

Elvis Costello, You Stole My Bell

There is a place
Underneath the staircase
Where I keep the evidence
Of what once would offer peace
In a deep blue velvet box filled with joy and pride
Should I pick the locks?
Should I peek inside?
Can I stand the sight of those happy days?
Should I strike a match, burn them all away?

Cos you stole my bell
And you broke my chime
And the clock spins round but it won't keep time
There are many lovely girls in this cold and loveless world
But not one is the equal of you, heaven knows how much I love you (x2)

So here we are
But it's not quite like we thought
Those things were priceless then
Now I know they can't be bought
In a deep blue velvet box fastened with a pin
Should I lift the lid?
Should I look within?
Was it my last chance or my first mistake?
Is it just a step that we'll never take?

Cos you stole my bell
And you broke my chime
And the clock spins round but it won't keep time
There are many lovely girls in this cold and loveless world
But not one is the equal of you, heaven knows how much I love you (x3)