

Elbow, New York Morning

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

Until it opened out into New York
Somewhere in all that talk is all the answers
And all my giddy yak everyone saw
It's the modern road that folk knows like Yoko

Every bone of rivet steel, each corner stone and ankle
(?) water tower
Every painting lining buttered building in this town
Sings a life of proud and devil's ride the best a man can be

Me, I see a city and I hear a million voices
(?) carrying their fingers to the north
Reaching down into the ground, stretching up into the sky
Why? because they can, they didn't do so you and I could live together

Oh my god, new york, you talk
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The desire to part sure symphony
The desire like a (?) storm
For love because for me
It feels like there's a big one round the corner

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The way the day begins
Decides the shade of everything
But the way it ends depends on if you're whole
For every soul, a pillow out the window, please
In a modern room, where (?)