

Bjork, Who Do You Think You Are?

(Elvis Costello / Live Union Chapel 99)

The hunted look, the haunted grace
The empty laugh that you cultivate
You fall into that false embrace
And kiss the air about her face

Who do you think you are?

The tres bon mots you almost quote from your
Quiver of literary darts
A thousand or so tuneless violins
Thrilling your cheap little heart

Who do you think you are?

My cigarette burns right down to the ash
My coffee cup is unstained
The waiter hovers close at hand
His courtesy strained

Who do you think you are?
I close with my regards
Well I'm the red-face gentleman
Caught in this picture postcard

Who do you think you are?

Trying my best to make the best of your absence
Though the joke gets tired and sordid
Sea-shell hearts get trampled under foot
Punchlines unrewarded

But even at this distance
It's not easy to accept
The vision that I chase returns
When I least expect it
I've fallen from your tired embrace
I kiss the air
Around the place
That should be
Your face