

Elbow

"Scattered Black And Whites"

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Been climbing trees I've skinned my knees
My hands are black, the sun is going down
She scruffs my hair in the kitchen steam
She's listening to the dream I weaved today

Crosswords through the bathroom door
While someone sings the theme-tune to the news
And my sister buzzes through the room leaving
perfume in the air
And that's what triggered this

I come back here from time to time
I shelter here some days

A high-back chair, he sits and stares
A thousand yards and whistles marching-band
Kneeling by and speaking up
He reaches out and I take a massive hand

Disjointed tales that flit between
Short trousers and a full dress uniform
And he talks of people ten years gone like I've known
them all my life
I scattered black and whites

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