

Elbow, Leaders Of The Free World

I'm sick of working for a living
I'm just ticking off the days till I die
Oh, I miss you Louise, yeah...
And the sickest little pleasures keep me going in between pulling teeth

Oh periscope up
I've been looking for a ladder
I need to see the commander in chief
And remind him what was passed on to me

Your mum don't sleep!
And the friends you keep!
I didn't raise a thief!
I didn't raise a thief!

But the leaders of the free world
Are just little boys throwing stones
And it's easy to ignore
Till they're knocking on the door of your homes

My thinking isn't driven
But the music always gives me a lift
I'm so easy to please, yeah
But I think we dropped the baton like the 60's didn't happen, oh no!

Oh periscope up
Should be looking for a ladder
I need to see the commander in chief
And remind him what was passed on to you and me

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Passing the gun from father to feckless son
We're climbing a landslide where only the good die young
Passing the gun from father to feckless son