

# Elvis Costello, Little Triggers

Little triggers that you pull with your tongue.  
Little triggers. I don't wanna be hung up, strung up,  
when you don't call up.  
Little sniggers on your lips.  
Little triggers in your grip.  
Little triggers. My hand on your hip.

Thinkin' all about those censored sequences,  
worryin' about the consequences,  
waiting until I come to my senses.  
Better put it all in present tenses.

Worryin' about the common decency  
when it is only a question of frequency  
when you say O.K. But I gotta cheek to be  
sayin' you're tired of me when you don't even weaken these