

Elvis Costello, Imperial Bedroom

Everyone agreed that she looked delightful
Except for her sister, who was hateful and spiteful
Blushing bright red from her head to her feet
But rushing into her bridal suite
The imperial bedroom, the regal boudoir
This casual acquaintance led to an intimate bonsoir

Life turns out like a TV serial
A head full of daydreams, his hands full of material
She says it's not fair, he's messing up her hair
And still he looks so neat
Stepping into the bridal suite

The imperial bedroom, the regal boudoir
This casual acquaintance led to an intimate bonsoir

So the best man will do his best again
Now they're getting dressed again
Blushing bright red from her head to her feet
Sneaking out of the bridal suite

The imperial bedroom, the regal boudoir
This casual acquaintance led to an intimate bonsoir
We know who you're with and where you are
In the imperial bedroom, the regal boudoir
This casual acquaintance led to an intimate bonsoir
Two names under the register
In the imperial bedroom, the regal boudoir
This casual acquaintance led to an intimate bonsoir
Au revoir