

## Elvis Costello "Rope"

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Down by the harborside  
A boat is fastened by a length of rope  
It was a perfect match  
Dreaming of escape  
Feeling almost detached

Look beneath the waves  
The seabirds diving down into black water

The morning bells begin  
Schoolchildren chant and spin  
A length of rope  
Below a hanging tree  
Like cruel secrets some of us turn out to be

Should our love increase  
We are all released like statues from marble

While in a prison yard  
They're taking turns to guard  
A length of rope  
Are you too weak to fight?  
Picking up a thread and then stretching it tight

Look beneath the waves  
The seabirds diving down into black water

Still our love increased  
We are all released like statues from marble

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