

The Stars of Track and Field

Belle and Sebastian

Make a new cult every day to suit your affairs
 Kissing girls in English at the back of the stairs
 You're a honey with a following of innocent boys
 They never know it because you never show it, you always get your way
 They never know it because you never show it, you always get your way
 Have you and her been taking pictures of your obsessions?
 Because I met a boy who went through one of your sessions
 In his blue velor and silk you liberated a boy I never rated
 Now he's throwing discuss for Liverpool and Widnes
 You liberated a boy I never rated and now he's doing business
 Stars of track and field you are
 Stars of track and field you are
 Stars of track and field are beautiful people
 Could I write a piece about you now that you've made it?
 About the hours spent, the wilderness in your training
 You only did it so that you could wear Terry underwear
 Feel the city air run past your body
 Wear Terry underwear and feel the city air run past your body
 Could I write a requiem for you when you're dead?
 She had the moves, she had the speed, it went to her head
 She never needed anyone to get her round the track
 But when she's on her back she had the knowledge to get her into college
 But when she's on her back she had the knowledge
 To get her what she wanted
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