

Elvis Costello, Tommy's Coming Home

(McCartney/MacManus)

She was counting out the window of the outbound train
All the poles of the telegraph
And the rock-a-bye rhythm in the song of the rails
Couldn't make the sweeper laugh

Down down down so deep
Down down drowning in his sleep
Tommy's coming home again

And a hawk hovered high above a skinny jackrabbit
Pursued by a hungry fox
And a broker awoke her from a fitful slumber
Then consulted his shares and his stocks

Down down down they go
Down down how he'll never know
Tommy's coming home again
And it's almost April Fools' Day

As he glanced on his paper looking through the veil (?)
He could see she was really upset
As she tucked back the ribbon in a velvet box
As he offered her a cigarette

Down down down she took a drag
Now he's covered in a flag
Tommy's coming home again
And it's almost April Fools' Day

Almost April Fools' Day
And the joke's on everyone
He had that premonition
Only dead men dwell upon

But how could he know that only twelve months later
She would wear her skirt up over her knee
And in the very same carriage she'd be flattened with roses
And forget the tears of bigotry (?)

Down down down they flow
Now now now it just don't matter anymore
Tommy made it home again
When it was almost April Fools' Day

Almost April Fools' Day
And the joke's on everyone
He had that premonition
Only dead men dwell upon

Tommy's coming home again
Tommy's coming home again
Tommy's coming home