

Elvis Costello, Rocking Horse Road

The chains from the bridle and the reins fell from my hands
The engines are idle and the ship sails on dry land
I stood there stupefied, I thought I recognized
Walking down Rocking Horse Road, getting lost
Shot through Vaseline, he picks up the paper from the lawn
And tucks "The Suburban Assassin" underneath his arm
He smiles weakly and turns away
I know you'll never come to harm
Walking down Rocking Horse Road, it's so peaceful

It's like a photograph
From the other side of the world
I said "I want you only"
And then I left you alone
Crying on Rocking Horse Road, or somewhere quite like it

The cemetery gardens, there are names not numbers on the gateposts
And the eyes in the curtain follow you like a smirking ghost
I know I must not look back
'Cause part of me is waiting still

There on Rocking Horse Road for you
In a little dream house made for two
Well you were the one that made your escape
In your stocking feet and your sticky tape

All the way down [repeat to fade]