

Blue Eyes of a Millionaire

Belle and Sebastian

Shyness hanging like a wendy
Bad clothes keep you in the village hall
Sunday nothing for the rest of us
Sunday listen to your spirits soar
Thank you thank you for the holiday
We talk sometimes in a quiet world
Three years taking all the scenery
Black walls cloudy as a sea of gulls

Let the summer go
Let tomorrow take care of itself
If you believe like you tell me so
Hand in hand your lover will be every sweet and hungry soul

Stage scope falling like a summer end
Trees strip wrap yourself in color brown
Some dead's underneath the capricorn
Bell rings summer need to feeling warm
Mornings must have thought about you
All night reach out with a single call
Not my place to be your confidante
I just thought I'd catch you as you fall

Let the summer go
Let tomorrow take care of itself
If you believe like you tell me so
Hand in hand your lover will be every sweet and hungry soul

Goodness glowing like a firefly
Cheap bones blue eyes of a millionaire