

## Forget Myself

Elbow

They're pacing Piccadilly in packs again  
And moaning for the mercy of a never come rain  
The sun's had enough and the simmering sky  
Has the heave and the hue of a woman on fire

Shop shutters rattle down and I'm cutting the crowd  
All scented and descending from the satellite towns  
The neon is graffiti singing make a new start  
So I look for a plot where I can bury my broken heart

No, I know I won't forget you  
But I'll forget myself if the city will forgive me

The man on the door has a head like Mars  
Like a baby born to the doors of the bars  
And surrounded by steam with his folded arms  
He's got that urban genie thing going on

He's so mercifully free of the pressures of grace  
Saint Peter in satin, he's like Buddha with mace  
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Saint Peter in satin, he's like Buddha with mace

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Do you move through the room with a glass in your hand  
Thinking too hard about the way you stand  
Are you watching them pair off and drinking 'em long?  
Are you falling in love every second song?

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