

# Mr. Richard

## Belle & Sebastian

Saw a suit in Daddy's wardrobe, I took a swipe  
Lapels, size of islands, gangster white line pinstripe  
Laughed off the street in the name of my rock n' roll  
Still a caterwauling groove will start off vacation  
Eighties plastic Soul don't give palpitation  
Richie, he no like, he call out the firing squad

Ba ba ba

Richie look for suede, me I look for leather  
Sartorially we groove, occasional disaster  
For tight black canvas no make for a straight legged sixties scenester  
Then we hit the street with poise of commando  
Clothes, guitar but arsenal missing one thing  
Exotic Glasgow chick, they call her the Carmen Veranda

Ba ba ba

Me and Richie dream to be like Mr Richard  
Strung out secure yes we make like junkie  
Hooked up on that stuff they call it the rock n' roll  
I need to consecrate, I need consecration  
Clipped and soulful guitar riffing out the nation  
The nation in my head the national sixties sensation

Ba ba ba

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