

Elbow, The Loneliness Of A Tower Crane Driver

Got to get out of TV, just pick a point and go.

The ticker tape tangles my feet as I search for a face that I know.

Come on, tower crane driver, there's not so far to go.

I must have been working the ropes when your hand slipped from mine.

Now I live off the mirrors and smoke.
It's a joke, a fix, a lie.

Come on, tower crane driver, oh so far to fall.

Send up a prayer in my name.
Just the same.
They say I'm on top of my game.
Gentle gentle love.
Send up a prayer in my name.