

# Elvis Costello, New Lace Sleeves

Bad lovers face to face in the morning  
Shy apologies and polite regrets  
Slow dances that left no warning of  
Outraged glances and indiscreet yawning  
Good manners and bad breath get you nowhere  
Even presidents have newspaper lovers  
Ministers go crawling under covers  
She's no angel  
He's no saint  
They're all covered up with white washed grease paint  
And you say...

[Chorus:]  
The teacher never told you anything but white lies  
But you never see the lies  
And you believe  
Oh you know you have been captured  
You feel so civilized  
And you look so pretty in your new lace sleeves

The salty lips of the socialite sisters  
With their continental fingers that have  
never seen working blisters  
Oh I know they've got their problems  
I wish I was one of them  
They say daddy's coming home soon  
With his sergeant stripes and his Empire mug and spoon

No more fast buck  
And when are they gonna learn their lesson  
When are they gonna stop all of these victory processions  
And you say...

[Chorus]