

Elvis Costello, Men Called Uncle

Now there's newsprint all over your face
Well maybe that's why I can read you like a book
Just when I thought I was getting my taste to bite
I go and lose my appetite
Look at the men that you'd call uncle
They'd like to sink their teeth into you
For the pride and the pleasure
And the privilege of having you

If I say you're the one do you think that I'm serious
You get that kind of talk from older men
If I say I love you then I must be delirious
So why are you trying to put my temperature up again

Look at the men that you'd call uncle
Having a heart attack round your ankles

When you wake up with X-rated eyes
When you wake up still shaking
How can I apologize
As you check your effects and check your reflection
I'm so affected in the face of your affection

Look at the men that you'd call uncle
Having a heart attack round your ankles

I could swear, I could promise that I'll always be true to you
But we may not live to be so old
I could even say I'm going to do something new to you
Now the girls I see just leave me cold

Look at the men that you call uncle...