

## The Bones of You

Elbow

So I'm there,  
Charging around with a juggernaut brow  
Overdraft speeches and deadlines to make  
Cramming commitments like cats in a sack  
Telephone burn and a purposeful gait

When out of a doorway the tentacles stretch  
Of a song that I know and the world moves in slow-mo  
Straight to my head like the first cigarette of the day

And it's you and it's May  
And we're sleeping through the day  
And I'm five years ago  
And three thousand miles away

Do I have time? A man of my calibre?  
Stood in the street like a sleepwalking teenager?  
No. And I dealt with this years ago  
I took a hammer to every memento

But image on image like beads on a rosary  
Pull through my head as the music takes hold  
And the sickener hits, I could work till I break  
But I love the bones of you, that I will never escape

And it's you, and it's May  
And we're sleeping through the day  
And I'm five years ago  
And three thousand miles away

And I can't move my arm  
For the fear that you will wake  
And I'm five years ago  
And three thousand miles away

And I'm five years ago  
And three thousand miles away  
And I'm five years ago  
And three thousand miles away

And it's you and its May  
And we're sleeping through the day  
And I'm five years ago  
And three thousand miles away