

I've Got Your Number

Elbow

Don't put this note by your face on the pillow
Don't put this letter in the pocket near your heart
Keep it in the bottom drawer where you hide the sex tools
I pray you always need them I know what you have done
Throwing advice like grenades at the table
You're spinning your wisdom in stories that change
Your lies are fluorescent my babyfaced angel
Grow a fucking heart love I know what you have done
I've got your number
You've got my number

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