

Elvis Costello, Country Darkness

This tattered document
A mystery you can solve
Some burnt out filament
Flies still buzzing around the bulb

Country Darkness

He thought of traveling
Heard an approaching train
Drown out his desperate pulse
A song with no refrain

Country Darkness

She daydreams of forbidden sins
There must be something more
The prison she lives in
The one with the open door

The veil is covering
A glistening and cruel blade
Suffer little children
Repent, unfaithful maid

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