

Coming Second

Elbow

Found a hole and slipped on through
Kissed the stone and learnt the lines
Jumped the cue all the time forgetting you

Best dishevelled lover 3yrs running
Coming second to
A picket fence white 9-to-5 who's
Just alive

Beyond repair, there is nothing to say
Save some fading regrets
Yet I can't be without this

Beyond repair, there is nothing to say
Save some fading regrets
Yet...

I need you to be
(to be around)
I need you to be
(to be around)
I want you to say
(you'll be around)
I need you to be
(to be around)

Spit-shone lies, juggled debts
Planted flags and made regrets
Muddled through all the time
Forgetting you

Cut your teeth and breezed on to
another brothers fickle ways
So why amazed when it don't
Come out your way

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