

## **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**

### **"Pidgin English"**

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There's a young girl with her old man  
Who's too sick to mention  
She'll be turning twenty-seven  
As she draws her widow's pension

But he couldn't catch a common cold  
He couldn't get arrested  
Too terrified to answer back  
Too tired to have resisted

Many hands make light work  
Shorthand makes life easy  
When he's out on night work  
Make sure no one sees me

It all ends up in a slanging match  
With body talk and bruises  
A change is better than a rest  
Silly beggars can't be choosers

One of a thousand pities you can't categorize  
There are ten commandments of love  
When will you realize?

There are ten commandments of love  
I believe, I trust, I promise  
I wish love's just a throwaway kiss  
In this Pidgin English

If you're so wise  
Use your lips and your eyes  
Take it to the bridge she sighs

You go cheep, cheep, cheep  
Between bull's-eyes and bluster  
Stiff as your poker face  
Keener than mustard

From your own back yard  
To the land of exotica  
From the truth society  
To neurotic erotica

Silence is golden  
Money talks diamonds and ermine  
There's a word in Spanish  
Italian and German

In sign language, morse code  
Semaphore and gibberish  
Have you forgotten how to say it  
In your Pidgin English?

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One of a thousand pities you can't categorize  
There are ten commandments of love  
When will you realize?

PS I love you  
PS I love you  
PS I love you

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