

## Elvis Costello "Pony St."

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She lives on Pony St. and they should scatter flowers at  
her feet  
But when they come calling, I think it's appalling  
They're sober and they're polite  
They're deeply respectful when I would expect them  
To keep her out all night

That little martinet will get her own way  
Yet, if you need instruction in mindless destruction  
I'll show you a thing or two  
You used to adore me but now my life flashes before  
me for you to view

Oh mother, oh mother, sometimes you are so  
mortifying  
From the hole in your leopard skin tights, I can tell,  
you've been spying  
But your generation confesses before it transgresses  
Those 'Super-8' movies of daddy in your disco dresses

If you're going out tonight, I won't wait up  
Reading 'Das Kapital', watching 'Home shopping club'  
While you're flogging a dead horse, all the way down  
Pony St.  
Where you live after a fashion, all the way down Pony  
St.

The life and the soul of every indiscretion  
That lives on, that lives on, that lives on  
Pony St.

Daughter, oh daughter, you know I will love you forever  
But spare me the white ankle socks with the lace and  
the leather  
For you and your cartoon threat, do no good to resist  
me  
For I am the genuine thing, but for you, it's just history

If you're going out tonight, how can you be sure  
Where you lay your pretty head, mother may have been  
before  
So you're flogging a dead horse, all the way down Pony

St.  
Where you live after a fashion, all the way down Pony  
St.

The life and the soul of every indiscretion  
That lives on, that lives on  
That lives on, that lives on  
That lives on

She lives on Pony St.  
She lives on Pony St.

She lives on, she lives on  
She lives on, she lives on

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