

## Sunday's Pretty Icons

Belle and Sebastian

There is no hole in which to hide  
There is no plane to catch  
No hope, tell them that's warm enough  
No rent to a room that's quiet

A friend I've known through six degrees  
Cools down to where I hide  
A friend I've known through dreams and prayers  
She comes back to my side

You're so far from wanting to talk  
You're so far from wanting to say something good  
Feel something good

The sea cries of loves of girls  
The sea cries of boys  
The storm, we are the both of us  
Too close to ever love

Whisky from the island of Sund  
Whisky from the year you were born  
Tastes like kidnap and ransom and exile

Somebody asked me what hell was like  
Somebody asked me for help  
Somebody asked me what hell was like  
Lunging and happening, parting of souls

Every girl you ever admired  
Every boy you ever desired  
Every love you ever forgot  
Every person that you despised is forgiven