

McGreggor

Elbow

Ooh
There was lying at the table
Crying on the stairs
A raven on the gables singing
'Jesus doesn't care'
A woman at the window
With her hands on her hips
Staring out across the ocean
Like the prow of a ship
No blinking or emotion
Like the prow of a ship
Just endeavor and devotion Like the prow of a ship,
Oh rest in your bed
Oh, McGregor's dead
The kids were in the kitchen
Carving up the will
When the long line of limousines
Snake down the hill They think they're winning
And shaking hands with the prodigal
And pompous who knew the man
Father figures and motherfuckers
Who knew the man God's torment at the party
As if God knew the man
Oh, rest in your bed
Oh, McGregor's dead

Songwriters

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