

# 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