

Elbow

"Frozen"

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What is going on?
You're packing all your bags
So why are you getting outta my place?
What is going wrong?
And how could I go on?
And tell me why you changed your face...
Come back, turn the eye on me
Put me in the middle of the scene

Will you come home again
To warm me with your rays?
Will you turn your beams on me
To keep the frost away?

How could I stand tall and never give it up?
And how come all these odds on me?
Now this persecution is an institution
Will I ever have some peace?
Come back, turn the eye on me
Put me in the middle of the scene

Will you come home again
To warm me with your rays?
Will you turn your beams on me
To keep the frost away?

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