

Not a Job

Elbow

Pull the final splinters
Of missing picture winters
You have to give yourself a break

What's the fascination?
With lovers at the station
You have to tear yourself away

The dream again nobody understands
Walkin' through the long grass on your hands
It's not a job to do today
Sleep it off

Words to make her stay, you said
Leave me and the plants die
A panic smile across your face

Corrugated brow line
An' hissing bitter punchline
Call when you can tie your lace

The dream again nobody understands
Walkin' through the long grass on your hands
It's not a job to do today
Sleep it off
Sleep it off
Sleep it off

Hissing bitter punchline
Hissing bitter punchline
Bitter punchline

Hissing bitter punchline
Hissing bitter punchline
Bitter punchline

The dream again nobody understands
Walkin' through the long grass on your hands
It's not a job to do today

You rule my world
You rule my world my brother
You rule my world
You rule my world compadre
(Hey, hey, hey, hey)
(Hey, hey, hey)