

Elvis Costello, She

She's pulling out the pin
That lets her hair fall down
She shakes her head and
It goes tumbling
Her smile was out of place
So she swept it off her face

Let me find the words and say them
Like some softly whispered Amen

As she starts to pull away
And the lights begin to dim
Is she thinking of me
Or is she thinking of him
She's pulling out the pin

She's slipping off the hook
Unbuttoning her dress
There's just enough to make some man a mess
She tears away the veil
With her fingernails

She came out high and kicking
While the band played "Hey good lookin'";
Do you hear something ticking?

Did somebody tell her?
You can really be redeemed
Could she actually be?
As desperate as she seems
She's tearing at the seams
She's going to extremes
Nobody told her it was a sin
So she's pulling out the pin

She's taping up her hands
Just as a boxer will
They started laughing
But if looks could kill
She'd take them down right now
She's covering her mouth
With someone or without
There's nothing more to say
This is her wedding day

Full of shattered glass and mayhem
Not one softly whispered amen

She's knocking down some doors
And the smoke begins to fill
Where the world without her ends
And the next one begins
She's pulling out the pin