

Elvis Costello "The Loved Ones"

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Don't get smart or sarcastic
He snaps back just like elastic
Spare us the theatrics and the verbal gymnastics
We break wise guys just like matchsticks

What would the loved ones say
(Your pride and joy is all blown up)
What would the loved ones say
(The bride and boy are barely grown up)

You're not my particular poison
I got nothing against you myself
You could have been a danger to the boys and girls
Now you're a danger to yourself

Oh, what would the loved ones say
What would the loved ones say
Oh, what would the loved ones say
What would the loved ones say

The ugly little dreams run round your bed
The ugly little scenes, you get the needle and no
thread
They stitched you up this time, they say you'll do
They bitch about your pretty face, turning ugly on you

The butcher, baker and the baseline maker
Say you can leave her, I can take her
You spend your whole life like a minute or two later
One day its going to end sooner than greater

What would the loved ones say
(He'll be remembered young and pretty)
What would the loved ones say
(Now he's a hit in every city)

Now there's a name, well, never forget
There's one born every minute or two
Don't pin a medal on me yet
They might be waiting for you

Oh, what would the loved ones say

What would the loved ones say
Oh, what would the loved ones say
What would the loved ones say

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