

Elvis Costello, Suffering Face

Well, there's an old man's fantasy
Put in a young girl's mouth
Like cheap pink lipstick
Smeared on her wedding dress
Will you look what you've done to her
Will you look at this disgrace
Well, it's all over
Your suffering face

If we were chrome, we would be rusty
If we were thirst, we would be quenched
You don't need the same old rivet gun
You need a brand new wrench

Someone to pull you down on the ground
And cover you with kisses
Once I was the jewel of your heart
Now I'm only semi-precious

But if I seem so preoccupied
It's just my alibi--I'm all broken up inside
Even the words of love seem cruel and crass
When you're tough and transparent as armored glass
I prepared a bed for you

Then I sprayed perfume
Upon the wilted roses
That I'd scattered 'round the room
You came in gentle as a lamb
And turned into a terror
And you left your love and other threats
In the steam fading on my bathroom mirror

Well, it's an old man's fantasy
Put in a young girl's mouth
Like cheap pink lipstick
Smeared on her wedding dress
Will you look what you've done to me
Now you've put me in my place
Oh, it's all over
It's all over
It's all over
Your suffering face