

Family Tree

Belle and Sebastian

I've been feeling down
I've been looking round the town
For somebody just like me
But the only ones I see Are the dummies in the window
They spend their money on clothes
It saddens me to think That the only ones I see are mannequins
Looking stupid, being used and being thin
Well, I don't know why I hang around with them The way they act, I'd rather be fat than be confused
The way they act, I'd rather be fat than be confused Than be me in a cage
With a bottle of rage
And a family like the mafia I've been feeling blue
And I don't know what to do
And I never get a thrill
And they threw me out of school 'Cause I swore at all the teachers
Because they never teach us
A thing I want to know We do chemistry, biology and maths
I want poetry and music and some laughs
And I don't think it's an awful lot to ask So won't you please get up off your knees and let me go
So won't you please get up off your knees and let me go 'Cause I'm here in a cage
With a bottle of rage
And a family like the mafia If my family tree goes back to the Romans
Then I will change my name to Jones
If my family tree goes back to Napoleon
Then I will change my name to Smith If my family tree goes back to the Romans
Then I will change my name to Jones
If you're looking at me to be an accountant
Then you will look but you will never see If you're looking at me to start having babies
Then you can wish because I'm not here to fool around
You can wish because I'm not here to fool around
You can wish because I'm not here to fool around
You can wish because I'm not here to fool around
You can wish because I'm not here to fool around

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