

## **Elvis Costello "New Lace Sleeves"**

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Bad lovers face to face in the morning  
Shy apologies and polite regrets  
Slow dances that left no warning of  
Outraged glances and indiscreet yawning

Good manners  
And bad breath get you nowhere  
Even Presidents have newspaper lovers  
Ministers go crawling under covers

She's no angel  
He's no saint  
They're all covered up with white washed grease paint  
And you say

The teacher never told you anything but white lies  
But you never see the lies and you believe  
Oh you know, you have been captured  
You feel so civilized  
And you look so pretty in your new lace sleeves

The salty lips of the socialite sisters  
With their continental fingers that have  
Never seen working blisters  
Oh, I know they've got their problems

I wish, I was one of them  
They say, daddy's coming home soon  
With his Sergeant stripes  
And his Empire mug and spoon

No more fast buck  
And when are they gonna learn their lesson?  
When are they gonna stop all of these victory  
processions?  
And you say

The teacher never told you anything but white lies  
But you never see the lies and you believe  
Oh you know, you have been captured  
You feel so civilized  
And you look so pretty in your new lace sleeves

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