

Elvis Costello

"The Fall Of The World's Own Optimist"

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(Elvis Costello/Aimee Mann)

There's no charity in you
And that surprises me
I guess I thought you were a golden idol
'Cause I called you majesty
On the balustrade
You watched me hunt for tips I was obliged to pick up
From the passing trade

CHORUS:

Hey, kids--look at this
It's the fall of the world's own optimist
I could get back up if you insist
But you'll have to ask politely
'Cause the eggshells I've been treading
Couldn't spare me a beheading
And I'll know I had it coming
From a Caesar who was only slumming
Hey, kids--look at this
It's the fall of the world's own optimist

Well, I could have objections
Which you could override

But what's the point--we're only flogging the horse
When the horseman has up and died
Once I testified
And swore I'd never leave a stone unturned--
I bet you're really glad that I lied

CHORUS

Hey, kids--look at this
It's the fall of the world's own optimist
I could get back up if you insist
But you'll have to ask politely
Yes, you'll have to ask politely
Yes, you'll have to ask

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