

# Elvis Costello, Withered And Died

This cruel old country has driven me down, teased me and lied.  
I've only sad stories to tell to this town  
My dreams have withered and died.  
Once I was bending the tops of the trees,  
Kind thoughts in my head, kind voices to hear.  
Then I took up with a girl from the West.  
They'd run and hide, they'd run and hide.  
Count one to ten and she's gone like the rest.  
My dreams have withered and died.  
If I was a butterfly, lived for a day,  
I could be free just blowing away.  
Silver moon sailor and silver moonshine  
On the water so wide, water so wide,  
Slip from the bed of a good friend of mine  
My dreams have withered and died.  
Once I was bending the tops of the trees  
Kind thoughts in my head, kind voices to hear.  
This cruel country has driven me down, teased me and lied.  
Teased me and lied.  
I've only sad stories to tell to this town.  
My dreams have withered and died. [x3]