

Elvis Costello, Pidgin English

There's a young girl with her old man who's too sick to mention
She'll be turning twenty seven as she draws her widow's pension
But he couldn't catch a common cold he couldn't get arrested
Too terrified to answer back
Too tired to have resisted

Many hands make light work
Shorthand makes life easy
When he's out on night work
Make sure no one sees me
It all ends up in a slanging match with body talk and bruises
A change is better than a rest
Silly beggars can't be choosers

[Chorus:]

One of a thousand pities you can't categorize
There are ten commandments of love
When will you realise
There are ten commandments of love
I believe, I trust, I promise, I wish love's just a throwaway kiss
In this Pidgin English

If you're so wise use your lips and your eyes
Take it to the bridge she sighs

You go cheep cheep cheep between bulleyes and bluster
Stiff as your poker face
Keener than mustard
From your own back yard to the land of exotica
From the truth society to neurotic erotica

Silence is golden
Money talks diamonds and ermine
There's a word in Spanish
Italian and German
In sign language, morse code, semaphore and gibberish
Have you forgotten how to say it
In your Pidgin English?

[Chorus]

PS I love you