

# Elvis Costello, Burnt Sugar Is So Bitter

She says what has her daddy done  
That you want him to be punished  
When she woke up one day to find  
That he was starting to vanish  
But \_if you hope\_ (?) to hear voices  
You know you should not be listening  
Push the vigilant lips  
Make a slice of her face  
Said the scandalous whispering

She's not on her own with the rest of her riches  
As the kids tear down the refrigerator pictures  
She picks up the bills and pays the babysitter  
'Cause everybody knows burnt sugar is so bitter

And once there was a time  
Before you turned strange  
She thought they'd be together  
For more than a lifetime  
Look at them now  
My, how things have changed  
He can tell his sweetheart  
Out of any girl on just a whiff  
And turn it from a candy to a caramel  
And make her hate the silhouette she used to feel  
And say "I know nothing about you."

Now what's left of the birthday cake  
Smeared and beautifully frosted  
An absent father picks up the phone  
To find the number's unlisted

While the kids are distracted  
She'll notice \_she's nervous at all\_ (?)  
But how long will it take  
Not to make a mistake  
When a gentleman comes to call

She's not on her own with the rest of her riches  
As the kids tear down their refrigerator pictures  
They already know how a woman may advance  
From a pretty picture hat to a supermarket trance  
Where it is unkind, she might as well forget it  
'Cause everybody knows burnt sugar is so bitter  
Burnt sugar is so bitter  
Burnt sugar  
Burnt sugar  
Burnt sugar