

Elvis Costello

"Punch the Clock"

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They talked to the sister, the father and the mother
With a microphone in one hand and a chequebook in
the other
AND THE CAMERA NOSES IN TO THE TEARS ON HER
FACE
The tears on her face
The tears on her face
You can put them back together with your paper and
paste
But you can't put them back together
You can't put them back together

What would you say?
What would you do?
Children and animals two by two
Give me the needle
Give me the rope
We're going to melt them down for PILLS AND SOAP
Give me the needle
Give me the rope
We're going to melt them down for pills and soap

Four and twenty crowbars, jemmy your desire
Out of the frying pan into the fire
The king is in the counting house
Some folk have all the luck
And all we get are pictures of LORD AND LADY MUCK
They come from lovely people with a hard line in
hypocrisy
THERE ARE ASHTRAYS OF EMOTION FOR THE FAG ENDS
OF THE ARISTOCRACY

The sugar coated pill is getting bitterer still
YOU THINK YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU BUT YOU
KNOW IT NEVER WILL
So pack up your troubles in a stolen handbag
DON'T DILLY DALLY BOYS RALLY ROUND THE FLAG
Give us your daily bread in individual slices
And something in the daily rag to cancel any crisis

