

## Kindling

Elbow

Had a circular saw blade  
Where I should have had a heart  
I was trusted, I adored her  
And I tore it all apart

Twin moons on a millpond  
From a tumbledown barn  
I can still taste the heat of the sun on her skin in my arms

I could fold to the cold of these  
January streets  
But your smile in the half-light was  
Pure pillow print cheek  
I will be far away for a while  
But my heart's staying put  
Warming and guarding and guiding  
The one that I love  
Warming and guarding and guiding  
The one that I love

The silence and the waiting and the rush of all aboard  
Fifty souls to a carriage I'm trying hard to be ignored  
Then my telephone shakes into life and I see your name  
And the wheat fields explode into gold either side of the train  
And the wheat fields explode into gold either side of the train  
And the wheat fields explode into gold