

## Elvis Costello "Joe Porterhouse"

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The children sit upon the stairs  
High above a valley of tears  
Don't let them see you crying that way, oh no

Oh no, Joe Porterhouse  
Is not gone forever, he'll be back another day  
Don't let them see you crying that way

Please don't wake him, let him sleep  
It's a moment she can keep  
Like an old bus ticket or a photograph

Resting on the mantelpiece  
While for the wicked, there is no peace  
She says it's not his time to go  
Why we were nearly lovers years ago

Now what is left for me  
Among the broken branches of the family tree?

Heart like an anchor, arms like cable  
He stood all alone on an iron turntable  
Don't let them see you crying that way, oh no

The sun beats down, it's cracking the flags  
Boys who should know better are stamping out fags  
Don't let them see you laughing that way

Please don't wake him, let him sleep  
It's a moment she can keep  
Like an old bus ticket or a photograph

Resting on the mantelpiece  
While for the wicked, there is no peace  
She says it's not his time to go  
Why we were nearly lovers years ago

Now what is left for me  
Among the broken branches of the family tree?

Oh no, Joe Porterhouse  
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Don't let them see you crying that way

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