Piazza, New York Catcher

Belle and Sebastian

Elope with me Miss Private and we'll sail around the world I will be your Ferdinand and you my wayward girl How many nights of talking in hotel rooms can you take? How many nights of limping round on pagan holidays? Oh, elope with me in private and we'll set something ablaze A trail for the devil to eraseSan Francisco's calling us, the Giants and Mets will play Piazza, New York catcher, are you straight or are you gay? We hung about the stadium, we've got no place to stay We hung about the tenderloin and tenderly you tell About the saddest book you ever read That always makes you cry The statue's crying too and well he may I love you I've a drowning grip on your adoring face I love you, my responsibility has found a place Beside you and strong warnings in the guise of gentle words Come wave upon me from the family wider net absurd

"You'll take care of her, I know it, you will do a better job" Maybe, but not what she deservesElope with me Miss Private and we'll drink ourselves awake

We'll taste the coffee houses and award certificates

A privy seal to keep the feel of 1960 style

We'll comment on the decor and we'll help the passer by

And at dusk when work is over we'll continue the debate

In a borrowed bedroom virginal and spareThe catcher hits for .318 and catches every day

The pitcher puts religion first and rests on holidays He goes into cathedrals and lies prostrate on the floor

He knows the drink affects his speed he's praying for

a doorway

Back into the life he wants and the confession of the bench

Life outside the diamond is a wrench

I wish that you were here with me to pass the dull weekend

I know it wouldn't come to love, my heroine pretend

A lady stepping from the songs we love until this day

You'd settle for an epitaph like "Walk Away, Renee"

The sun upon the roof in winter will draw you out like

a flower

Meet you at the statue in an hour

Meet you at the statue in an hour

Lyrics provided by https://www.omusic.in/