

Elvis Costello, Poor Napoleon

I can't lie on this bed anymore it burns my skin
You can take the truthful things you've said to me
And put them on the head of a pin
Poor Napoleon

You always look so disappointed when I take my stockings off
Don't you know the facts of life, boy
Don't you know what these things cost
She was selling stolen kisses to travelling salesmen and minstrel singers
You put a penny in the slot
She called you her Magic Fingers

Poor Napoleon

I bet she isn't all that's advertised
I bet that isn't all she fakes
Just like that place where they take your spine
And turn it into soapflakes

so good night little school boy, you'd better learn some self control
did you mess up your hairstyle, pour scorn in your begging bowl

Bare wires from the socket to the bed where you embraced that girl
Did you ever think there's far too many people in the world?
One day they'll probably make a movie out of all of this
There won't even have to be a murder just a slow dissolving kiss