

New York Morning

Elbow

The first to put a simple truth in words
Binds the world in a feeling all familiar
'Cause everybody owns the great ideas
And it feels like there's a big one round the corner

Antenna up and out into New York
Somewhere in all that talk is all the answers
And oh my giddy aunt New York can talk
It's the modern Rome and folk are nice to Yoko

Every bone of rivet steel
Each corner stone and angle
Jenga jut and rusted water tower
Pillar, post and sign
Every painted line and battered ladder building in this town
Sings a life of proud endeavour and the best that man can be
Me I see a city and I hear a million voices
Planning, drilling, welding, carrying their fingers to the nub
Reaching down into the ground
Stretching up into the sky
Why?
Because they can
They did and do
So you and I could live together

Oh my God New York can talk
Somewhere in all that talk is all the answers
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The desire in the patchwork symphony
The desire like a distant storm
For love
Did it come from me
'Cause it feels like there's a big one round the corner

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Oh my God New York can talk
The desire like a distant storm
Somewhere in all that talk is all the answers
For love
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The way the day begins
Decides the shade of everything
But the way it ends depends on if you're home

For every soul a pillow and a window please
In the modern Rome where folk are nice to Yoko