

# Elvis Costello, Sunday's Best

Times are tough for English babies  
Send the army and the navy  
Beat up strangers who talk funny  
Take their greasy foreign money  
Skin shop, red leather, hot line  
Be prepared for the engaged sign  
Bridal books, engagement rings  
And other wicked little things

[Chorus:]  
Standing in your socks and vest  
Better get it off your chest  
Every day is just like the rest  
But Sunday's best

Stylish slacks to suit your pocket  
Back supports and picture lockets  
Sleepy towns and sleeper trains  
To the dogs and down the drains  
Major roads and ladies smalls  
Hearts of oak and long trunk calls  
Continental interference  
At death's door with life insurance

[Chorus]

Sunday's best, Sunday's finest  
When your money's in the minus  
And you suffer from your shyness  
You can listen to us whiners

Don't look now under the bed  
An arm, a leg and a severed head  
Read about the private lives  
The songs of praise, the readers' wives  
Listen to the decent people  
Though you treat them just like sheep  
Put them all in boots and khaki  
Blame it all upon the darkies

[Chorus]

Sunday's best