

An Imagined Affair

Elbow

A sky as black as regret
Is rolling aside for the blue
Impossible face to forget
These feelings belong in a zoo

She brings the morning
She, she brings the morning sun

So lost in the sound of her voice
I don't even hear the words
When she says, "Come on get out.
The past will find us out.
Come on get out please
And don't breathe a word."

She brings the morning
She, she brings the morning sun

But all this an imagined affair
While sitting in a bar spilling in a bar
I drink until the doorman is a Christmas tree
And my speech is just a gas leak

She brings the morning
She, she brings the morning sun