

## Elbow "High Ideals"

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There's a ladder tear in my high ideals  
Like I took a chair on the battlefield  
Anyd any noble friend that was burning in my chest  
Is acid in my belly at the very best

There's a bayonnette in my family things  
It was made in the USA to defend the King  
With all the sinew, the thirst  
And all the bones that splintered

Passed from hand to hand with the wedding rings

Oh, settle down little heart of mine  
Oh, settle down, you do double time  
You're so far away but she's right here by your side  
Oh, settle down little heart of mine, ooh

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