Elbow

K2

I'm imagining rippling fingers on keys Miming it wild on a cold stone table Picturing and wishing for home and jiggling my knees Send an urgent cable

Dickhead's done a runner and he's wondering If anyone cares Is the landing light on Back to the pebbles that mum's eggs hatched in Give me her perfume Give me her prayers and advice

Hands up if you've never seen the sea I'm from a land with an island status Makes us think that everyone hates us Maybe darling they do But they haven't met you They only know the villains at the tiller And they gambled the farm on a headline

Jesus, getting harder to see what they're doing 'til it's done And they're never gonna make an arrest on Fleet Street

Yes and I'm given to believing in love I've written the word in my blood And I perch on a shelf of the K2 Made of the believers that Love, opens the fist just enough for a hand To slip into the hand

I've been asleep in the woods with a mother to be Planning on a static caravan in the Andes Making a break with the steel magpie on the rise Defeat in our time or do we Meet on the street again due to the few? Batter it out and refresh vendetta Better surely to pause Consider the path It's full of blood, snot and teeth and the glory of no one

Hands up if you've never seen the sea We're from a place with an island status Queuing round the corner for a pencil and paper Again Come the virus of virii God send us to a digital end With following strangers and swiping at friends I'll send you a postcard See you in Hull In a sweater made of Atacama llama wool

Yes and I'm given to believing in love I've written the word in my blood I've seen it make a heaven of Backstreet, bedsit and bomb site living room Love, opens the fist just enough for a hand To slip into the hand Yes and I'm given to believing in love I've written the word in my blood I've seen it make a heaven of Backstreet, bedsit and bomb site living room Love, opens the fist just enough for a hand To slip into the hand, to slip into the hand