

The Model (Live In Belfast, 2001)

Belle and Sebastian

I will confess to you
Because you made me think about the times
You turn the picture on to me and I'll turn over
The picture was a masterpiece of comic timing
You wouldn't laugh at all And I wonder what the boy was thinking
The picture was an old collage of something classical
The model with a tragic air
Because without a doubt he'd given up the fight
The ghost of somebody at his side I will confess to you
Because I didn't think about the message
As I walked down the alleyway, it was a Sunday
All my friends deserted me because you painted me
As the fraud I really was And if you think you see with just your eyes you're mad
Lisa learned a lot from putting on a blindfold
When she knew she had been bad
She met another blind kid at a fancy dress
It was the best sex that she ever had I'll send a dress to you
Because it's needing badly taken in
I was so embarrassed that I missed your party
It was me that paid for it eventually
Because you know how much I wanted To meet your friend the star of stage and local press
The dream of all the bowlie kids that hang around here
I'm no different from the rest
I'm not too proud to say that I'm okay
With the girl next door who's famous for showing her chest You're not impressed by me
But it's a funny way for you to tell me
A whisper in a choir stall
The man was talking about you simultaneously
Frankly, I let my heavy eyelids flutter Because I have been sleeping badly lately
I know you were historical from all the books I've read
I thought you could be bluffing
And with this chance I've missed, I feel remiss
It's days and months before I'll see you again

Songwriters

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