

# 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 dead 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, hey Calling 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, hey A 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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