

Elvis Costello, Miss Macbeth

All the children testified that Miss Macbeth
wore a fishbone slide in her cobweb tresses
Her eyes were black like first foot coal, clutched
as white as chalk-dust
Her fingers sweated india-ink and poison-pen
letters

There is a hungry hanging tree, just below your
bedroom window

You can hear her take a broom to beat out a
tattoo on the ceiling

Her bloodless face ran red inside but was she
really evil, was she only pantomime

Now the chalk on the wall says that somebody
saves, that somebody's face has just been
washed off the pavement

Into a puzzle where petrol will be poisoned by rain

Miss Macbeth saw her reflection

As confetti bled it's colours down the drain

[Chorus:]

And everyday she lives out another love song

It's a tearful lament of somebody done wrong

Well how can you miss what you've never
possessed

Miss Macbeth

Well we all should have known when the
children paraded

They portrayed her in their fairytales, sprinkling
Deadly Nightshade

And as they tormented her she rose to the bait

Even a scapegoat must have someone to hate

And everyday she lives out another love song

"You're up there enjoying yourself, and I know
it's wrong"

Well how can you miss what you've never
possessed

Miss Macbeth

Sometimes people are just what they appear to be

With no redemption at all

We try to walk upright when we can't even crawl

Miss Macbeth has a gollywog she chucks under
the chin and she whispers to it tenderly

Then sticks it on a pin

And It might be coincidence, but a boy down

the lane, that she said "went white as he could
do," then doubled over in pain

[Chorus]