

# Elvis Costello, Clubland

With a handful of backhanders and a bevy of beauty  
You're going off limits  
Going off duty  
Going off the rails  
Going off with booty  
They tell tales of fiction found on all the criminal types  
Lead to a higher ranking man or a face with thin red stripes

[Chorus:]

The boys next door  
The mums and dads  
New weds and nearly-deads  
Have you ever been had in Clubland?

There's a piece in someone's pocket to do the dirty work  
You've come to shoot the pony  
They've come to do the jerk  
They leave him half way to paradise  
They leave you half way to bliss  
The ladies' invitation never seemed like this

[Chorus]

The long arm of the law slides up the outskirts of town  
Meanwhile in Clubland they are ready to pull them down  
Hey

The right to work is traded in for the right to refuse admission  
Don't pass out now, there's no refund  
(when) Did you find out what you were missing  
The crowd is taking forty winks minus ten percent  
You barely get required sleep to go lingering with contemptment  
Thursday to Saturday  
Money's gone already  
Some things come in common these days  
Your hands and work aren't steady

[Chorus]