

# Elvis Costello, Dirty Rotten Shame

I recall the good old days  
But thankfully, they've gone  
Now the ponies all are broken nags  
That stumble as they groan  
And throw the jockeys from their throne  
When there are pitches left to dodge  
And lions left to tame  
But it's nothing but a dirty rotten shame  
It's a dirty rotten shame  
That when you're frivolous and strong  
It isn't youth, its fearlessness  
That has been wasted on the young  
The cruel are in the cradle  
And the bishop's in the bag  
It's nothing but a dirty rotten shame

Now I find life a millionaire  
That brags for rags and jewels  
A snarling pup is wild enough  
But as his anger proves  
He's left to sharpen useless tools  
That tear and graze and finer phrase  
But few are worth the name  
It's nothing but a dirty rotten shame

It's a dirty rotten shame  
And that is not an idle boast  
When all your courage and your strength  
Will leave you as you need it most  
When there are lamps to dampen  
And cauliflowers to flip  
It's nothing but a dirty rotten shame