

# Elvis Costello, Ghost Train

Maureen and Stan were looking for a job  
They got songs for every occasion  
And a little limelight robbery  
No one will employ them  
There's nothing to decide  
So he autographs his overdraft  
While she goes out of her mind  
Stuck on the wall with a thousand faces  
Unwanted posters of the haunted places  
Roll up for the ghost train  
Non-stop through the city  
Step right up and show your face  
We only want the pretty ones  
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Maureen and Stan at the skating rink  
Looking for the drummer who threw up in the sink  
Laughing and singing, dressed up like dice  
Maybe they could freeze to death out there on the ice  
Look at the graceful way she dances  
One foot speaks, the other answers

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She plays the queen of the fleapit  
He plays a Spanish guitar  
He got a black eye from a waitress  
She's not seeing any stars  
You can be refused, you can be replaced  
You can change your name but you can't change your face  
While they make believe it's just another holiday  
They turn on each other when they hear that joker say

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