Suit Of Lights

Elvis Costello

While Nat King Cole sings, 'Welcome To My World' You request some song you hate, you sentimental fool And it's the force of habit, if it moves, then you fuck it If it doesn't move, you stab it And I thought I heard 'The Working Man's Blues' He went out to work that night and wasted his breath Outside there was a public execution Inside he died a thousand deaths And they pulled him out of the cold, cold ground And they pulled him out of the cold, cold ground And they pulled him out of the cold, cold ground And they put him in a suit of lights In the perforated first editions Where they advocate the hangman's noose Then tell the sorry tale of the spent Princess Her uncouth escort looking down her dress Anyway, they say that she wears the trousers And learnt everything that she does And doesn't know if she should tell him yes Or let him go And they pulled him out of the cold, cold ground And they pulled him out of the cold, cold ground And they pulled him out of the cold, cold ground And they put him in a suit of lights Well, it's a dog's life in a rope leash or a diamond collar It's enough to make you think right now, but you don't bother For goodness sake as you cry and shake Let's keep you face down in the dirt where you belong And think of all the pleasure that it brings Though you know that it's wrong

And there's still life in your body But most of it's leaving Can't you give us all a break Can't you stop breathing And I thought I heard 'The Working Man's Blues' I went to work that night and wasted my breath Outside they're painting tar on somebody It's the closest to a work of art that they will ever be And they pulled him out of the cold, cold ground And they pulled him out of the cold, cold ground And they pulled him out of the cold, cold ground And they put him in a suit of lights And they put him in a suit of lights

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