

Head for Supplies

Elbow

Across the city there's a golden chill
A rare holding still
As if somebody's gonna sing
A dip in tempo for the castanet shoes
No blues and twos
As if somebody's gonna sing
And in the moment hanging on to you
We're a bundle of clothes and shoes
Whatever we could find
You are the reason for this missing beat
On the streets that I love
And in me

Now I'm here at your side
We try to rhyme our stride
And head for supplies

Way down inside me was a pilot light
That good friends tended and fed with tiny kindnesses
And there was comfort in a stranger's bed from time to time
It has to be said it just reminded us
The brief ignition of a hopeful flame but there and then gone
It wasn't the same and then a rostrum struck
The way you read me like you wrote this book
And chapters along it's still in your eyes

Now I'm here at your side
As though
The street
That meets our feet might know
We try to rhyme our stride
And head for supplies

Across the city there's a golden chill
A rare holding still
As if somebody's gonna sing
A dip in tempo for the castanet shoes
No blues and twos
As if somebody's gonna sing
We glide
We spin
You end and I begin
I made this mess for you
To sift through for all time
You're glowing from within
Beneath an autumn sky
We find our rhyming stride
And head for supplies