

# Neat Little Rows

## Elbow

My high priestess folded neatly  
Back in your box, oh Lord  
Called the song, he sang so sweetly  
Back in your box, oh LordFound myself astride a tiger  
Lifting my head just like you said  
Drown me now in down of eider  
Get me to bed, oh LordLay my bones in cobblestones  
Lay my bones in neat little rows  
Lay my bones in cobblestones  
Lay my bones in neat little rowsAngels and idols spiraling wild  
Winding your necks, oh Lord  
Landed gentry ride up behind me  
Winding your necks, oh LordSmokey progress, back-room sages  
Let me back in, pull back the pin  
'Cause now I follow sewn up pages  
Can't read the text, oh noLay my bones in cobblestones  
Lay my bones in neat little rows  
Lay my bones in cobblestones  
Lay my bones in neat little rowsIn the house where they grew up  
There were secrets and the saints  
That the eyes that [Incomprehensible]  
Would give anything to the [Incomprehensible]  
The picture they're counting your fingers  
Waiting for the focus of your eyesOh no, don't play fingers  
Fingers are for pointing at the sky  
Oh no, don't play fingers  
Fingers are for pointing at the skyLay my bones in cobblestones  
Lay my bones in neat little rows  
Lay my bones in cobblestones  
Lay my bones in neat little rows

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