

Elvis Costello "Pretty Words"

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I ask you nicely
Get my face slapped under wraps
What's going on precisely
Is there something wrong perhaps?

Surprise, surprise
It's more like a booby trap
Than a booby prize

Civil disobedience from
A soldier with a dirty rifle
You're loosening all the screws
That hold the hinges of my life

Fat cats and army brats
Hep cats in dog tags
Pawing over girly mags

Pretty words don't
Mean much anymore
I don't mean to be
Mean much anymore

All I see are snapshots, big shots
Tender spots, mug shots, machine slots
'Til you don't know what's what
You don't know what you got

Curious women
Running after curious men
Curiosity didn't kill the cat
It was a poisoned pen

But there's not much choice
Between a cruel mouth
And a jealous voice

Got back to London
Picked a paper from the man
No words of consolation
Just cartoons and titter tatter

Well, well, fancy that
Millions murdered for a kiss me quick hat
No backbone, blood and guts
Better keep your big mouth shut

Pretty words
Don't mean much anymore
I don't mean to be
Mean much anymore

All I see are snapshots, big shots
Tender spots, machine slots, mug shots
'Til you don't know what's what
You don't know what you got

You don't know what you got
You don't know what you got

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