# Elvis Costello, Distorted Angel

Strange things seem to occur, somewhere behind the nursery door
Though I was just a bit of a kid, it was the bit that she was looking for
Now I don't know where to begin confessing
The way she's making me feel it can't be a sin
I was taught to believe you were looking down on everyone
And your benevolent face is beautiful to gaze upon
Now I just don't know who to tell to go to hell
Who put the old devil in the distorted angel?

Distorted Angel
Pure illuminated sweetness
Frightening small children is just about your only weakness
I thought that you would tell me what I'm living for
But I can't see you anymore

I don't know what we did but I'm sorry if it made you cry
And if there's any justice at all I'd be punished for it I'd surmise
It will mark the spot very well where I fell
Under the shadow of the distorted angel
Beneath the shadow of the distorted angel
Below the shadow of the distorted angel
Angel
Beneath the shadow of the distorted angel
Below the shadow of the distorted angel
Angel