

Elbow, Forget Myself

They're pacing Piccadilly in packs again
And moaning for the mercy of a never come rain
The sun's had enough and the simmering sky
Has the heave and the hue of a woman on fire

Shop shutters rattle down and I'm cutting the crowd
All scented and descending from the satellite towns
The neon is graffiti singing make a new start
So I look for a plot where I can bury my broken heart

No, I know I won't forget you
But I'll forget myself, if the city will forgive me

The man on the door has a head like Mars
Like a baby born to the doors of the bars
And surrounded by steam with his folded arms
He's got that urban genie thing going on

He's so mercifully free of the pressures of grace
Saint Peter in satin, he's like Buddha with mace
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Saint Peter in satin, he's like Buddha with mace

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Do you move through the room with a glass in your hand
Thinking too hard about the way you stand
Are you watching them pair off and drinking them long
Are you falling in love every second song

Do you move through the room with a glass in your hand
Thinking too hard about the way you stand
Are you watching them pair off and drinking them long
Are you falling in love...
Are you falling in love...
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