

Elbow

"The Loneliness of a Tower Crane Driver"

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Gotta get out of TV
Just pick a point and go
The ticker-tape tangles my feet
As I search for a face that I know
Come on, tower crane driver
There's not so far to go

I must have been working the ropes
When your hand slipped from mine
Now I live off the mirrors and smoke
It's a joke, a fix, a lie
Come on, tower crane driver
Oh, so far to fall

Send up a prayer in my name
Just the same
They say I'm on top of my game
Dwindle gentle rose
Send up a prayer in my name

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