Switching Off

Elbow

Last of the men in hats hops off the coil
And a final scene unfolds inside
Deep in the rain of sparks behind his brow
Is a part replayed from a perfect day
Teaching her how to whistle like a boy
Love's first blushIs this making sense?
What am I trying to say?
Early evening June
This room and a radio play
This I need to save
I choose my final thoughts today
Switching off with youAll the clocks give in
And the traffic fades
And the insects like a neon choir
The instant fizz
Connection made
And the curtains sigh
In time
With youYou, the only sense the world has ever made
Early evening June
This room and radio play
This I need to save
I choose my final scene today
Switching offRan to ground for a while there
But I came off pretty wellYou, the only sense the world has ever made
This I need to save
A simple trinket locked away
I choose my final scene today
Switching off with you

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