

# Elbow, New York Morning

The first to pour a simple truth in words  
Binds the world in a feeling all familiar  
'Cause everybody owns the great's ideas  
And it feels like there's a big one round the corner

Until it opened out into New York  
Somewhere in all that talk is all the answers  
And all my giddy yak everyone saw  
It's the modern road that folk knows like Yoko

Every bone of rivet steel, each corner stone and ankle  
(?) water tower  
Every painting lining buttered building in this town  
Sings a life of proud and devil's ride the best a man can be

Me, I see a city and I hear a million voices  
(?) carrying their fingers to the north  
Reaching down into the ground, stretching up into the sky  
Why? because they can, they didn't do so you and I could live together

Oh my god, new york, you talk  
Somewhere in all that talk is all the answers  
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The desire to part sure symphony  
The desire like a (?) storm  
For love because for me  
It feels like there's a big one round the corner

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The way the day begins  
Decides the shade of everything  
But the way it ends depends on if you're whole  
For every soul, a pillow out the window, please  
In a modern room, where (?)