

The Loneliness of a Tower Crane Driver

Elbow

Got to get out of TV
Just pick a point and go
The ticker tape tangles my feet
As I search for a face that I know

Come on, tower crane driver
There's not so far to go

I must have been working the ropes
When your hand slipped from mine
Now I live off the mirrors and smoke
It's a joke, a fix, a lie

Come on, tower crane driver
Oh so far to fall

Send up a prayer in my name
Just the same
They say I'm on top of my game
Gentle gentle love
Send up a prayer in my name