

# Elbow, Some Riot

A friend of mine grows his very own brambles  
They twist all around him 'til he can't move  
A beautiful, quivering, chivalrous shambles  
What is my friend trying to prove?

The booze turns a tall gentle boy to a terrible totem  
And the kids gather round trying to see what's inside  
I think when he's drinking he's drowning some riot.  
What is my friend trying to hide?

Cause it's breaking my heart, breaking my heart.  
And it's breaking my heart to pour like the rain.  
Brother of mine don't run with those fuckers.  
When will my friend start singing again?

When will my friend... start singing again?