

# Elvis Costello, Pills And Soap

They talked to the sister, the father and the mother  
With a microphone in one hand and a chequebook in the other  
AND THE CAMERA NOSES IN TO THE TEARS ON HER FACE  
The tears on her face  
The tears on her face  
You can put them back together with your paper and paste  
But you can't put them back together  
You can't put them back together  
What would you say?  
What would you do?  
Children and animals two by two  
Give me the needle  
Give me the rope  
We're going to melt them down for PILLS AND SOAP  
Give me the needle  
Give me the rope  
We're going to melt them down for pills and soap

Four and twenty crowbars, jemmy your desire  
Out of the frying pan into the fire  
The king is in the counting house  
Some folk have all the luck  
And all we get are pictures of LORD AND LADY MUCK  
They come from lovely people with a hard line in hypocrisy  
THERE ARE ASHTRAYS OF EMOTION FOR THE FAG ENDS OF THE ARISTOCRACY

The sugar coated pill is getting bitterer still  
YOU THINK YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU BUT YOU KNOW IT NEVER WILL  
So pack up your troubles in a stolen handbag  
DON'T DILLY DALLY BOYS RALLY ROUND THE FLAG  
Give us your daily bread in individual slices  
And something in the daily rag to cancel any crisis