

Stations of the Cross

Elvis Costello

Tempest blows up from a squall
Past the Cape of Bad Conscience into the Gulf of the Cauldron
Roars over the coastline to batter and flatten
Exposing the roots like in the dyed hair of slatternThe scrapper and mauler in a rope ring this small
Outside the wind is punchin', there's no one to hear it
No one hears the bell ring except the one who comes to fear it
And they continue to brawlHe's buyin' his way into heaven I suppose
He weeps at the blows
But down in a location that we cannot disclose
He turns the dial slowly
Through the Stations of the CrossCrowd done up dandy in diamonds and finery
Bayin' and howlin', all blood-lusty callin'
Fists like pistons, faces like meat spoilin'
Haul, boys, haul, bully-boys, haulLater in the evenin', Molly and her gunman
Go down the stairs to the dive like a dungeon
Meanwhile in the backroom, there's a girl like a sponge
Sayin', "Bring him along as a constable's truncheon"The gunman wants Molly to kingdom come
Then blows them all to the hereafter
Who's scuttling away now and hidden from our view?
Who tightened the tourniquet, turning her blue?They're hurlin' themselves into heaven I suppose
Before the gates are closed
But down in a location that we cannot disclose
They turn the dial slowly
Through the Stations of the CrossThe gale of hale laughter scales up the ivory
Black keys of her fine whine descend into the minor
Die away breathless diminishin' behind her
Haul, boys, haul, bully-boys, haulThe water came up to the eaves
You'd think someone had opened a valve
It's too soon to stay now and too late to leave
So spare your remorse all the way up to CalvaryThey're hurlin' themselves into heaven I suppose
Before the gates are closed
But down in a location that we cannot disclose
They turn the dial slowly
Through the Stations of the Cross
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