

Belle And Sebastian "Write About Love"

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I know a spell
That would make you well
Write about love
It can be in any tense
But it must make sense

I know a trick
Forget that you are sick
Write about love
It can be in any form
Hand it to me in the morning

I hate my job
I'm working way too much
Everyday I'm stuck in an office

At one o'clock I take my lunch up on the roof
The city spread below
I write about a man
He's intellectual and he's hot..
But he understands

The seconds move on (if you watch the clock)
And the sky grows dull (if you're looking up)
But the girl steps from thrill to thrill
On the tightrope walk

I hate my job
I'm working way too much
Everyday I'm stuck in an office

At one o'clock I take my lunch up on the roof
The city spread below
I write about a man
He's intellectual and he's hot..
But he understands

I know a way
Get on your skinny knees and pray
You've got to see the dreams through the
Windows and the trees of your living room
You've got to see the dreams through the

Windows and the trees of your living room

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