

# I Know Where the Summer Goes

Belle and Sebastian

I know where the summer goes  
When you're having no fun  
When you're under the thumb  
I know where the summer dwells  
If your underarm smells  
And your kitchen looks like hell

I know where the summer goes  
If you're scraping a pot, and your head is hot  
Put your head down, put your thumbs up girl  
With the smell of hot desk  
And the glitter of your step  
He was right, he's the upcoming guru of the city  
No one told the city councillors

I know, you can tell me again  
I've got my mobile phone  
Full of silicon chips  
No one likes a smart arse  
But I've seen a pattern emerge  
I will race you up the hill  
Where the boy who made records out of postcard messages  
And flowering cherries rain on kids like you

Look twice at the kid with the crimped  
And overheated hair  
They ran a book on his looks  
Odds on was the noble pose and  
The denim hard riff of the Irish Troubadour  
But the boy came from nowhere to  
Steal the hearts of lassies in the lavvies of the club tonight