

Elvis Costello, Passionate Fight

(Steve Nieve/Elvis Costello)

Obscure the late afternoon with a drape
Don't let him follow her latest escape
Or the fanfare of taxis that needlessly played
As a forty watt bulb burns a hole in the shade
Then they got into a passionate fight
Now she's lost in the shadows thrown over at twilight

At the Empire Hotel they first came face to face
Pieces would fall off all over the place
And there in the debris they'd laugh and recline
Tell me my dear are you more or less mine

Then they got into a passionate fight
She says now this isn't love it's what you do in spite of it
And I can't go on with it night after night after night
Camphor and cigarettes perfume the scandal
Now he's counting the hinges and watching the door handle
As he hangs the clothes on the back of the door
Perfectly matching outfits that she wore

Women come quietly and some remain with their pity
But others know the pain of the passion of fight
Though the chance they will win is impossibly slight
He cowers before them so invitingly
And in the long run they'll be chastised and hated
Or walk out frustrated or humiliated
That is the pointless delight of a passionate fight

This isn't love what you do in spite of it
I can't go on night after night after night after night after night after night...