonI'll leave them to do what they want
I'll leave them to do what they need to
I'll go and play with words and pictures
I'll admit I'm feeling strangeI'm not as sad as Doestoevsky
I'm not as clever as Mark Twain
I'll only buy a book for the way it looks
And then I stick it on the shelf againNow I could tell you what I'm thinking
But it never seems to do you good
It's beyond me what a girl can see
I'm only lucid when I'm writing songsThis is just a modern rock song
This is just a sorry lament
We're four boys in corduroys
We're not terrific but we're competentStevie's full of good intentions
Richard's into rock 'n' roll
Stuart's staying in and he thinks it's a sin
That he has to leave the house at allThis is just a modern rock song
This is just a tender affair
I count "three, four" and then we start to slow
Because a song has got to stop somewhere

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