

Play For Today

Belle and Sebastian

I'm in a play written today about a boy
Who hides in attics when the sun is up
Everyone is at work

What will I do? Where will I go?
Show me the way, the truth, the anger
Show me rules of thumb
Show the way to grow old

Love is a guide
The endless river of the soul
But we are mean
The dried up riverbeds of rock and stone
Lust is my friend
She comes to me when I am tired

Life is a road, death is a myth
Love is a fraud, it's misunderstood
Work is a sentence, family's a drag
This house is a trap

I'm in a play written today about a girl
She gets on perfectly with young and old
Everybody loves her

What will she wear? The cut of her hair
The way that she slides
Gracefully into the working week
She hides her baggage inside

She's got a friend
An ugly monster that will eat your face
She hides a crime
A hefty catalog of wasted time
She's got a friend
A lonely monster that will prey on you

Life is a secret, death is a myth
Love is a fraud, it's misunderstood
Work is a sentence, family's a drag
This house is a trap

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I'm in a play written today about a boy
Tired and melancholy takes the weight
Takes the weight of the world

I walked alone, loving the sun
Walking the earth
A worn out sister who was twenty three
Dried and wrinkled, alone

I'll give you a month

To see past shadows in your sacred mind
Give you a week
To look Medusa in the eye
I'll give you a month
To notice heaven at the side of stage

(Author, author! Author, author!)

You're king inside your head
You're sitting on a throne of sand
You're pushing back the tide
So lift the mountain up
So tie the writer's ribbons down
Assemble all your troops
We go to war with metaphors
You'll suddenly see sense (and suddenly see sense)
And when you do, I'll have the higher grounds (I'll have the higher grounds)
You're not the king of me
I'll take my chance and play for tyranny
I build the sets, I light the scene
We're braver when we're on the sacred screen
I build the sets, I light the scene
We're braver when we're on the sacred screen
The backstage of your life
Is filled with props and lines you should have sung
The backstage of your life
Is filled with echoes of the ones you loved