

Elvis Costello, Almost Ideal Eyes

Here she comes with her almost ideal eyes
And her flawless skin and her petulant pout
The memory of such a long blonde alibi
Still makes me want to shout out loud and clear
When you clear your head my dear
You can't come round here in those stolen clothes
Telling me all about some mystery
I hope she isn't one, I hope she isn't one of those

Almost ideal eyes
Viewed through a rosy hue
So beautiful, trusting
You'll find liberal is an insult now and care is what you pay for
Be sure of what you wish upon, be careful what you pray for
When you look into those almost ideal

Love is smiles, he will hypnotize you while
He tries to analyze your dream
Fill you up with all his big ideas while he really wants to make you
Scream out loud at the phony innocence
And the pained pretence and the dismal rage
The vacant lot that thankfully time forgot
Where you never have to act, you never have to act your age

Almost ideal eyes
Viewed through a rosy hue
So beautiful, trusting
You'll find stupid is a compliment and thrill is what you play for
Be sure of what you wish upon, be careful what you pray for
When you look into those almost ideal

In despair all your friends get uglier
And you find you're wearing an evening gown
Weeping over some tiny broken bird
While the sky is decorated
Shocking pink and a dirty shade of brown
And you think you need to be tranquil
Lies the fear that befits your new career
Whatever you invent you'll never be content in

Almost ideal eyes
Viewed through a rosy hue
So beautiful, trusting
Rebellion is just currency, the moon is what you bay for
Be sure of what you wish upon, be careful what you pray for
When you look into those almost ideal
When you look into those almost ideal
When you look into those almost ideal

Here she comes, here she comes now
Here she comes, here she comes now