

Scattered Black and Whites

Elbow

Been climbing trees I've skinned my knees
My hands are black the sun is going down
She scruffs my hair in the kitchen steam
She's listening to the dream I weaved today
Crosswords through the bathroom door
While someone sings the theme-tune to the news
And my sister buzzes through the room leaving perfume in the ai
r
And that's what triggered this.
I come back here from time to time
I shelter here some days.

A high-back chair. He sits and stares
A thousand yards and whistles
Marching-band (Boom-ching)
Kneeling by and speaking up
He reaches out and I take a
Massive hand. Disjointed tales
That flit between short trousers
And a full dress uniform
And he talks of people ten years
Gone like I've known them all my life
Like scattered black 'n' whites...