

# Elbow, Not A Job

Pull the final splinters  
Of missing picture winters  
You have to give yourself a break  
What's the fascination  
With lovers at the station  
You have to tear yourself away

The dream again nobody understands  
Walking through the long grass on your hands  
It's not a job to do today  
Sleep it off

Words to make her stay: you said  
Leave me and the plants die  
A panic smile across your face  
Corrugated browline  
The hissing bitter punchline  
Call when you can tie your lace

The dream again nobody understands  
Walking through the long grass on your hands  
It's not a job to do today  
Sleep it off

You rule my world my brother  
You rule my world compadre

The dream again nobody understands  
Walking through the long grass on your hands  
It's not a job to do today  
Sleep it off