

Elvis Costello, The Name Of This Thing Is Not Love

There's a part of this feeling that I just cannot kill
But the name of this thing is not love
And I can't take a potion, and I won't take a pill
So it tortures me still
But the name of this thing is not love

Then you start entertaining such a terrible thought
Life is so very short
And the name of this thing is not love

There's a bruise on her arm
And some blood on the floor
But the name of this thing is not love
And they're taunting some girl
That they claim to adore
She can't take anymore
But the name of this thing is not love

Who in the world do you think that you are?
That you pushed me this far
But the name of this thing is not love

He thinks of her still
Although you'd never guess
He's trying so to forget her
The occasional moments that he'll always bless
Watching her dress
For worse or better

He watched her pick over her broken playthings
What played on his mind is not love
The cast aside tokens and discarded rings
Over one of his flings
But the name of this thing is not love

Then he threw something down in the wild rushing river
And won't ever recover
But the name of this thing is not love

Then you start out pretending that you're so very tough
Life is not short enough
But the name of this thing is not love