

# Elvis Costello, The Loved Ones

Don't get smart or sarcastic  
He snaps back just like elastic  
Spare us the theatrics and the verbal gymnastics  
We break wise guys just like matchsticks

[Chorus:]

What would the loved ones say  
Your pride and joy is all blown up  
What would the loved ones say  
The bride and boy are barely grown up  
You're not my particular poison  
I've got nothing against you myself  
You could have been a danger to the boys and girls  
Now you're a danger to yourself

Oh what would the loved ones say  
What would the loved ones say  
Oh what would the loved ones say  
What would the loved ones say

The ugly little scenes run round your bed  
The ugly little dreams you get the needle and no thread  
They stitched you up this time  
They say you'll do  
They bitch about your pretty face turning ugly on you

The butcher the baker and the bassline maker  
Say you can leave her I can take her  
You live your whole life like a minute or two later  
One day its going to end sooner than greater

What would the loved ones say  
He'll be remembered young and pretty  
What would the loved ones say  
Now he's a hit in every city  
Now there's a name well never forget  
There's one born every minute  
Dont pin a medal on me yet  
They might be waiting for you

[Chorus]

PS I love you