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 touristYou'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 LuxembourgYou 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 herYou'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 LuxembourgThey'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 obituariesIf 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 againYou'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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