

Elvis Costello "Little Palaces"

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In chocolate town all the trains are painted brown
In the silver paper of the wrapper
There's a dapper little man
And he wears a wax mustache

That he twists with nicotine fingers
As he drops his cigarette ash
And someone comes and sweeps it up
And then he doffs his cap

And there's a rat in someone's bedroom
And they're shutting someone's trap
And they'll soon be pulling down the little palaces

And the doors swing back and forward
From the past into the present
And the bedside crucifixion
Turns from wood to phosphorescent

And they're moving problem families
From the South up to the North
Mother's crying over some
Soft soap opera divorce

And you say you didn't do it
But you know you did of course
And they'll soon be pulling down the little palaces

It's like shouting in a matchbox
Filled with plasterboard and hope
Like a picture of Prince William
In the arms of John the Pope

There's a world of good intentions
And pity in their eyes
The sedated homes of England
Are theirs to vandalize

So you knock the kids about a bit, because they've got
your name
And you knock the kids about a bit, until they feel the
same

And they feel like knocking down the little palaces

You're the twinkle in your daddy's eye, a name you
spray and scribble

You made the girls all turn their heads

And in turn they made you miserable

To be the heir apparent to the kingdom of the invisible

So you knock the kids about a bit, because they've got
your name

And you knock the kids about a bit, until they feel the
same

And they feel like knocking down the little palaces

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