

# Elbow, My Sad Captains

I'm running out of miracles  
?Oh my soul  
?And the streets are lined with one-man shows  
?Oh my soul  
?Corner boys were moved along  
?Oh my soul  
?We're plummeting like crippled crows  
?Oh my soul  
?  
?Oh, long before  
?You and I were born  
?Others beat these benches with their empty cups  
?To the night and the stars  
?To be here, and now, and who we are  
?  
?Another sunrise with my sad captains  
?With who I choose to lose my mind  
?And if it's all we only pass this way but once  
?What a perfect waste of time  
?  
?The BMX apothecary  
Oh my soul  
The architect of infamy  
Oh my soul  
For each and every train we missed  
Oh my soul  
A bitter little Eucharist

Oh, long before  
You and I were born  
Others beat these benches with their empty cups  
To the night and the stars  
?To be here, and now, and who we are

Another sunrise with my sad captains  
?With who I choose to lose my mind  
?And if it's all we only come this way but once  
?What a perfect waste of time

Another sunrise with my sad captains  
With who I choose to lose my mind  
And if it's all we only pass this way but once  
What a perfect waste of time

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