Colour Fields

Elbow

All clear
Good Lord
Did well to be ignored
Your falling temperature
Like cooling kisses
All through your head
A made-up water's edge
A summer gone on tabling fabled blissesI'd love to see you waving
From the far side of the swim
Gathered in by a waiting troop of the open- hearted
Where colour field meets canvas
And the picture breathes you in
Where all the stories meant for you have already startedBright girl, dead town
Walking tall but blown around
The secret chainmail gown of your father's blessing
Bright girl, dead town
Open mouths for miles around
I still see you keeping those dough boys guessingI'd love to see you waving
From the far side of the swim
Gathered in by a waiting troop of the open- hearted
Where colour field meets canvas
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