

Wake Me Up

Elvis Costello & The Roots

I've got this phosphorescent portrait of gentle Jesus meek and mild
â€”I've got this harlot that I'm stuck with carrying another man's child
â€”The solitary star announcing vacancy burnt out as we arrived
â€”They'd throw us back across the border if they knew that we survived
And they were surprised to see us
â€”So they greeted us with palms
â€”They asked for ammunition, acts of contrition and small alms
Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me
up, wake me up
With a slap or a kiss
Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
There must be something better than thisâ€”I've got this imaginary radio, and I'm punching up the dial
â€”I've got the A.C. trained on the T.V. so it won't blow up in my eye
â€”And everything that I thought fanciful or mocked as too extreme
â€”Must be family entertainment here in the strange land of my dreams
â€”And I'm practicing my likeness of St. Francis of Assisi
â€”And if I hold my hand outstretched
â€”A little bird comes to meâ€”And I might recite a small prayer
â€”If I ever said them
â€”I lay down on an iron frame
â€”And found myself in Bedlam
â€”Stepping on the fingers that were stretching through the bars
â€”Wailing echoes down the corridorsâ€”Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
With a slap or a kiss
Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
There must be something better than thisâ€”They've got this scared and decorated girl strapped to the steel trunk
of a Mustang
â€”They drove her down a cypress grove where traitors hang and stars still spangle
â€”They dangled flags and other rags along a colored thread of twine
â€”They dragged that bruised and purple heart along the road to Palestineâ€”Someone went off muttering, he
mentioned thirty pieces
â€”Easter saw a slaughtering, each wrapped in bloodstained fleeces
My thoughts returned to vengeance but I put
up no resistance
â€”Though I seemed a long way from my home
â€”It really was no distanceâ€”Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
With a slap or a kiss
Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
There must be something better than thisâ€”And the player piano picks out "Life Goes On"
â€”The Ringtone rang out "Jerusalem"
â€”Into the pit of sadness

â€”Where the wretched plunge
â€”We've buried all the Innocents
â€”We must bury revengeâ€”Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up
There must be something better than this
There must be something better than this
There must be something better than thisâ€”In the name of the Father and the Son
In the name of Gasoline and a Gun
Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up

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