

# Not a Job

## Elbow

Pull the final splinters  
Of missing picture winters  
You have to give yourself a break  
What's the fascination  
With lovers at the station  
You have to tear yourself away The dream again nobody understands  
Walking through the long grass on your hands  
It's not a job to do today  
Sleep it off Words to make her stay: you said  
Leave me and the plants die  
A panic smile across your face  
Corrugated brow line  
The hissing bitter punchline  
Call when you can tie your lace You rule my world my brother  
You rule my world compare

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