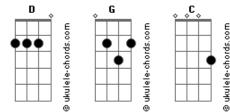
Belle And Sebastian - The boy with the arab strap

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Tom: D
                                                               Do you ever feel you have gone too far?
   Fill#1
                                                               Everyone suffers in silence a burden
Intro: Fill#1 ( G C G G )
                                                                The man who drives minicabs down in Old Compton
G
                                                                The Asian man
A mile and a half on a bus takes a long time
                                                C
The odour of old prison food takes a long time to pass you by
                                                               With his love hate affair
                                                                                       D
Day upon day of this wandering gets you down
                                                               With his racist clientele
Nobody gives you a chance or a dollar in this old town
                                                                A central location for you is a must as you stagger about
                                                               making free with your lewd and
Hovering silence from you is a giveaway
                                                               lascivious boasts
Squalor and smoke's not your style
                                                               We know you are soft cause we've all seen you dancing
"I don't like this place"
                                                               We know you are hard cause we all saw you drinking from noon
We better ao
                                                               Until noon again
Then I compare notes with your older sister
                                                                                               D
                                                                You're the boy with the filthy laugh
                                                          D
I am a lazy gett, she is as pure as the cold driven snow
                                                                You're the boy with the arab strap
What did you learn from your time in the solitary
                                                                (GC)
Cell of your mind?
                                                                G
                                                               Strapped to the table with suits from the shelter shop
                                     C
There was noises, distractions from anything good
                                                                Comic celebrity takes a back seat as the cigarette catches
And the old prison food
                                                               And sets off the smoke alarm
Colour my life with the chaos of trouble
                                                               What do you make of the cool set in London?
Cause anything's better than posh isolation
                                                                You're constantly updating your hit parade of your ten biggest
I missed the bus
                                                               wanks
                                                                She's a waitress and she's got style
You were laid on your back
With the boy from the arab strap
                                                                Sunday bathtime could take a while
                            G
With the boy from the arab strap
                                                                        Acordes: G - 320033
                                                                                 C - x32030
                                                                                 D - 000232
(GCGCDCG) (G)
                                                                        Cifrado por Jean R.C. de Almeida
It's something to speak of the way you are feeling
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To crowds there assembled

Acordes



Outras tab's, Pink Floyd, Sonic Youth, The Breeders... Jean R. C. de Almeida.