

# Bullets For The New-Born King

[Elvis Costello](#)

No one looks in this place for motive or any hope  
But for the dead shot of an amber glass, the blue light of a votive  
Rain obscured the window as the pain was dulled by the grains  
Absolved by spoons in flames and fear in time dissolving  
It's not for the faint of pulse or anybody false  
Those amateurs who simply shed their skins  
So where are those traitors now, we once called patriots?  
Just like those saints who seem to revel in their sins  
Oh, my eyes were filled with tears that were stinging  
After our assassin's work was done  
The bells and hands were only there for the wringing  
And we were bringing bullets for the new-born king  
The trumpet sound lamenting, tramping down the blooms of  
the deceased  
The double agent girl and the fallen priest were heading for the border  
Somewhere in the high command, there stayed the palest hand  
That saw the order countermand, erased a tape recorder  
And then they hung him from a window cord  
Swallow down that voodoo vial and stay your breath a while  
Before we spill the tale that we have spun  
And now I shall confide all that I have denied  
Oh, I'm so sorry for the things I've done  
Oh, my eyes were filled with tears that were stinging  
After our assassin's work was done  
The bells and hands were only there for the wringing  
And we were bringing bullets for the new-born king

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>