Jesus Is A Rochdale Girl

Elbow

I have a drop-leaf window
With cats and broken yards
Sunflowers and paint cans
And stolen shopping carts
And nothing to be proud of
And nothing to regret
All of that to make as yet
All of that to make as yet
I have a single heartbreak
I celebrate and mourn
A single shining sister
And all the tricks of dawn
A single yellow duvet
A single switch to flick
But a thousand boxes yet to tick
A thousand boxes yet to tick
And Jesus is a Rochdale girl
And forty five CDs
Got a house that you can smoke in
So all my friends found me
And they found me full of myself
And bloody-minded will
And as yet a box to fill
And as yet a box to fill

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