

# The Everlasting Muse

## Belle and Sebastian

I want to find this girl I know  
I need to take her out  
I set a snare in evening air  
Made of faith and hope and doubt  
I want to spend some time with her  
Learn the secrets of her trade  
I wouldn't mean to cross the line  
And look into the other side  
Forbidden to my kind  
Forbidden to my kind I need to hang out with my love  
The raven-headed sprite  
I know I'll never dance like her  
Or keep her up at nine  
I need to hang around with her  
I need to let her know  
Her cause is mine  
I'm but a slave  
I look into her wondrous gaze  
And taste the strangest core  
And make the purest noise What I would do to make the girl stand out in the rain  
I serve my window watching close, she will appear again  
Still polishing her crazy hair  
Still whispering curlies, drunk on song  
If I could only right my wrongs and take her to her favorite place  
And steal a melody  
Cause I need only see her face  
A thousand worries fall away  
And music rushes in Listen to the sound of life  
Drink deep of the day  
Wait for her, but don't obsess  
She called beyond the way  
Winds will blow and stones will rage  
The music's always sad  
Money tends to disappear  
Beauty crumbles with the years  
But music is for us  
Music is for us What I would do to make the girl stand out in the rain  
I serve my window watching close, she will appear again  
Still polishing her crazy hair

Still whispering curlies, drunk on song  
If I could only right my wrongs and take her to her favorite place  
And steal a melody  
Cause I need only see her face  
A thousand worries fall away  
And music rushes in  
If I could only see her face and know that he was close  
There is a deeper logic here, the everlasting muse  
I left the danger for a night  
I left the sadness for a day  
And know that I am in safe hands  
She'll peel the filth and old cigar  
An everlasting song  
She waves her money straight with zeal  
I know she'll start without delay  
A tapestry of words  
A subtle gift to modern rock  
She says, be popular, play pop  
And you will win my love  
A subtle gift to modern rock  
She says, be popular, play pop  
And you will win my love

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