

# Family Tree

Belle and Sebastian

I've been feeling down  
I've been looking round the town  
For somebody just like me  
But the only ones I see  
Are the dummies in the window  
They spend their money on clothes  
It saddens me to think  
That the only ones I see are mannequins  
Looking stupid, being used and being thin  
And I don't know why I hang around with them

The way they act, I'd rather be fat than be confused  
The way they act, I'd rather be fat than be confused  
Than be me in a cage  
With a bottle of rage  
And a family like the mafia

I've been feeling blue  
And I don't know what to do  
And I never get a thrill  
And they threw me out of school  
'Cause I swore at all the teachers  
Because they never teach us  
A thing I want to know  
We do chemistry, biology and maths  
I want poetry and music and some laughs  
And I don't think it's an awful lot to ask

So won't you please get up off your knees, and let me go  
So won't you please get up off your knees, and let me go  
'Cause I'm here in a cage  
With a bottle of rage  
And a family like the mafia

If my family tree goes back to the Romans  
Then I will change my name to Jones  
If my family tree goes back to Napoleon  
Then I will change my name to Smith  
If my family tree goes back to the Romans  
Then I will change my name to Jones  
If you're looking at me to be an accountant  
Then you will look but you will never see  
If you're looking at me to start having babies  
Then you can wish because I'm not here to fool around  
You can wish because I'm not here to fool around  
You can wish because I'm not here to fool around

There is too much love!  
I could hang about and burn my fingers  
I've been hanging out here waiting for something to start  
You think I'm faultless to a 'T'  
My manner set impeccably  
But underneath I am the same as you

I could dance all night like I'm a soul boy  
But I know I'd rather drag myself across the dance floor  
I feel like dancing on my own

Where no one knows me, and where I  
Can cause offence just by the way I look

And when I come to blows  
When I am numbering my foes  
Just hope that you are on my side my dear

But it's best to finish as it started  
With my face head down just staring at the brown formica  
It's safer not to look around  
I can't hide my feelings from you now  
There's too much love to go around these days

You say I've got another face  
That's not a fault of mine these days  
I'm honest, brutal and afraid of you