

## All Disco

Elbow

Young man with a bruised old soul  
One snap to bring you back  
Hands black with smudging the night into day  
There's lend time in the alley, you could slip away  
But there are still fences to squeeze through  
And I'll reach you, spirits to cancel

Come to the river sun  
Let your obsession go  
Gone to the river sun  
What does it prove if you die for a tune  
It's really all disco  
Everything  
Everything

Let's join the yellow eyed snuck flies  
Rejoicing in choices they made  
Let's be a bird laughing at not having learned  
Let's be a hundred and five you and I  
And sing out a tune of regret to the moon  
Perverted old timers  
I'll feed you one liners

Come to the river sun  
Let the obsession go  
What does it prove if you die for a tune  
It's really all disco  
What does it prove if you die for a tune  
Don't you know it's all disco  
Everything

I can hear how deep you're going  
Pull the cord  
I can feel your tempo slowing  
Pull the cord

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