

Elvis Costello, Seconds Of Pleasure

Seconds of Pleasure

You say you don't desire me,
she's only a hired hand,
now you are tired of me.

Expensive care is meaningless,
feeling nothing and caring less.

Cut off at the pass,
she knows where you were headed,
she wants double-time or a temporary wedding.

And the lucky girl leads a life of leisure,
though she? with forty-five years
for seconds of pleasure.

I thought I knew you too well,
now I find the man is a mystery,
and the promises you made
are really only ancient history.

Everyday goes by without a hitch,
you say the urge becomes an itch.

You say that I'm no go for you, that's rich,
or am I being bitchy?

And the lucky girl leads a life of leisure,
though she forty-five years
for seconds of pleasure.

And the hands on the clock move so precisley,
You say you only kissed her once or twice.

You didn't do it for love, you didn't even do it with stealth.

I can't help you now,
I can't help myself.

Committed to life and then commuted to the outskirts.

I was living for thirty minutes at a time
with a break in the middle for adverts.

You treat me like a piece of human furniture.

You say when? you sad soul,
if you can look all that you like,
but I won't let you touch and poke.

And the lucky girl leads a life of leisure,
though she ? forty-five years
for seconds of pleasure.