

# Elvis Costello, Rope

Down by the harbourside  
A boat is fastened by a length of rope.  
It was a perfect match,  
Dreaming of escape,  
Feeling almost detached.  
Look beneath the waves -  
The seabirds diving down into black water.

The morning bells begin,  
Schoolchildren chant and spin.  
A length of rope  
Below a hanging tree,  
Like cruel secrets some of us turn out to be.

Should our love increase,  
We are all released like statues from marble.

While in a prison yard,  
They're taking turns to guard  
A length of rope.  
Are you too weak to fight?  
Picking up a thread and then stretching it tight.

Look beneath the waves -  
The seabirds diving down into black water.  
Still our love increased,  
We are all released like statues from marble.