

Elbow, The Bones Of You

So I'm there,
Charging around with a juggernaut brow
Overdraft speeches and deadlines to make
Cramming commitments like cats in a sack
Telephone burn and a purposeful gait
When out of a doorway the tentacles stretch of a song that I know, and the world moves in slow-mo
Straight to my head like the first cigarette of the day
And it's you, and it's May, and we're sleeping through the day
And I'm five years ago and three thousand miles away

Do I have time?
A man of my calibre?
Stood in the street like a sleepwalking teenager?
No. And I dealt with this years ago
I took a hammer to every memento
But image on image like beads on a rosary pull through my head as the music takes hold
And the sickener hits, I can work till I break
But I love the bones of you. That I will never escape

And it's you, and it's May, and we're sleeping through the day
And I'm five years ago and three thousand miles away
And I can't move my arm, for the fear that you will wake
And I'm five years ago and three thousand miles away

And I'm five years ago and three thousand miles away.
And I'm five years ago and three thousand miles away.
And it's you, and its May, and we're sleeping through the day
And I'm five years ago and three thousand miles away.