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The 88 "Elbow Blues"

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Clean your life away under the God Mama the gun papa the gun And those sea racing sidewalk genes splicing in the midday sun Chasing the one

Tell your friends today

Show em your mop

Everything's good, everything's good

And those mad raving deportees rotting in the midday

sun

Chasing the one

Elbow blues take your pill

Today under the sun and tell it to stop, tell it to stop

And those sound slaving amputees

Crawling in the midday sun

Chasing the one

Elbow blues

Each time we go

It's like we know

It's not the end

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