

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 themI know what you have doneThrowing 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 loveI know what you have done

I've got your number

You've got my number

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