The Comedians

Elvis Costello

I fell under such gentle persuasion
You can't refuse it's like a home from home
Meanwhile in the Motor car kingdom
They're finding that all that glitters is not chrome
The social circle have these cardiac complaints
Their hearts are empty when their hands are full
All these new found fond acquaintances
Turn out to be the red rag to my bull
[Chorus]
And I'm up while the dawn is breaking
Even though my heart is aching
I should be drinking a toast to absent friends
Instead of these comedians
I've looked into these eyes upon reflection
They've seen the face of love, they've seen a few
What kind of love is this upon inspection
You'll be the last to know who's fooling who
Chorus

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