

## Head for Supplies

Elbow

Across the city there's a golden chill  
A rare holding still  
As if somebody's gonna sing  
A dip in tempo for the castanet shoes  
No blues and twos  
As if somebody's gonna sing  
And in the moment hanging on to you  
We're a bundle of clothes and shoes  
Whatever we could find  
You are the reason for this missing beat  
On the streets that I love  
And in me

Now I'm here at your side  
We try to rhyme our stride  
And head for supplies

Way down inside me was a pilot light  
That good friends tended and fed with tiny kindnesses  
And there was comfort in a stranger's bed from time to time  
It has to be said it just reminded us  
The brief ignition of a hopeful flame but there and then gone  
It wasn't the same and then a rostrum struck  
The way you read me like you wrote this book  
And chapters along it's still in your eyes

Now I'm here at your side  
As though  
The street  
That meets our feet might know  
We try to rhyme our stride  
And head for supplies

Across the city there's a golden chill  
A rare holding still  
As if somebody's gonna sing  
A dip in tempo for the castanet shoes  
No blues and twos  
As if somebody's gonna sing  
We glide  
We spin  
You end and I begin  
I made this mess for you  
To sift through for all time  
You're glowing from within  
Beneath an autumn sky  
We find our rhyming stride  
And head for supplies