

Almost Ideal Eyes

Elvis Costello with the Metropole Orkest

Here she comes with her almost ideal eyes
And her flawless skin and her petulant pout
The memory of such a long blond alibi
Still makes me want to shout out loud
You ***** when you clear your head my dear
You can't come out here in those stolen clothes
Telling me all about some mystery
I hope she isn't one, I hope she isn't one of those Almost ideal eyes
Viewed through a rosey hue
So beautiful, trusting
You find liberal is an insult now and care is what you pay for
Be sure of what you're wishing for, be careful what you pray for
When you look into those almost ideal Love is smiles, he will hypnotize you wild
He tries to analyze your dreams
Fill you up with all his big ideas while he really wants to make you
Scream out loud at the phony innocence
And pained pretence and the dismal rage.
The vacant lot that thankfully time forgot
Where you never have to act, you never have to act your age Almost ideal eyes
Viewed through a rosey hue
So beautiful, trusting
You find stupid is a compliment and thrill is what you play for
Be sure of what you're wishing for, be careful what you pray for
When you look into those almost ideal eyes In the spirit(?) all your friends look uglier
And you find you're wearing an evening gown
Weeping over some tiny broken bird
While the sky is decorated
Shocking pink and a dirty shade of brown
And you think you need to be tranquilized
A feat that may fit to your new career
Whatever you invent you'll never be content with Almost ideal eyes
Viewed through a rosey hue
So beautiful, trusting
Rebellion is just currency, the moon is what you pay for
Be sure of what you're looking for, be careful what you pray for
When you look into those almost ideal eyes Here she comes, here she comes now.....

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