

Elbow, Coming Second

Found a hole and slipped on through
Kissed the stone and learnt the lines
Jumped the cue all the time forgetting you

Best dishevelled lover 3yrs running
Coming second to
A picket fence white 9-5 whos
Just alive

Beyond repair, there is nothing to say
Save some fading regrets
Yet I can't be without this

I want you to be around.

Spit-shone lies, juggled debts
Planted flags and made regrets.
Muddled through all the time
Forgetting you

Cut your teeth and breezed on to
another brothers fickle ways
So why amazed when it don't
Come/turn out your way