

Elvis Costello, Shot With His Own Gun

How does it feel now you've been undressed
by a man with a mind like the gutter press
So disappointed to find it's no big sin
Lying skin to skin

[Chorus:]
Shot with his own gun
Now dad is keeping mum
Shot with his own gun

Now somebody has to pay for the one who got away

What's on his mind now is anyone's guess
Losing his touch with each caress
Spending ev'ry evening looking so appealing
He comes without warning
Leaves without feeling

[Chorus]

On your marks, man, ready, set
Let's get loaded and forget

The little corporal got in the way
And he got hit by an emotional ricochet
It's a bit more now than dressing up dolly
Playing house seems so melancholy

[Chorus]

Oh it's too sad to be true
Your blue murder's killing you