

# Elvis Costello, Hurry Down Doomsday (The Bugs

The man in the corner of this picture has a sinister purpose  
In the teeming Temple of the Railroad Kings  
He's planting a trashy paperback book for accidental purchase  
Containing all the secrets of life and other useless things  
But I can't bring myself to look  
Wake up Zombie write yourself another book  
You want to scream and shout my little flaxen lout  
Hurry down Doomsday the bugs are taking over

She sleeps with the shirt of a late, great country singer  
Stretched out on her poor jealous husband's pillow  
In time you can turn these obsessions into careers  
While the parents of those kidnapped children start the bidding  
for their tears

But I can't bring myself to look  
Wake up Zombie  
Get yourself off the book  
You want to scream and shout my little waxen lout  
Hurry down Doomsday the bugs are taking over

Forget about Beethoven, Rembrandt and rock and roll  
Forget about Mickey Mouse, Marlboro and Coca Cola  
Forget about Cadillac, Mercedes and Toyota  
Forget about Buddha, Allah, Jesus and Jehovah  
Hurry down Doomsday the bugs are taking over

Any day now a giant insect mutation  
Will swoop down and devour the white man's burden  
Starting out with all of the sensitive ones  
Better make like a fly if you don't want to die  
Look out there goes Gordon

But I can't bring myself to think  
Wake up Zombie  
Kick up a big stink  
You want to scream and shout my little Saxon lout  
Hurry down Doomsday the bugs are taking over