

# Elbow, Scattered Black & Whites

Been climbing trees I've skinned my knees  
My hands are black the sun is going down  
She scruffs my hair in the kitchen steam  
She's listening to the dream I weaved today  
Crosswords through the bathroom door  
While someone sings the theme tune to the news  
And my sister buzzes through the room leaving perfume in the air  
And that's what triggered this  
I come back here from time to time  
I shelter here someday

A high-back chair, he sits and stares  
A thousand yards and whistles marching-band  
Kneeling by and speaking up  
He reaches out and I take a massive hand  
Disjointed tales that flit between  
Short trousers and a full dress uniform  
And he talks of people ten years gone  
Like I've known them all my life  
Like scattered black & whites  
I come back here from time to time  
I shelter here someday  
I come back here from time to time  
I shelter here someday