

Not a Job

Elbow

Pull the final splinters
Of missing picture winters
You have to give yourself a break
What's the fascination
With lovers at the station
You have to tear yourself away The dream again nobody understands
Walking through the long grass on your hands
It's not a job to do today
Sleep it off Words to make her stay: you said
Leave me and the plants die
A panic smile across your face
Corrugated brow line
The hissing bitter punchline
Call when you can tie your lace You rule my world my brother
You rule my world compare

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