

Elbow, Weather To Fly

Are we having the time of our lives?
Are we coming across clear?
Are we coming across fine?
Are we part of the plan here?

We had the drive and the time on our hands
One little room and the biggest of plans
The days were shaping up all frosty and bright
Perfect weather to fly
Perfect weather to fly

Poundin' the streets where my father's feet still ring from the walls
We'd sing in the doorways, or just bicker and row
Just figuring how we are wired inside
Perfect weather to fly

So in looking to stray from the line, we decided instead we should pull out the thread that was stitched
and why wouldn't you try?
perfect weather to fly