

Elbow "Starlings"

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How dare the Premier
Ignore my invitations?
He'll have to go
So, too, the bunch
He luncheons with
It's second
On my list
Of things to do

At the top
I'm stopping by
Your place of work
And acting like
I haven't dreamed
Of you and I
And marriage
In an orange grove
You are the only thing
In any room
You're ever in
I'm stubborn
Selfish and too old

I sat you down
And told you how
The truest love
That's ever found
Is for oneself
You pulled
Apart my theory
With a weary
And disinterested sigh

So yes I guess
I'm asking you
To back a horse
That's good for glue
And nothing else
But find a man
That's truer than
Find a man
That needs you

More than I

Sit with me a while
And let me
Listen to you
Talk about
Your dreams
And your obsessions
I'll be quiet
And confessional
The violets
Explode inside me
When I meet your eyes
Then I'm spinning
And I'm diving
Like a cloud
Of starlings

Darling
Is this love?

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