

# Elvis Costello, Just A Curio

In the cold pale sunlight that was slanting down, I spied  
Frost reflecting on the glass and in the air outside,  
Fond relations mouthing words of love and tragedy.  
Though it's cold there's vapour rising from a moving stream.  
In a narrow, shallow bed of fine linen and starch,  
Where her long hair tumbled once upon her graceful arch,  
Lace hung on the counters and the walnut cabinets,  
Teeth were chattering like schoolgirls clicking castanets.

There will be no light to guide as you ascend the stairs.  
There may be a candle as you kneel and say your prayers.  
Throw the window wide and open, keep this mark from me,  
Just the letter "T" and its most dread companion "B".

How in heaven? Hadn't it been conquered long ago?  
How did it come back again? It's just a curio.