

New York Morning

Elbow

The first to pour a simple truth in words
Binds the world in a feeling all familiar
'Cause everybody owns the great ideas
And it feels like there's a big one round the corner
A tenner, up and out into New York
Somewhere in all that talk is all the answers
And oh, my giddy aunt, New York can talk
It's the modern road where folk are nice to Yoko
Every bone of rivet steel, each corner stone an
anchor
Jenga jutts and rusty water tower, pillar-posted sign
Every painted lining battered, like a building in this town
Sings a life of proud endeavour and the best that man can be
Me, I see a city and I hear a million voices
Planning, drilling, welding, carrying their fingers to the nub
Reaching down into the ground, stretching up into the sky
Why?
Because they can, they did and do so you and I could live together
Oh my god, New York can
talk
Somewhere in all that talk is all the answers
Everybody owns the great ideas
And it feels like there's a big one round the corner
Oh my god, New York can talk
Somewhere in all that talk is all the answers
Everybody owns the great's ideas
And it feels like there's a big one round the corner
Oh my god, New York can talk
Somewhere in all that talk is all the answers
Everybody owns the great's ideas
And it feels like there's a big one round the corner
The desire to part sure symphony
The desire like a distant storm
For love, be good for me
It feels like there's a big one round the corner
Oh my god, New York can talk
Somewhere in all that talk is all the answers
Everybody owns the great ideas
And it feels like there's a big one round the corner
The way the day begins
Decides the shade of everything
But the way it ends depends on if you're home
For every soul, a pillow at a window, please
In a modern room, where folk are nice to Yoko

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