

Marx and Engels

Belle and Sebastian

There's misery in all I hear and see
From people on TV
After their tea when life begins again
They'll be happier than me

There are a thousand meals being made on Saturday
From the view I saw today
I took a bet inside the launderette
With a girl from Wallasey

She spoke in dialect I could not understand
But one thing that she made clear
There was no coming on to her
There was no way

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From people on TV
After their tea when life begins again
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She spoke in dialect I could not understand
But one thing that she made clear
There was no coming on to her
There was no intellect
That she could respect
If it couldn't see
That the girl just wants to be
Left alone with Marx and Engels for a while
She's writing in the style
Of any riot girl