

# 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