

Elvis Costello

"All This Useless Beauty"

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It's at times such as this, she'd be tempted to spit
If she wasn't so ladylike
She imagines how she might have lived
Back when legends and history collide

So she looks to her prince finding
Since he's so charmingly slumped at her side
Those days are recalled on the gallery wall
And she's waiting for passion or humor to strike

What shall we do?
What shall we do with all this useless beauty?
All this useless beauty

Good Friday arrived, the sky darkened on time
'Til he almost began to negotiate
She held his head like a baby and said
"It's okay if you cry"

Now he wants her to dress as if you couldn't guess
He desires to impress his associates
But he's part ugly beast and Hellenic deceased
So she finds that the mixture is hard to deny

What shall we do?
What shall we do with all this useless beauty?
All this useless beauty

She won't practice the looks from the great tragic
books
That were later disgraced to face celluloid
It won't even make sense but you can bet
If she isn't a sweetheart or plaything or pet
The film turns her into an unveiled threat

Nonsense prevails, modesty fails
Grace and virtue turn into stupidity
While the calendar fades almost all barricades
To a pale compromise

And our leaders have feasts on the backsides of
beasts

They still think they're the Gods of antiquity
If something you missed didn't even exist
It was just an ideal, is it such a surprise?

What shall we do?
What shall we do with all this useless beauty?
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All this useless beauty

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