

## Elvis Costello & The Attractions "Luxembourg"

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Dressed up like a dog's dinner  
The butter wouldn't melt on your paws  
If this is dog's life then you're the cat's clothes

They hire out your sons and hire out your daughters  
The man from abroad says he's already bought her  
Now you look like a lover but you're only a tourist

You're talking or yawning  
You didn't listen to a thing you heard  
Don't start your morning moaning  
Or you might wake up in Luxembourg

You get over, you get over  
You're worried by her body  
She's worryin' about her bodily odour

You pull off, the pull over  
You say that you love her when you really loathe her  
Serves you right now she wants you to feed her and  
clothe her

You're talking or yawning  
You didn't listen to a thing you heard  
Don't start your morning moaning  
Or you might wake up in Luxembourg

Where they're smiling sweetly while they're looking  
daggers  
Kick you where it really matters  
Send all your friends to coventry and  
Look for your name in last night's obituaries

You've got the Deutschmarks  
If you've got the yen, then  
You get the shirt off her back  
And the clock off Big Ben

Somebody's soft touch  
I'm tired of these bargains  
In the drinking clubs with the council men making  
Plans to put lead back in their pencils again

You're talking or yawning  
You didn't listen to a thing you heard  
Don't start your morning moaning  
Or you might wake up in Luxembourg

Well, well, well, well  
Well, well, well  
Well, well, well  
Well, you know it

I said well  
[Incomprehensible]

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