Dear Friends

Elbow

Dear friends
You are angels and drunks
You are magi
Old friends
You stuck a pin in a map I was in
And this is a note for a road sign
Cutting the breeze
In this Tennessee sundown
Came the sounds of the voices I know
I've been pondering trees
On the steeliest come down
And now a moment I'm home
I've got bluster enough
For the sails of a clipper
And the truth never frays a good yarn
But it struck me to say while so far away
You are with me today
You are here are in my head, in my heart
Dear friends
You are angels and drunks
You are magi
Old friends
You stuck a pin in a map I was in
And you are the stars I navigate home by

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