

Elbow

"My Finger"

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my senses arise like the dark desert skies on the
counties
and all things collide when the blacks of her eyes hit
my soul
the blackbird he cries to the ghosts of the night to be
faithful
and we all stand in line cos we think it's polite to be
bored

and you say that it's not what you say
and it's always the same like the memory's slain on the
day

my finger is light on the pulse of my bride in the
morning
my arms open wide from the things i deny to avoid
she spins me a line that she heard from the guy on the
tv
and we all lose our pride cos it beats killing time in the
past

and you say that it's not what you say
and it's always the same like the memory's slain on the
day

my finger, shows the way to the stars
my finger, will it tear us apart

and you say that it's not what you say
and it's always the same like the memory's slain on the
day

my finger

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