# Elvis Costello <br> "Tart" 

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Hear silver trumpets will trill in the Arabic Streets of Seville
Oranges roll in the gutter
And you pick them up
And peel back the skin
To the red fruit within

But the flavor is
Tart
And the flavor is
Tart

Is it something you crave
And you say that you only feel bitterness
When you know it's a lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie

Wild with a blackberry bush
There were blossoms of cherries to crush
There at the edge of the asphalt tempting fingertips
You stain your hands, press too hard
They'll color your lips
But the flavor is
Tart
And the flavor is
Tart

Is it something you crave
'Cause you say that you only feel bitterness
Would it kill you to show us a little sweetness?
Odd, where nothing else grows
It was something like love that she chose
Always a creature of habit when pity would do
She wore down that heel with no feeling
She kept on her shoes
That the flavor is
Tart
And the flavor is
Tart

Is it something you crave
'Cause you say that you only feel bitterness
Would it kill you to show us a little sweetness?

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Nylon was hung from a peg
And a Kohl black seam ran down her leg
Fishermen look for their nets and send their regrets
But the bug lay there broken
She spoke, "Is this some kind of joke?"

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Is it something you crave
'Cause you say that you only feel bitterness
Would it kill you to show us a little sweetness?

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