

# Elvis Costello, Fall Of The World's Own Optimist

(elvis costello/aimee mann)

There's no charity in you

And that surprises me

I guess I thought you were a golden idol

'cause I called you majesty

On the balustrade

You watched me hunt for tips I was obliged to pick up

From the passing trade

Chorus:

Hey, kids--look at this

It's the fall of the world's own optimist

I could get back up if you insist

But you'll have to ask politely

'cause the eggshells I've been treading

Couldn't spare me a beheading

And I'll know I had it coming

From a caesar who was only slumming

Hey, kids--look at this

It's the fall of the world's own optimist

Well, I could have objections

Which you could override

But what's the point--we're only flogging the horse

When the horseman has up and died

Once I testified

And swore I'd never leave a stone unturned--

I bet you're really glad that I lied

Chorus

Hey, kids--look at this

It's the fall of the world's own optimist

I could get back up if you insist

But you'll have to ask politely

Yes, you'll have to ask politely

Yes, you'll have to ask