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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