

# Elvis Costello, Beyond Belief

History repeats the old conceits  
The glib replies the same defeats  
Keep your finger on important issues  
With crocodile tears and a pocketful of tissues  
I'm just the oily slick  
On the windup world of the nervous tick  
In a very fashionable hovel

I hang around dying to be tortured  
You'll never be alone in the bone orchard  
This battle with the bottle is nothing so novel

So in this almost empty gin palace  
Through a two-way looking glass  
You see your Alice

You know she has no sense  
For all your jealousy  
In a sense she still smiles very sweetly

Charged with insults and flattery  
Her body moves with malice  
Do you have to be so cruel to be callous

And now you find you fit this identikit completely  
You say you have no secrets  
And then leave discreetly

[Chorus:]  
I might make it California's fault  
Be locked in Geneva's deepest vault  
Just like the canals of Mars and the great barrier reef  
I come to you beyond belief

My hands were clammy and cunning  
She's been suitably stunning  
But I know there's not a hope in Hades  
All the laddies cat call and wolf whistle  
So-called gentlemen and ladies  
Dog fight like rose and thistle

I've got a feeling  
I'm going to get a lot of grief  
Once this seemed so appealing  
Now I am beyond belief

[Chorus]