

# Elbow, An Imagined Affair

A sky as black as regret  
Is rolling aside for the blue  
Impossible face to forget  
These feelings belong in a zoo

She brings the morning  
She, she brings the morning sun

So lost in the sound of her voice  
I don't even hear the words  
When she says, come on get out  
The past will find us out  
Come on get out please  
And don't breathe a word

She brings the morning  
She, she brings the morning sun

But all this an imagined affair  
While sitting in a bar spilling in a bar  
I drink until the doorman is a Christmas tree  
And my speech is just a gas leak

She brings the morning