

## **Elbow**

# **"Forget Myself"**

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They're pacing Piccadilly in packs again  
And moaning for the mercy of a never come rain  
The suns had enough and the simmering sky  
Has the heavens and the hue of a woman on fire

Shop shutters rattle down and I'm cutting the crowd  
All scented and descending from the satellite towns  
The neon is graffiti singing make a new start  
So I look for a plot where I can bury my broken heart

No, I know I won't forget you  
But I'll forget myself if the city will forgive me

The man on the door has a head like Mars  
Like a baby born to the doors of the bars  
And surrounded by steam with his folded arms  
He's got that urban genie thing going on

He's so mercifully free of the pressures of grace  
Saint Peter in satin, he's like Buddha with mace  
He's so mercifully free of the pressures of grace  
Saint Peter in satin, he's like Buddha with mace

No, I know I won't forget you  
But I'll forget myself if the city will forgive me  
No, I know I won't forget you  
But I'll forget myself if the city will forgive me

Do you move through the room with a glass in your  
hand  
Thinking too hard about the way you stand  
Are you watching them pair off and drinking them long  
Falling in love every second song

Do you move through the room with a glass in your  
hand?  
Thinking too hard about the way you stand  
Are you watching them pair off and drinking them  
long?  
Are you falling in love, are you falling in love?  
Are you falling in love every second song?

No, I know I won't forget you  
But I'll forget myself if the city will forgive me  
No, I know I won't forget you  
But I'll forget myself and the city will forgive me

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