Less Than Zero (dallas Version)

Elvis Costello

Jenny takes her clothes off in succession
While her husband rides a bumper in the President's procession
She sees him on the screen as she looks up from giving head
When he's had enough of that, her lover throws her on the bed
To teach her she's alive and suddenly he's deadTurn up the TV, no one listening will suspect
Even your mother won't detect it
No your father won't know
They think that I've got no respect
But everything means less than zero
Hey, ooh, hey, hey, ooh, heyCalling Mr. Oswald, calling anyone at the scene
If you were taking home movies
There's a chance you might have seen him
They've got a thousand variations, every witness in a file
Jenny puts on some coffee and she comes back with a smile
She says, "I hear that South America is coming into style"Turn up the TV, no one listening will suspect
Even your mother won't detect it
No your father won't know
They think that I've got no respect
But everything means less than zero
Hey, ooh, hey, hey, ooh, heyA pistol was still smoking, a man lay on the floor
Mr. Oswald thought he had an understanding with the law
She's got rubies on her fingers, Jenny turns and looks away
Her mind upon a basement out of the U.S.A.
She says, "Let's talk about the future now, we've put the past away"

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