

# Elvis Costello, This Sad Burlesque

I write in hopes that by the time you get this letter  
We may live to see a change for the better  
Or are we so devoted to these wretched selfish motives  
When the cold facts and figures all add up  
They cannot contradict this sad burlesque  
This sad burlesque  
With miserable failures making entertainment of our fate  
Laughter cannot dignify or elevate  
This sad burlesque

Now can they recall being young and idealistic  
Before wading knee-deep in hogwash and arithmetic  
The pitying smirk  
The argument runs like clockwork  
Will run down eventually and splutter to a stop

P.S. Well by now you know the worst of it  
And we've heard all the alibis that they've rehearsed  
The smug predictions  
If it's not a contradiction  
Keep faith in human nature  
And have mercy on the creatures in this sad burlesque