

## Play For Today

Belle and Sebastian

I'm in a play written today about a boy  
Who hides in attics when the sun is up  
Everyone is at work

What will I do? Where will I go?  
Show me the way, the truth, the anger  
Show me rules of thumb  
Show the way to grow old

Love is a guide  
The endless river of the soul  
But we are mean  
The dried up riverbeds of rock and stone  
Lust is my friend  
She comes to me when I am tired

Life is a road, death is a myth  
Love is a fraud, it's misunderstood  
Work is a sentence, family's a drag  
This house is a trap

I'm in a play written today about a girl  
She gets on perfectly with young and old  
Everybody loves her

What will she wear? The cut of her hair  
The way that she slides  
Gracefully into the working week  
She hides her baggage inside

She's got a friend  
An ugly monster that will eat your face  
She hides a crime  
A hefty catalog of wasted time  
She's got a friend  
A lonely monster that will prey on you

Life is a secret, death is a myth  
Love is a fraud, it's misunderstood  
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I'm in a play written today about a boy  
Tired and melancholy takes the weight  
Takes the weight of the world

I walked alone, loving the sun  
Walking the earth  
A worn out sister who was twenty three  
Dried and wrinkled, alone

I'll give you a month

To see past shadows in your sacred mind  
Give you a week  
To look Medusa in the eye  
I'll give you a month  
To notice heaven at the side of stage

(Author, author! Author, author!)

You're king inside your head  
You're sitting on a throne of sand  
You're pushing back the tide  
So lift the mountain up  
So tie the writer's ribbons down  
Assemble all your troops  
We go to war with metaphors  
You'll suddenly see sense (and suddenly see sense)  
And when you do, I'll have the higher grounds (I'll have the higher grounds)  
You're not the king of me  
I'll take my chance and play for tyranny  
I build the sets, I light the scene  
We're braver when we're on the sacred screen  
I build the sets, I light the scene  
We're braver when we're on the sacred screen  
The backstage of your life  
Is filled with props and lines you should have sung  
The backstage of your life  
Is filled with echoes of the ones you loved