

**The Boy With The Arab Strap**  
**Belle and Sebastian**

[Intro]

**G**

[Verse 1]

**G**

A mile and a half on a bus takes a long time, The odour of old prison food

**C**

takes a long time to pass you by

**G**

Day upon day of this wandering gets you down, nobody gives you a chance or a

**C**

dollar in this old town

**G**

Hovering silence from you is a giveaway, squalor and smoke s not your style

**C**

I don t like this place, We better go

**G**

Then I compare notes with your older sister, I am a lazy get, she is as pure

**C**

as the cold driven snow

**D**

**G**

[Verse 2]

**G**

What did you learn from your time in the solitary cell of your mind?

**C**

There was noises, distractions from anything good and the old prison food

**G**

Colour my life with the chaos of trouble

**G**

Cause anything s better than posh isolation, I missed the bus, You were laid

on your back

**D**

With the boy with the arab strap

**G**

With the boy from the arab strap

**G C**

**G C**

D C G

[Verse 3]

G

It s something to speak of the way you are feeling to crowds there assembled

C

Do you ever feel you have gone too far?

G

Everyone suffers in silence a burden, the man who drives minicabs down in Old Compton

C

D

The Asian man With his love/hate affair with his racist clientele

G

A central location for you is a must as you stagger about making free with

C

your lewd and lascivious boasts

G

We all know you are soft because we ve all seen you dancing

C

We know you are hard because we all saw you drinking from noon until noon again

D

You re the boy with the filthy laugh

G

You re the boy with the arab strap

G C

G C

[Verse 4]

G

Strapped to the table with suits from the shelter shop

C

Comic celebrity takes a back seat as the cigarette catches and sets off the smoke alarm

G

What do you make of the cool set in London?

C

You re constantly updating your hit parade of your ten biggest wanks

D

She s a waitress and she s got style

G

Sunday bathtime could take a while