

Elbow, Not A Job

Pull the final splinters
Of missing picture winters
You have to give yourself a break
What's the fascination
With lovers at the station
You have to tear yourself away

The dream again nobody understands
Walking through the long grass on your hands
It's not a job to do today
Sleep it off

Words to make her stay: you said
Leave me and the plants die
A panic smile across your face
Corrugated browline
The hissing bitter punchline
Call when you can tie your lace

The dream again nobody understands
Walking through the long grass on your hands
It's not a job to do today
Sleep it off

You rule my world my brother
You rule my world compadre

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