

Elvis Costello & The Attractions "Tokyo Storm Warning"

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And the sky fell over cheap
Korean monster movie scenery
And spilled into the mezzanine
Of the crushed capsule hotel

Between the Disney abattoir
And the chemical refinery
And I knew I was in trouble
But I thought I was in Hell

So you look around the tiny room
And you wonder, where the hell you are
While the K.K.K. convention
Are all stranded in the bar

They wear hoods and carry shotguns
In the main streets of Montgomery
But they're helpless here as babies
'Cause they're only here on holiday

What do we care if the world is a joke?
(Tokyo storm warning)
We'll give it a big kiss, we'll give it a poke
(Tokyo storm warning)
Death wears a big hat 'cause he's a big bloke
(Tokyo storm warning)
We're only living this instant

With the black sand stuck beneath her feet
In a warm Sorrento sunrise
A barefoot girl from Naples
Or was it a Barcelona high-rise

Whistles out the tuneless theme song
All the hundred cheap suggestions
And a million false seductions
And all those eternal questions, well

What do we care if the world is a joke?
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We'll give it a big kiss, we'll give it a poke
(Tokyo storm warning)

Death wears a big hat 'cause he's a big bloke
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We're only living this instant

So they flew the Super-Constellation
All the way from Rimini
And feasted them on fish and chips
From a newspaper facsimile

Now dead Italian tourists bodies
Litter up the Broadway
Some people can't be told, you know
They have to learn the hard way

Holidays are dirt-cheap
In the Costa Del Malvinas
In the Hotel Argentina
They can hardly tell between us

For Teresa is a waitress
Though she's now known as Juanita
In a tango bar in Stanley
Or in Puerto Margarita

She's the sweetest and the sauciest
The loveliest and naughtiest
She's Miss Buenos Aires
In a world of lacy lingerie

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Japanese God
Jesus robots telling teenage fortunes
For all we know and all we care
They might as well be Martians

They say gold paint on the palace gates
Comes from the teeth of pensioners
They're so tired of shooting protest singers
That they hardly mention us

While fountains fill with second hand perfume
And sodden trading stamps
They'll hang the bullies and the louts
That dampen down the day

What do we care if the world is a joke?
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We'll give it a big kiss, we'll give it a poke
(Tokyo storm warning)
Death wears a big hat 'cause he's a big bloke
(Tokyo storm warning)
We're only living this instant, hey

We braved the cold November air
And the undertaker's curses
Singing, "Take me to the Folies Bergere
And please don't spare the hearses"

For he always had a dream
Of that revolver in your purse
How you loved him till you hated him
And made him cry for mercy

He said, "Don't ever mention my name there
Or talk of all the nights you cried
We've always been like worlds apart
Now you're seeing two nightmares collide"

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