

# Luxembourg

## Elvis Costello

Dressed up like a dog's dinner  
Butter wouldn't melt on your paws  
If this is a dog's life  
Then you're the cat's clothes  
They hire out your sons  
Hire out your daughters  
The man from abroad says he's already bought her  
And now you look like a lover but you're only a tourist  
You're either 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 odor  
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 either 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  
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  
If 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  
Struck all these bargains  
In the drinking clubs with the council men making  
Plans to put lead back in their pencils again  
You're either 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,  
Ooo,  
Well, oh, well, well, well, Luxembourg

Songwriters

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