

Elvis Costello, Tart

Hear silver trumpets will trill in Arabic streets of Seville
Oranges roll in the gutter
And you pick them up
And peel back the skin
To the red fruit within

[Chorus:]

But the flavour is...

Tart

And the flavour is...

Tart

Is it something you crave?

And you say that you only feel bitterness

When you know it's a lie, lie, lie...

Wild with a blackberry bush
There were blossoms of cherries to crush
There, at the edge of the asphalt tempting fingertips
They stain your hand, press too hard
They'll colour your lips...

But the flavour is...

Tart

And the flavour is...

Tart

Is it something you crave?

'Cos you say that you only feel bitterness

Would it kill you to show us a little sweetness?

[Chorus]

Odd, where nothing else grows
It was something like love that she chose
Always a creature of habit
When pity would do
She wore down that heel with no feeling
She kept on her shoes

[Chorus]

Nylon was hung from a peg
And a kohl black seam ran down her leg
Fishermen look for their nets
And send their regrets
The bug lay there broken
She spoke, "Is this some kind of joke?"

But the flavour is...

Tart