

# 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...