

# Elvis Costello, Suffering Face

Well, there's an old man's fantasy  
Put in a young girl's mouth  
Like cheap pink lipstick  
Smear'd 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  
Smear'd 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