

This Blue World

Elbow

This blue world and its countless sisters
And all that came before that day
Our atoms straining to a line
Was the universe in rehearsal for us?

When all the world is sucking on it's sleeve
You'll hear an urgent morse in the gentle rain
And if you plot your course on the windowpane
You'll see the coldest star in the arms of the oldest tree
You'll know to come to me

In the back of a broken car
When the blizzard blossom flew
Reading aloud with our fingers
What we both already knew

And the blizzard blossom flew
And the blizzard blossom flew

When all the world is sucking on it's sleeve
You'll hear an urgent morse in the gentle rain
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A sober midnight wish flies over the rooves and down through the years
Hope that you and yours are sleeping
Safe and warm in size formation
While three chambers of my heart beat true and strong with love
for another
The fourth, the fourth is yours forever