Elbow, Starlings

How dare the Premier ignore my invitations? He'll have to go So, too, the bunch he luncheons with It's second on my list of things to do

At the top I'm stopping by Your place of work and acting like I haven't dreamed of you and I And marriage in an orange grove You are the only thing in any room you're ever in I'm stubborn, selfish and too old.

I sat you down and told you how the truest love that's ever found Is for oneself You pulled apart my theory With a weary and disinterested sigh

So yes I guess I'm asking you To back a horse that's good for glue And nothing else But find a man that's truer than, Find a man that needs you more than I

Sit with me a while
And let me listen to you talk about
your dreams and your obsessions
I'll be quiet and confessional
The violets explode inside me
when I meet your eyes
Then I'm spinning and I'm diving
Like a cloud of starlings

Darling is this love?