

# Fly Boy Blue / Lunette

## Elbow

It's a lethal ballet  
Air traffic congestion  
I'm having a baby  
Second thoughts, scotch, dinner  
And someone's dancing on the box  
A former MP  
And no one was watchingMy oldest friends are a serious habit  
Fly boy blue, so bring your faces home,  
To my sweet trampoline  
And acres of crash site loveSomeone's dancing on the box  
A former MP  
And no one was watching  
My oldest friends are a serious habit  
Fly boy blue, so bring your faces home  
To my sweet trampoline  
And acres of crash site lovePresidential delays  
Suppose I'm just lucky  
I'm having a shin dig  
Me, Red Bob and the ivory host  
And someone's shouting on the box  
A chinless prefect gone Godzilla  
My newest friends have forgotten my name  
But so have I, so far so good and home  
You and me trampoline and oceans of crash site loveWhat can be said of the cigarette smokes  
A prop for a joke or a mark on the clock  
If I stopped would the bus ever come  
Would the dawn ever kiss me, forgiven me, knowing what's done  
Would the drivel make scribble make sense and then song  
Would the woodbines denied like the northern man's thumbs  
Perverse as it may sound I sometimes believe  
The tip to my lips just reminds me to breatheWhat can be said of the whiskey and wine  
Random abandon or ballast for joy  
That was scuppered with trust, little more than a boy  
And besides I'm in excellent company  
I'm reaching the age when decisions are made  
On life and living and I'm sure last ditch  
That'll I'll ask for more time  
But mother forgive me  
I'll still want a bottle of good Irish whiskey and a bundle of smokes in my graveBut there isn't words yet for the

comfort I get  
From the gentle lunette at the top of the nape of the neck that I wake to And where are the words for the leap in  
my chest  
When mischief appears either side of the scar on your nose  
Made by a rose thorn, so you claim  
By a rose thorn

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