High Ideals

Elbow

There's a ladder tear in my high ideals
Like I took a chair on the battlefield
And any noble friend that was burning in my chest
Is acid in my belly at the very best
There's a bayonet in my family things
It was made in the USA to defend the King
With all the sinew, the thrust
And all the bones it splintered are dust
It's passed from hand to hand with the wedding rings
Oh settle down, little heart of mine
Oh settle down, you do double time
You're so far away but she's right here by your side
Oh settle down, little heart of mine, ooh

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