

# Sunday's Pretty Icons

## Belle and Sebastian

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

There is no hole in which to hide  
There is no plane to catch  
No hope, tell them 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 sea cries of loves of girls  
The sea cries of boys  
The storm, we are the both of us  
Too close to ever love Whiskey from the Island of Sund  
Whiskey 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, parting of souls Every girl you ever admired  
Every boy you ever desired  
Every love you ever forgot  
Every person that you despised is forgiven

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