

Elvis Costello, Mischievous Ghost

She came dancing right before my eyes
She said she'd come to warn me
Before it dawned on me
I went walking on the blank hillside
Where the sunset falls
Where the sunset dies
She gave me love, she told me lies
That most mischievous ghost
She was in disguise, she was in disguise, she was in disguise.

He started to whistle, they bought him a flute
He was talking in tongues, they swore he was mute
He scoffed and blasphemed, they said it was beautiful
Busted a button, they bought him a suitcase full

They coloured him cricket and laced him up tight
As he drew on their days resurrected his nights
He raved in the dark, he went out in a blaze
"There you go," they said, "he's good for nothing and lazy"

With scandal and shame they slandered his name
They told him to freeze, they damned him to roast
Disappointed that he passed away peacefully
Never [trying/dying] to be a mischievous ghost

They dug him up quick with a polish and lick
They powdered him up till he only looked sick
The hinge in his backbone would bend to applause
But his dancing was not quite as lively of course

These are the rewards immortality affords
Bullied and bribed and beaten to bliss
[Harrington slacks/Harrods in slacks] and tormental laments
Of going away and not being missed

With scandal and shame they slandered his name
They told him to freeze, they damned him to roast
Disappointed that he passed away peacefully
Never dying to be a mischievous ghost

With the green beer and the shamrock tattoos
Singing his songs of the battles we lose
And [when/will] you come home again so we can murder you
What would you do if they took his word
With forty-eight million to join in the toast
Move over my darling
Mischievous ghost
Mischievous ghost