

Elvis Costello "Luxembourg"

Visit "[Luxembourg](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Dressed up like a dog's dinner
The butter wouldn't melt on your paws
If this is dog's life then you're the cat's clothes

They hire out your sons and hire out your daughters
The man from abroad says he's already bought her
Now you look like a lover but you're only a tourist

You're talking or yawning
You didn't listen to a thing you heard
Don't start your morning moaning
Or you might wake up in Luxembourg

You get over, you get over
You're worried by her body
She's worryin' about her bodily odour

You pull off, the pull over
You say that you love her when you really loathe her
Serves you right now she wants you to feed her and
clothe her

You're talking or yawning
You didn't listen to a thing you heard
Don't start your morning moaning
Or you might wake up in Luxembourg

Where they're smiling sweetly while they're looking
daggers
Kick you where it really matters
Send all your friends to coventry and
Look for your name in last night's obituaries

You've got the Deutschmarks
If you've got the yen, then
You get the shirt off her back
And the clock off Big Ben

Somebody's soft touch
I'm tired of these bargains
In the drinking clubs with the council men making
Plans to put lead back in their pencils again

You're talking or yawning
You didn't listen to a thing you heard
Don't start your morning moaning
Or you might wake up in Luxembourg

Well, well, well, well
Well, well, well
Well, well, well
Well, you know it

I said well
[Incomprehensible]

Visit [Elvis Costello](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.