

Elvis Costello, The Sharpest Thorn

(Costello, Toussaint)

I wore my finest suit of clothes
The sharpest thorn defending the rose
Hot as a pistol
Keen as a blade
The sharpest thorn upon parade

And it's the same most every year
Ghosts of the dear departed are near
We raise our glasses and we cheer
Should old acquaintance disappear
Just as we wipe away a tear

Archangel Michael will lead the way
Archangel Gabriel is ready to play
Although we know we must repent
We hit the scene and look for sins
That haven't even been invented

The strongest cage that guards the prize
The longest lash that covers your eyes
A sight no eyes are meant to know
Then on the third day he arose

Archangel Michael will lead the way
Archangel Gabriel is ready to play
Although we know we must repent
We hit the scene and look for sins
That haven't even been invented

So Good and Evil were having a fight
It lasts much longer than any one night
It may last longer than a life
And turn a mistress into a wife

And so confetti fills the air
My head is aching
My pockets are bare
I didn't recognise their warning
Then I wasn't born the sharpest thorn
I wasn't born the sharpest thorn
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I wasn't born the sharpest thorn