

Elvis Costello

"Coal Train Robberies"

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Yesterday's coal train came to rest in the bitter
cutting
And as the signals took an age to change it was
easy pickings
So you go to the movies where they smash it up
You want to feel your heart pumping it makes
you feel good
All through the karaoke girls were squealing
the hits
As another Mercedes-Benz gets blown to bits
While all the time in the camptown theatres
of Piccadilly
They're going to throw a black-face minstrel
show for the barefoot children
That they're always selling
They'll say "It's quaint" as the guilty ones faint
and claim they ain't underneath this paint
We interrupt these liberal saints with their
whips and watermelon

Reports are coming in of a coal-train robbery
It's like another world, or it had better be

So we return to whitewashed pout of his
committed lips
Since he was declared the long lost fountain
of youth that drips and drips and drips
They'll be sending him round from door to door,
to sell you back what's already yours
"So many good deeds, so little time"
Say the advertising agency swine
When man has destroyed what he thinks he owns
I hope no living thing cries over his bones
If you don't believe that I'm going for good
You can count the days I'm gone and chop up
the chairs for firewood

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