

Elvis Costello, Nothing Clings Like Ivy

Nothing clings like Ivy
Frightened by the dark
Though she cuts deep
It never leaves a mark

No one quite like Ivy
Ever gets it straight
What she believes
She won't negotiate

All the words of tenderness
That never quite got through
She said "You know how young girls are
From my contempt for you."

Outside in the hollow
She may dare herself
For there may be
A serpent in the grass

Nothing clings like Ivy
Trying to scare herself
And it may strike or
Wait for her to pass

All the words of tenderness
That she never possessed
"So what's the use of promises?
I had my fingers crossed."

All the words of tenderness
That never quite got through
She said, "I laughed behind your back
When I told them to you."

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