

## New York Morning

Elbow

The first to put a simple truth in words  
Binds the world in a feeling all familiar  
'Cause everybody owns the great ideas  
And it feels like there's a big one round the corner

Antenna up and out into New York  
Somewhere in all that talk is all the answers  
And oh my giddy aunt New York can talk  
It's the modern Rome and folk are nice to Yoko

Every bone of rivet steel  
Each corner stone and angle  
Jenga jut and rusted water tower  
Pillar, post and sign  
Every painted line and battered ladder building in this town  
Sings a life of proud endeavour and the best that man can be  
Me I see a city and I hear a million voices  
Planning, drilling, welding, carrying their fingers to the nub  
Reaching down into the ground  
Stretching up into the sky  
Why?  
Because they can  
They did and do  
So you and I could live together

Oh my God New York can talk  
Somewhere in all that talk is all the answers  
Everybody owns the great ideas  
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The desire in the patchwork symphony  
The desire like a distant storm  
For love  
Did it come from me  
'Cause it feels like there's a big one round the corner

The desire in the patchwork symphony  
Oh my God New York can talk  
The desire like a distant storm  
Somewhere in all that talk is all the answers  
For love  
Did it come from me  
And it feels like there's a big one round the corner

The way the day begins  
Decides the shade of everything  
But the way it ends depends on if you're home

For every soul a pillow and a window please  
In the modern Rome where folk are nice to Yoko