

## Costello Elvis

### "Pretty Words"

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I ask you nicely  
Get my face slapped under wraps  
What's going on precisely  
Is there something wrong perhaps?

Surprise, surprise (surprise, surprise)  
It's more like a booby trap than a booby prize

Civil disobedience from a soldier with a dirty rifle  
You're loosening all the screws that hold the hinges of  
my life

Fat cats and army brats  
Hep cats and dog tag pawing over girly mags

Chorus:  
Pretty words don't mean much anymore  
I don't mean to be mean much anymore  
All I see are snapshots, bigshots, tender spots  
(1) mug shots, machine slots  
(2) machine slots, mug shots  
'Till you don't know what's what  
You don't know what you got

Curious women running after curious men  
Curiosity didn't kill the cat  
It was a poisoned pen  
But there's not much choice (it's Hobson's choice)  
Between a cruel mouth and a jealous voice

Got back to London  
Picked a paper from the man  
No words of consolation  
Just cartoons and titter tatter  
Well well, fancy that  
Millions murdered for a kiss me quick hat  
No backbone, blood and guts  
Better keep your big mouth shut

Chorus

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