

Elvis Costello "Bullets For The New-Born King"

Visit "[Bullets For The New-Born King](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

No one looks in this place for motive or any hope
But for the dead shot of an amber glass, the blue light
of a votive
Rain obscured the window as the pain was dulled by
the grains
Absolved by spoons in flames and fear in time
dissolving

It's not for the faint of pulse or anybody false
Those amateurs who simply shed their skins
So where are those traitors now, we once called
patriots?
Just like those saints who seem to revel in their sins

Oh, my eyes were filled with tears that were stinging
After our assassin's work was done
The bells and hands were only there for the wringing
And we were bringing bullets for the new-born king

The trumpet sound lamenting, tramping down the
blooms of the deceased
The double agent girl and the fallen priest were
heading for the border
Somewhere in the high command, there stayed the
palest hand
That saw the order countermand, erased a tape
recorder
And then they hung him from a window cord

Swallow down that voodoo vial and stay your breath a
while
Before we spill the tale that we have spun
And now I shall confide all that I have denied
Oh, I'm so sorry for the things I've done

Oh, my eyes were filled with tears that were stinging
After our assassin's work was done
The bells and hands were only there for the wringing
And we were bringing bullets for the new-born king

