

Lush, All This Useless Beauty

(on elvis costello ep)

It's at times such as this she'd be tempted to spit
If she wasn't so ladylike
She imagines how she might have lived back when legends and history collide
So she looks to her prince finding he's so charmingly slumped at her side
Those days are recalled on the gallery wall
And she's waiting for passion or humour to strike

What shall we do, what shall we do with all this useless beauty?

Good friday arrived, the sky darkened on time
'til he almost began to negotiate
She held his head like a baby and said 'it's okay if you cry'
Now he wants her to dress as if you couldn't guess
He desires to impress his associates
But he's part ugly beast and hellenic deceased
So she finds that the mixture is hard to deny

Chorus

She won't practice the looks from the great tragic books
That were later defaced, disgraced celluloid
It don't even make sense but you can bet

If she isn't a sweetheart, a plaything or pet
The film turns her into an unveiled threat
Nonsense prevails, modesty fails
Grace and virtue turn into stupidity
While the calendar fades almost all barricades to a pale compromise
Our leaders have feasts on the backsides of beasts
They still think they're the gods of antiquity
If something you missed didn't even exist
It was just an ideal
Is that such a surprise?

Chorus