

Elbow, Little Beast

The whole towns slippin down a hill.
Like the spine of something dead.
Slide in shadow cobble-creep.
Burn your mark and leave.

The trench conventions yellow eyes
Follow her the local flower
The girls a priest (to me at least)
Since baptism peroxide.

And fear is not respect. Correct.
But it's the best you're gonna get
Sharp blow to the bridge of the nose
Sharp blow and anything goes.