

# Spooky Girlfriend

Elvis Costello

I wanna girl to make a mess, to do no wrong, she must confess  
And then perhaps hitch up her dress  
'Cause when the flashbulbs explode, she's such a sensitive soul  
I wanna girl who is helpless and frail, who won't  
pull on my ponytail  
I wanna girl who has no past, she's made up now  
But that won't last 'Cause when she sits on my knee and then she whispers to me  
"Can't you see, could be, could be your spooky girlfriend  
I could be, I could be your spooky girlfriend" [Incomprehensible] the broken toys are scattered in the attic  
And the newspapers play in the words of the fanatic  
And the greeting cards are your most poetic lyric  
And the flat champagne is a sweet sugar syrup  
I wanna paint you with glitter and with dirt  
Picture you with innocence and hurt  
The shutter closes, exposes the shot  
She says, "Are you looking up my skirt?"  
When you say, "No", she says, "Why not?"  
I wanna girl to turn my screw, to wind my watch, to buckle my shoe  
And if she won't, her mother will do, 'cause when she does as she's told  
We'll all turn platinum and gold  
But when she sits on my knee, I hear her whispers to me  
"Can't you see? I could be your spooky girlfriend  
I could be, I could be your spooky girlfriend" "I could be, I could be your spooky girlfriend  
I could be, I could be your spooky girlfriend  
I could be, I could be your spooky girlfriend"

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