

Elvis Costello "Pidgin English"

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There's a young girl with her old man
Who's too sick to mention
She'll be turning twenty-seven
As she draws her widow's pension

But he couldn't catch a common cold
He couldn't get arrested
Too terrified to answer back
Too tired to have resisted

Many hands make light work
Shorthand makes life easy
When he's out on night work
Make sure no one sees me

It all ends up in a slanging match
With body talk and bruises
A change is better than a rest
Silly beggars can't be choosers

One of a thousand pities you can't categorize
There are ten commandments of love
When will you realize?

There are ten commandments of love
I believe, I trust, I promise
I wish love's just a throwaway kiss
In this Pidgin English

If you're so wise
Use your lips and your eyes
Take it to the bridge she sighs

You go cheep, cheep, cheep
Between bull's-eyes and bluster
Stiff as your poker face
Keener than mustard

From your own back yard
To the land of exotica
From the truth society
To neurotic erotica

Silence is golden
Money talks diamonds and ermine
There's a word in Spanish
Italian and German

In sign language, morse code
Semaphore and gibberish
Have you forgotten how to say it
In your Pidgin English?

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One of a thousand pities you can't categorize
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PS I love you
PS I love you
PS I love you

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