All This Useless Beauty

Elvis Costello

It's at times such as this, she'd be tempted to spit
If she wasn't so ladylike
She imagines how she might have lived
Back when legends and history collideSo she looks to her prince finding
Since he's so charmingly slumped at her side
Those days are recalled on the gallery wall
And she's waiting for passion or humor to strikeWhat shall we do?
What shall we do with all this useless beauty?
All this useless beautyGood Friday arrived, the sky darkened on time
'Til he almost began to negotiate
She held his head like a baby and said
"It's okay if you cry"Now he wants her to dress as if you couldn't guess
He desires to impress his associates
But he's part ugly beast and Hellenic deceased
So she finds that the mixture is hard to denyWhat shall we do?
What shall we do with all this useless beauty?
All this useless beautyShe won't practice the looks from the great tragic books
That were later disgraced to face celluloid
It won't even make sense but you can bet
If she isn't a sweetheart or plaything or pet
The film turns her into an unveiled threatNonsense prevails, modesty fails
Grace and virtue turn into stupidity
While the calendar fades almost all barricades
To a pale compromiseAnd our leaders have feasts on the backsides of beasts
They still think they're the Gods of antiquity
If something you missed didn't even exist
It was just an ideal, is it such a surprise?What shall we do?
What shall we do with all this useless beauty?
All this useless beautyWhat shall we do?
What shall we do with all this useless beauty?
All this useless beauty

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