

Elvis Costello, Poisoned Rose

The poisoned rose
That you gave to me
It left me half alive
And half in ecstasy
But if half of your love
Is all I can win
Give me just a fraction
But no more medicine

The poisoned rose
On a Valentine card
That you take straight to the heart
That you call my junkyard

But if all I can do
is save pieces of you
The piece of your mind
The piece of your heart

Didn't tear me apart
Like the poisoned rose
I received from you

I don't know
How we came to grow
Into this very sad affair
Everytime we do the decent thing
Somebody spikes the drink
And a single becomes a pair

The poisoned rose
That you wear at your best
That I keep pressed between the white sheets
Where you lie half undressed

I threw away my shirt and shoes
You looked and I dived in
It's just you and me now
'Cause I threw away the gin
I threw away your alibis
And all your worn-out clothes
I threw myself upon the floor
But I couldn't throw away
This poisoned rose
This poisoned rose
This poisoned rose