

# Elvis Costello, For Other Eyes

I don't know what I would do  
If this letter should fall into  
Other hands than it should pass through  
For other eyes  
He said, "It was nothing...it's over and done"  
But the rotten worm was burrowing still  
Its spirit invades me bleeding me white  
For other replies  
I searched his pockets  
I searched his eyes  
I searched his wallet for clues and lies  
And I found a number that I somehow dialed  
A woman answered, a woman smiled  
Then she hung up on the silence unperplexed  
Innocently spun her rolodex  
I dialed again I could not resist  
Revealing just the dentist receptionist

One day we'll laugh about it or maybe we'll curse  
But there is one thing that is making it worse  
And it's the lack of forgiveness that I can't disguise  
No matter how well he lies  
Now we don't know each other anymore  
And when we touch our lips feel sore  
I question the longing left in his sighs  
For other eyes