

The Loneliness of a Middle Distance Runner

Belle and Sebastian

Take a second of the day
To think about the things that we have done this year
The dog lies down the pouring rain
I'm underneath the smoker's railway arch again

The future's looking colorful
It's the color of blood, chaos and corruption of a happy soul
A happy soul will ride in the field
Ride in the field
Ride in the field
Until the rain dies down

The railway ticket states the destination
But it doesn't mean that we will show
There's a fork upon the line
We'll pay the guard to switch the signs
Off we go

The future's looking wonderful
It's the wonder of the businessman's conspiracy to sell you wares
No one cares
Oh, you care, I know
You care, I know
You care, I know
I forgot for a while

On a sulky afternoon spent in dispute
You'll give yourself a headache, boy
So I spend the day in stories
And in dreaming of the time when we're on stage
(Aren't you?)

Have you seen the loneliness of a middle distance runner
As he stops the race and looks around?
I like the stage
I've seen it now

I'll walk to the station
Walk to the station
Walk to the station
Won't you follow me there?

Walk to the station
Walk to the station
Walk to the station
Won't you follow me there?