

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