

# The Delivery Man

Elvis Costello

"Abel was able," so Vivian said  
Her shoulders flung forward, her lips in a purse  
She talks like the beauty that she never was  
Of the fabulous wild nights that she never has  
In a certain light he looked like Elvis  
In a certain way he feels like Jesus  
Everyone dreams of him just as they can  
But he's only the humble delivery man  
Geraldine blushes and brushes away  
The cigarette ashes that Vivian scatters  
Stares out of the window at the things that she says  
While the gossip within her competes with the widow  
Ever since he's gone, she feels like crying all the time  
She knows for sure Vivian is lying  
Now she has a daughter to raise as she can  
But she just wouldn't trust that delivery man  
Ivy puts down the ghost story she's reading  
Looks up at that face on the wall  
Thinking about how her father lay bleeding  
Shot in the back 'cause orders were misleading  
How a flag and a medal don't have any meaning  
On the 5th of July as they tore down the fair  
And he'd seen all the local girls who were worth kissing  
With the smell of the gunpowder still in the air  
They noticed that Abel and Ivy were missing  
In a certain light he looked like Elvis  
In a certain way he seemed like Jesus  
He said "Why can't you be kind to me like you were meant to be?"  
When they let me out I had a brand new identity  
Now everyone dreams of me just as they can  
I want to be your delivery man  
In a certain light he looked like Elvis  
In a certain way he seemed like Jesus  
In a certain light he looked like Elvis  
In a certain way he seemed like Jesus  
In a certain light he looked like Elvis  
In a certain way he felt like Jesus

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