

Slow Graffiti

Belle and Sebastian

There's a portrait in a back room
Which I keep for days upon, which I relent
And gaze for hours on the muscle skin and bone
Of some imaginary friend So how about it?
Show me please, how I will look in twenty years
And let me please interpret history in every line
And scar that's painted there in front of me It doesn't matter, what I'm thinking
What I tell myself to do
I'll end up calling I stay in to defrost the fridge
Now the kid has gone to bed, a feeling of dread
At least when she's around the trouble's there
It's worse to wake up with her falling 'round the room Listen Johnny, you're like a mother
To the girl you've fallen for
And you're still falling Listen Johnny, you're like a mother
To the girl you've fallen for
And you're still falling and if they come tonight
You'll roll up tight and take whatever's coming to you

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