

Elvis Costello, No Wonder

I stole a glance at my reflection,
Though these days I tend to hurry by.
How pale the rose of my complexion,
How strange the knowing look that's in my eye.
But when the springtime was ablaze,
You took my hand, you held my gaze.

There is no wonder there,
I learned my lesson well,
No need to wonder where that girl has gone.

There is a secret no one knows,
I set my face, I changed my clothes

I dreamed I stood as you were passing,
Just as the horse-drawn carriage sped away.
Of petticoats in puddles dragging,
And my highbutton boots were splashed with clay.

But when the summer was in flame,
You broke your word, denied my name.

There is no wonder there, etc.

But as the winter drags along,
It blurs your sense of right and wrong.

There is no wonder there, etc.