

Down Among the Wines and Spirits

Elvis Costello

Down among the wines and spirits
Where a man gets what he merits
Once he was written in letters of nine feet tall
And now he finds how far he's fallen Since he set his mind on her completely
Oh well, I guess that you mustn't have seen him lately
Walking around with a pain that never ceases
He starts to speak and then he falls to pieces Down among the wines and spirits
Where a man gets what he merits
Lives with the echoing words of their final quarrel
The vacant chamber and the empty barrel But as he picks himself up from a sawdust floor
Clicks his fingers to that swinging door
Suddenly he's calling out, more, more, more
I'm twice the foolish man I was before
Down among the wines and spirits Bubbles escaping from him from the rim of a glass of grape
She sails through his memory just like a ship of chaplet
As it started to sink, he was drinking to drown his sorrows
That fill his nights and they empty his tomorrows But as he picks himself up from a sawdust floor
Clicks his fingers to that swinging door
Suddenly he's calling out, more, more, more
Speaks of invisible things, he hardly credits
Down among, down among the wines and spirits

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