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Elvis Costello "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, 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?

Tart And the flavor is Tart And the flavor is Tart And the flavor is Tart

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?"

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?

Tart And the flavor is Tart And the flavor is Tart And the flavor is Tart

And the flavor is Tart And the flavor is Tart

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