Dirty Rotten Shame

Elvis Costello

I recall the good old days
But thankfully, they've gone
Now the ponies all are broken nags
That stumble as they groan
And throw the jockeys from their throne
When there are pitches left to dodge
And lions left to tame
But it's nothing but a dirty rotten shame
It's a dirty rotten shame
That when you're frivolous and strong
It isn't youth, it's fearlessness
That has been wasted on the young
The cruel are in the cradle
And the bishop's in the bag
It's nothing but a dirty rotten shameNow I find life a millionaire
That brags for rags and jewels
A snarling pup is wild enough
But as his anger proves
He's left to sharpen useless tools
That tear and graze and finer phrase
But few are worth the name
It's nothing but a dirty rotten shameIt's a dirty rotten shame
And that is not an idle boast
When all your courage and your strength
Will leave you as you need it most
When there are lamps to dampen
And cauliflowers to flip
It's nothing but a dirty rotten shame

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