The Loved Ones

Elvis Costello

Don`t get smart or sarcastic
He snaps back just like elastic
Spare us the theatrics and the verbal gymnastics
We break wise guys just like matchsticksWhat would the loved ones say
Your pride and joy is all blown up
What would the loved ones say
The bride and boy are barely grown up
You`re not my particular poison
I`ve got nothing against you myself
You could have been a danger to the boys and girls
Now you`re a danger to yourselfOh what would the loved ones say
What would the loved ones say
Oh what would the loved ones say
What would the loved ones sayThe ugly little dreams run round your bed
The ugly little scenes you get the needle and no thread
They stitched you up this time
They say you`ll do
They bitch about your pretty face, turning ugly on youThe butcher the baker and the bassline maker
Sayin' you can leave her, I can take her
You spend your whole life like a minute or two later
One day its going to end sooner than greaterWhat would the loved ones say
He`ll be remembered young and pretty
What would the loved ones say
Now he`s a hit in every city
Now there`s a name we'll never forget
There`s one born every minute or two
Don't pin a medal on me yet
They might be waiting for youOh what would the loved ones say
What would the loved ones say
Oh what would the loved ones say
What would the loved ones sayPPS I l-o-v-e y-o-u
PPS I l-o-v-e y-o-u
PPS I l-o-v-e y-o-u
PPS I l-o-v-e y-o-u

Songwriters
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