

Elvis Costello, Pony Street

She lives on Pony Street
And they should scatter flowers at her feet
But when they come calling I think it's appalling
They're sober and they're polite
They're deeply respectful when I would expect them
To keep her out all night
That little martinet
Will get her own way yet
If you need instruction in mindless destruction
I'll show you a thing or two
You used to adore me but now my life flashes before me
For you to view

Oh mother, oh mother, sometimes you are so mortifying
From the hole in your leopard skin tights I can tell you've been spying
But your generation confesses before it transgresses
Those Super-8 movies of daddy in your disco dresses

If you're going out tonight
I won't wait up
Reading "Das Kapital";
Watching "Home Shopping Club";
While you're flogging a dead horse
All the way down Pony Street
Where you live after a fashion
All the way down Pony Street
The life and the soul of every indiscretion
That lives on, that lives on, that lives on
Pony Street

Daughter, oh daughter, you know I will love you forever
But spare me the white ankle socks with the lace and the leather
For you and your cartoon threat do no good to resist me
For I am the genuine thing but for you it's just history

If you're going out tonight
How can you be sure
Where you lay your pretty head
Mother may have been before
So you're flogging a dead horse
All the way down Pony Street
Where you live after a fashion
All the way down Pony Street
The life and the soul of every indiscretion
That lives on [5x]
She lives on Pony Street [2x]
She lives on, she lives on [2x]