

Elvis Costello & The Attractions

"Pills And Soap"

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They talked to the sister, the father and the mother
With a microphone in one hand and a check book in the
other
And the camera noses in to the tears on her face
The tears on her face, the tears on her face

You can put them back together
With your paper and paste
But you can't put them back together
You can't put them back together

What would you say? What would you do?
Children and animals, two by two
Give me the needle, give me the rope
We're going to melt them down for pills and soap

Four and twenty crowbars, Jemmy, your desire
Out of the frying pan into the fire
The king is in the counting house
Some folk have all the luck and all we get
Are pictures of Lord and lady muck

They come from lovely people
With a hard line in hypocrisy
There are ashtrays of emotion
For the fag ends of the aristocracy

What would you say? What would you do?
Children and animals, two by two
Give me the needle, give me the rope
We're going to melt them down for pills and soap
Give me the needle, give me the rope

The sugar coated pill is getting bitterer still
You think your country needs you but you know it never
will
So pack up your troubles in a stolen handbag
Don't dilly-dally boys rally 'round the flag

Give us our daily bread in individual slices
And something in the daily rag to cancel any crisis

What would you say? What would you do?
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