Belle And Sebastian "The Stars of Track & Field"

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Make a new cult every day to suit your affairs
Kissing girls in English, at the back of the stairs
You're a honey, with a following of innocent boys
They never know it
Because you never show it
You always get your way
They never know it
Because you never show it
You always get your way

Have you and her been taking pictures of your obsessions?

Because I met a boy who went through one of your sessions

In his blue velour and silk

You liberated

The boy I never rated

And now he's throwing discus

For Liverpool and Widnes

You liberated

The boy I never rated

And now he's doing business

The stars of track and field, you are
The stars of track and field, you are
The stars of track and field are beautiful people

Could I write a piece about you now that you've made it?

About the hours spent, the [wilderness in your training You only did it so that you could wear

Your terry underwear

And feel the city air

Run past your body

Your terry underwear

And feel the city air

Run past your body

Could I write a requiem for you when you're dead? "She had the moves, she had the speed, it went to her head"

She never needed anyone to get her round the track

But when she's on her back She had the knowledge To get her into college But when she's on her back She had the knowledge To get her what she wanted

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