

Elvis Costello, Poison Moon

Cut loose in a nightmare, cast off in my dreams
If home is anywhere that I can hang my hat
Then it's coming apart at the seams
My luck is hanging upside down
I try to hold on tight
But money's rolling out of town
And love slips right out of sight
And these bones, they don't look so good to me
Jokers talk and they all disagree
One day soon, I will laugh right in the face of the poison moon
You look in the mirror
I'm sorry, but it can't be replaced
You're thrown straight out in that cruel parade
Buttoned down and laced
It starts like fascination, it ends up like a trance
You've gotta use your imagination on some of that magazine romance
And these bones--they don't look so good to me
Jokers talk and they all disagree
One day soon, I will laugh right in the face of the poison moon
One day soon, I will laugh right in the face of the poison moon