

## Elbow Blues

The 88

Clean your life away under the God  
Mama the gun papa the gun  
And those sea racing sidewalk genes splicing in the midday sun  
Chasing the one  
Tell your friends today  
Show em your mop  
Everything's good, everything's good  
And those mad raving deportees rotting in the midday sun  
Chasing the one  
Elbow blues take your pill  
Today under the sun and tell it to stop, tell it to stop  
And those sound slaving amputees  
Crawling in the midday sun  
Chasing the one  
Elbow blues  
Each time we go  
It's like we know  
It's not the end