

Elvis Costello, My Little Blue Window

This is a calling card
Maybe it will be a farewell note
The poison fountain pen now requires the antidote
But if I avert your gaze
And I should become a shrinking flower
Just punch me on the arm
This could be our finest hour

'Til now this was my view
But I'm counting on you
How am I ever going to make you see?
Nothing in this ugly world comes easily
I want you to be...

My lovely hooligan
Come by and smash my pane
'Til I can see right though
My little blue window

This is a fingerprint
Maybe you will feel a fond caress
But when you start to speak
Are you tempted to confess?

Well, I was a gloomy soul
Never thought I see a brighter day
The dark interior
Blows those silver clouds away

'Til now this was my view
But I'm counting on you
How am I ever going to make you see?
Nothing in this ugly world comes easily
I want you to be...

My lovely hooligan
Come by and smash my pane
'Til I can see right though
My little blue window