

Elbow, Fly Boy Blue / Lunette

t's a lethal ballet
Air traffic congestion
I'm having a baby
Second thoughts, scotch, dinner
And someone's dancing on the box
A former MP
And no one was watching

My oldest friends are a serious habit
Fly boy blue, so bring your faces home,
To my sweet trampoline
And acres of crash site love

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And no one was watching
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Presidential delays
Suppose I'm just lucky
I'm having a shin dig
Me, Red Bob and the ivory host
And someone's shouting on the box
A chinless prefect gone Godzilla
My newest friends have forgotten my name
But so have I, so far so good and home
You and me trampoline and oceans of crash site love

What can be said of the cigarette smokes
A prop for a joke or a mark on the clock
If I stopped would the bus ever come
Would the dawn ever kiss me, forgiven me, knowing what's done
Would the drivel make scribble make sense and then song
Would the woodbines divide like the northern man's thumbs
Perverse as it may sound I sometimes believe
The tip to my lips just reminds me to breathe

What can be said of the whiskey and wine
Random abandon or ballast for joy
That was scuppered with trust, little more than a boy
And besides I'm in excellent company
I'm reaching the age when decisions are made
On life and living and I'm sure last ditch
That'll I'll ask for more time
But mother forgive me
I'll still want a double of good Irish whiskey and a bundle of smokes in my grave

But there isn't words yet for the comfort I get
From the gentle lunette at the top of the nape of the neck that I wake to

And where are the words for the leap in my chest
When mischief appears either side of the scar on your nose
Made by a rose thorn, so you claim
By a rose thorn