Some Riot

Elbow

A friend of mine grows his very own brambles
They twist all around him 'til he can't move
Beautiful, quivering, chivalrous shambles
What is my friend trying to prove?
The bruise turns a tall gentle boy to a terrible totem
And the kids gather 'round trying to see what's inside
I think when he's drinking he's drowning some riot
What is my friend trying to hide?
'Cause it's breaking my heart, it's breaking my heart
And it's breaking my heart to pour like the rain
Brother of mine, don't run with those fuckers
When will my friend start singing again?
When will my friend start singing again?

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