Sukie In The Graveyard

Belle & Sebastian

Sukie was the kid, she liked to hangout in the graveyard
She did brass rubbings, she learned, you never had to press hard
When she was finished hanging out she was all alone
She decided that she better check in at home
There was an awful row between her mum and dad
They said, she hadn't done this, she hadn't done that
If she wanted to remain inside the family home
She'd have to tow the line, she'd have to give it a go
It didn't suit Sukie, she took her things and left
Sukie was the kid, she liked to hang out in the art school
She didn't enroll but she wiped the floor with all the arseholes
She took a bijou flat with the fraternity cat
She hid inside the attic of the sculpture building
She had a slut slave and his name was Dave
She said, "Be my photo bitch and I'll make you rich"
He didn't believe her but the boy revered her
He got her meals, he got her a bed
He watched behind the screen and she started to undress
He never got far, just lookin' and playing guitar
Oh [Incomprehensible]

Autumn hanging down
All the trees are draped like chandeliers
Now Sukie saw the beauty
But she wasn't wet behind the ears
She had an A1 body and a face to match
She didn't have money, she didn't have cash
With the winter coming on and the attic cold
She had to press her nose on the refectory wall
They served steamed puddings, she went without
She had to pose for life for all the scholars of art
She didn't feel funny, she didn't feel bad
Peeling away everything she had
She had the grace of an eel, sleek and stark
As the shadows played tricks on the girl in the dark, dark
Sukie was the kid and she liked to hangout in the graveyard
Sukie was the kid and she liked to hangout in the graveyard
Sukie was the kid and she liked to hangout in the graveyard
Sukie was the kid and she liked to hangout in the graveyard

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/