

# My Wandering Days Are Over

Belle and Sebastian

You know my wandering days are over  
Does that mean that I'm getting boring?  
You tell me  
I'm tired of listening to myself now  
I'm tired of fixing things for Michael and the rest of them

You know my bip-bopping days are over  
I hung my boots up and then retired from the disco floor  
Now the centre of my so called being is  
The space between your bed and wardrobe with the louvre doors

I said "My celibate days are over"  
You put me straight on the finer points of my speech rehearsed  
In the mirror of my steamy bathroom  
Where the lino tells a sorry story in a monologue

Six months on, the winter's gone  
The disenchanting pony  
Left the town with the circus boy  
The circus boy got lonely  
It's summer, and it's sister song's  
Been written for the lonely  
The circus boy is feeling melancholy

It's got to be fate that's doing it  
A spooky witch in a sexy dress has been bugging me  
With the story of the way it should be  
With the story of Sebastian and Belle the singer

I said "My one man band is over"  
I hit the drum for the final time and I walked away  
I saw you in Japanese restaurant  
You were doing it for business men on the piano, Belle  
You said it was a living Hell  
You said that it was Hell