

Little Lou, Ugly Jack, Prophet John

Belle and Sebastian

What a waste, I could've been your lover
What a waste, I could've been your friend
Perfect love is like a blossom that fades so quick
When it's blowing up a storm in May

Travel south until your skin turns, woman
Travel south until your skin turns brown
Put a language in your head and get on a train
And then come back to the one you love

Yeah, you're great, you're just part
Of this lifetime of dreaming
That extends to the heart
Of this long summer feeling

Cry at night, you see the TV's glowing
Cry at night, you hear the walls are awake
Being you, I'm getting out of a party crowd
Can I see what's underneath your bed?

Can I stay until the milkman's working?
Can I stay until the cafe awakes?
Do you hate me in the light? Did you get a fright?
When you looked across from where you lay

Yeah, you're great, you're just part
Of this lifetime of dreaming
That extends to the heart
Of this long summer feeling

All the history of wars I invent in my head
Little Lou, Ugly Jack, Prophet John

All the history of wars I invent in my head
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