

Elvis Costello, My Dark Life

She says nobody wants to believe
You're the same as everyone.
What makes me unique? My Dark Life.
There was a kink in the world
Sent that statue tumbling
An invitation east
So we can watch it all crumbling

She came off like light and so softly she spoke:
"You don't know, no you don't know about my dark life";
And you think you're a guest, you're a tourist at best
Peering into the corners of your dark life
Now that you tear your dreams from consumptive ballerinas
She'd stand on tiptoes for you in a grey and tattered tutu
She stays where she is because of voyeurs like these
With an accusative look that says My Dark Life.

Robber men await you then in each beguiling alley
To shake you and to pierce you and remind you of
My Dark Life.

Enter the pious elite, in their preening finery
And bang the tambourine
They're dining on rice paper scenery
See how the villain attracts envious glances from everyone
She's waitressing by day
It doesn't bring in much money now

And his strong concealed arms set off bells and alarms
In the strangest locations of My Dark Life
But the fantasy slipped as he tipped her in cigarettes
She tries to smile very graciously when she wants to kill him
Now the victory is sweet, you'll get down on your knees
It's the perfect position for kissing western leather

So they came from Ugly Texas and from Nameless Tennessee
From Peculiar Missouri and from places closer to me.
All the cream of heartless England, cheered the carnival is over
There are remnants of red army bandsmen
Played "America The Beautiful";