

# Scattered Black and Whites

## Elbow

Been climbing trees I've skinned my knees  
My hands are black, the sun is going down  
She scruffs my hair in the kitchen steam  
She's listening to the dream I weaved today  
Crosswords through the bathroom door  
While someone sings the theme-tune to the news  
And my sister buzzes through the room leaving perfume in the air  
And that's what triggered this  
I come back here from time to time  
I shelter here some days  
A high-back chair, he sits and stares  
A thousand yards and whistles marching-band  
Kneeling by and speaking up  
He reaches out and I take a massive hand  
Disjointed tales that flit between  
Short trousers and a full dress uniform  
And he talks of people ten years gone like I've known them all my life  
I scattered black and whites  
I come back here from time to time  
I shelter here some days  
I come back here from time to time  
I shelter here some days

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