

Elvis Costello "Mr. Feathers"

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They looked
At her this way
Every since
She was a girl
Mr. Feathers
Mr. Feathers
The echo
In every smile
That would curl
Into a leer
Oh, my dear
(Oh, my dear)
Mr. Feathers is near
(Oh, my dear)
The counter is foreign
Something is spoiling
It's really appalling
You pleased
And you promised
You never saw it through
Nobody knows
The damage that we do
Do you carry it with you?

She passed him out
In the street
He suddenly seems so frail
As her fast heart beat
She should kick him anyway
Sharpen her nails
For eyes that stray
Where hands
Should never stray

She thought
She was wanted
Ever since
She was a girl
Mr. Feathers
Mr. Feathers
The kindness
In every smile

That would curl
Into a sneer
Oh, my dear
Mr. Feathers is near
Her lover is calling
Something is spoiling
It's really appalling
You pleased
And you promised
You never saw it through
Nobody knows
The damage that we do
The damage that we do

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