

Elvis Costello, The Stamping Ground

The stamping ground,
The stamping ground.
All your old gang
still hang around.
Coming in with the same blokes,
going home with the same jokes,
if you ever go missing
I know where you'll be found :
the stamping ground.
The big fella on the front door knows your face.
The barman pretends that he's saved you a place,
but when your back is turned
they say she's older than she tells.
I could stand the main attraction,
but not the clientele.
The stamping ground,
The stamping ground.
All your old gang
still hang around.
Coming in with the same blokes,
going home with the same jokes,
if you ever go missing
I know where you'll be found :
the stamping ground.
Everybody knows
evrybody's trouble,
who comes in alone,
who leaves as a couple.
When they seen you coming, babe,
they act like they're pleased to meet you.
Say "It's very nice to know you,
but I wouldn't want to be you."
The stamping ground,
The stamping ground.
All your old gang
still hang around.
Going home with the same blokes,
going home with the same jokes,
if you ever go missing
I know where you'll be found :
the stamping ground.
You talk like you don't have a brain in your head.
You act like you don't have a care in your bed.
Th lights are on,
there's no one home,
it scares you to death.
You stamp on anyone who stops to take a breath.
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The stamping ground.
All your old gang
still hang around.
Going home with the same blokes,
going home with the same jokes,
if you ever go missing
I know where you'll be found :
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