

# Elvis Costello, After The Fall

In an anonymous rendezvous  
Where the forbidden lovers repair  
They're burning down another damn candle  
They're melting the tables and chairs  
Beneath them applause from the balcony  
Whenever they accomplished making love  
Other times they thought they heard laughter  
Coming from the balcony above

[Chorus:]

She lies to his right and she carelessly recites  
All of her brand new appetites  
She seems brittle and small, it don't sound like her at all  
Since she came back to him after the fall

She said "You never visit the countryside"  
"So I've made you a country to order"  
She put up a little tent in the bedroom  
Crickets played on a tape-recorder  
The ceiling was festooned with phosphorous stars  
She noticed his skin turning cold  
Burning all his clothes on the bonfire  
"Relax" she whispered and tightened the blindfold

[Chorus]

You've changed but not for the better babe  
I'd tell you why but what's the use  
'Cos it's the same kind of pity  
A drunkard gives as his excuse  
You were sharp and ideal as a bobby pin  
Now your eyes are deserted and quiet  
We both look like those poor shattered mannequins  
Thrown through the window in the riot

She lies in his arms and without any qualms  
Revels in shallow delights  
She seems brittle and small, it don't sound like her at all  
Since she came back to him after the fall