

# mcgreggor

## Elbow

Ooooh. There was lying at the table, crying on the stairs.  
A raven at the gables singing Jesus doesn't care.  
A woman at the window with her hands on her hips.  
Staring out across the ocean, like the prow of a ship.  
No blinking or emotion like the prow of a ship.  
Just endeavor and devotion like the prow, of a ship. And Oooh, rest in your bed.  
Oooh, McGreggor's dead. The kids were in the kitchen, carving up the will.  
When the long line of limousines snaked down the hill.  
They think they're winning. They're shaking hands.  
With the prodigal and pompous who knew the man.  
Father figures and mother fuckers who knew the man.  
God's torment in the party, as if god knew the man. And Oooh, rest in your bed.  
Oooh, McGreggor's dead. Recall his lies. Pick up the pen.  
Record his reign.  
For the bitch that bore him is in heat again.

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