

# Elvis Costello, Home Is Anywhere

Here comes mr. misery  
He's tearing out his hair again  
He's crying over her again  
He's standing in the super-market shouting at the customers

Here comes mr. misery  
He'll never be any good with a mouth full of gold and blood  
He's contemplating murder again  
He must be in love

Chorus: but you know she doesn't want  
But you can't seem to get it in your head  
Oh and you can't sleep at night  
And she haunts you when you go to bed  
When you're tired of talking and you can't drink it down  
So you hang around and drown instead  
Home isn't where it used to be  
Home is anywhere you hang your head

You hang your head  
Home is anywhere  
You hang your head  
Home is anywhere  
You hang your head  
Home is anywhere you hang your head

Here comes mr. misery  
Looking for a place for his mouth to shoot  
Saying &quot;you'd look cute in your birthday suit&quot;  
You tore him out and screwed him up  
Like a bad page in a naughty picture book

They day ended as it began  
As he was seconds older than the man he was this morning  
And the world has wiped it's mouth since then  
Or maybe it was yawning

Chorus