

Elvis Costello, The People's Limousine

It's a chilly Florentine evening
Two men in evening hats
Telling tales of the underground and
fishing for Reds
Policemen armed with Uzis
stand guard but they don't speak
Ain't seen no Michaeangelo
he'll be here next week.
The girl in the shoes
with the crystal heels went chaperoned by her brother
They raise a glass of amber wine
take pictures of each other
of the policemen in the fountains
and the sickle and the hammer
and they came with Uncle Romulus
with his walking cane and camera
She looked like someone's girlfriend
she looked like a dream
she looked as unlikely
as the people's limousine.

Come and sit by me, girl, before I breathe the breath out of you
Hush your mouth and cover your eyes for I'll tell your father of you
He paid to have you painted in the company of angels
Only to find you flirting anew with Chico Marx and perverted Engels

The patron saint of television smiles down from the shelf
Romulus can't criticize but he can't bless himself
He has a tin of pea-green paint and a big roll of black tape
To vandalize these obscenities then make his escape

She walked up to the nice policeman and asked him for a match
He saw Romulus approaching and slipped off the safety catch
Then cut down her uncle, he was painted red and green
Just as she was kidnapped in the people's limousine.