My Wandering Days Are Over

Belle & Sebastian

You know my wandering days are over
Does that mean that I'm getting boring?
You tell me? I'm tired of listening to myself now
I'm tired of fixing things for Michael and the rest of them
You know my bip-bopping days are over
I hung my boots up and then retired from the disco floor
The center of my so called being is the space between your bed
And wardrobe with the louver doors, with the louver doors
You know my celibate days are over
You put me straight on the finer points of my speech rehearsed
In the mirror of my steamy bathroom where the lino tells
A sorry story in a monologue, in a monologue
Six months on, the winter's gone
The disenchanted pony
Left the town with the circus boy
The circus boy got lonely
It's summer and it's sister song's
Been written for the lonely
The circus boy is feeling melancholy
It's got to be fate that's doing it
A spooky witch in a sexy dress has been bugging me
With the story of the way it should be
With the story of Sebastian and Belle the singer, yeah
You know my one man band is over
I hit the drum for the final time and I walked away
I saw you in Japanese restaurant
You were doing it for business men on the piano, Belle
You said it was a living hell
You said you were in hell
Six months on, the winter's gone
The disenchanted pony
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