

Elvis Costello, King Of Thieves

I had forgotten all about 'The Case Of The Three Pins'
THEY SAID I MUST BE CRACKED
Until the brown paper parcel landed on my welcome mat
Even the pretty secretaries who wouldn't even
Let me HANG MY HAT
All recognize my handwriting
And return to sender as a matter of fact
If I were you I'd change my name again
They don't care what they do to you believe me
This is the coronation of the King of Thieves
His occupation is the King of Thieves
He can steal more than you can save
You can take him on, but you're not that brave

I'll tell your fortune in a minute or two
I might even tell you what comes next
The moguls want a HUMAN SACRIFICE
AND LOOK AT THAT GIRL, YOUNG HUNGRY AND PERPLEXED
They took away the best years of her life
Ah but it's all in good fun
And if you kept you nose clean
You can laugh now at the caring things they've done

I'll write this story down, but you'll never guess the
Final twist
Blow the whistle on the whole design
As they find my name on that fatal mailing list
I hear the clatter of a typewriter
Another rookie eating up the reams
I think it's time to place my feet under the desk
And PUT MY MARK ON ANOTHER MAN'S DREAMS
This is the coronation of the King of Thieves
And look at that girl
Look at that girl
LOOK AT THAT GIRL