

# Elvis Costello, Love Field

You lie so unfolded  
In a love field  
With your contempt for any modesty  
In a love field  
In a love field  
In a love field  
You yield with your lips still sealed  
In a love field  
Lost in a sea of imaginary women  
Everything you'd want  
from the dawn to the dimming

Breath comes sharp and heart beats faster  
In a love field  
Cold ground for a pillow  
Under a blanket of stars  
In a love field

In a love field  
In a love field  
Headlights that startled  
This embrace of hours  
In a love field

In a crooked house  
Where things can be arranged  
You think you're different from the rest  
But you don't see how you've changed

Under an archway  
On a road of white linen  
In a love field  
Feel the anxious rhythm of a functional stranger  
In a love field

In a love field  
In a love field  
She's so tense but it's never mentioned  
In a love field