

Elvis Costello, King Of Confidence

She had her mind made up just like her face
She painted in the lines and shadows
She shaded color in that would express
The lonely mood that follows
Love, short and painful and tidy lies in self-defense
She just told a thing or two to the King of Confidence

You said that he could tell her anything
She even held him when he was crying
And made her feel she was the only one
You knew that he was lying when he said he was lying

Love is short and painful, that she finally made sense
Of the love he had for the one and only King of Confidence

It's hard enough to be your lover and alone your confidant
You say you know what I need but you don't know who I want
It's just another tawdry morning now
another tarnished farewell
Your body's tired and complaining now
But you're too tore down to tell

Love is short and painful, all you kind ladies and gents
I spent years and a couple of days as the King of Confidence

It's hard enough to be your lover and alone your confidant
You say you know what I need but you don't know who I want
It's just another tawdry morning now
another tarnished farewell
Your body's tired and complaining now
But you're too tore down to tell

Love is short and painful, all you kind ladies and gents
I spent years and a couple of days as the King of Confidence
I spent years and a couple of days as the King of Confidence