

Belle And Sebastian

"My Wandering Days Are Over"

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

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

Y' know 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
(In a monologue)

Six months on, the winter's gone
The disenchanted 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, yeah

Y' know 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 you were in Hell

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