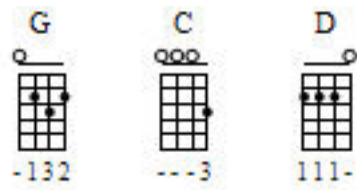


The Boy with the Arab Strap

Belle and Sebastian



① = A ③ = C
② = E ④ = G



INTRO

G

VERSE 1

G C
A mile and a half on a bus takes a long time, the odour of old prison food takes a long time to pass you by
G C
Day upon day of this wandering gets you down, nobody gives you a chance or a 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 C
Then I compare notes with your older sister, I am a lazy get, she is as pure 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 to distract you 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 C
A central location for you is a must as you stagger about making free with your lewd and lascivious boasts
G
We all know you are soft cause we've all seen you dancing
C
We know you are hard cause 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