

Elvis Costello "She Was No Good"

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She could be no good, I'm telling you
Gather 'round boys for a tale that is tragic and true
On the Mississippi riverboat, Magnolia
No one onboard was smelling too sweet
That precious one must have been stamping her feet

Dictating demands [Incomprehensible] and fine
A few rods west of the Bridgeport line
But the veil was drawn and the halo slipped
Tippling tinctures, reciting scripture

Faces where slapped just as kid gloves were suffered
Vile threats were uttered and challenges were offered
On the Cumberland riverboat, E. W. Stephens
Daggers were drawn on pistols pulled
Staggering till dawn filled up with whiskey and rum

And several drunken musicians ran amok
Rampaging with the crew around the deck
And I received a blow that was unkind
It turned my cheek to the color of gentian violet

I wouldn't say that this journey had quite been the
highlight
Of the all American tour teetering on the edge of war
Out of the genteel northern prosceniums filled up with
imitation Europeans
And down along the river of rough damnations
By the blood stained cotton and the slave plantations

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