# Stalin Malone

## Elvis Costello

[Instrumental-with lyrics just because]
I'm going to make you even fear the dream
you dream
So don't even think about it don't make a wish
You think that I don't see you as you trawl
those young weak fish
Hooked on those poor wonders, till they want
you alone
Though they can't tell a cuckoo-clock from the
squeals of saxophones
That's when they'll fear my name
Stalin MaloneI'm telling you the day will come when this
man gets what he merits
Though people still wear animal skins to ward
off evil spirits
Only wife-swapping and witchcraft woke the
dormitory town
'Til horse's heads up in the trees came
dripping down
Yes, horse's heads up hung in the trees after
the bird had flown
Did you wonder of my whereabouts as the
barrack-room was blown
Did anybody call my name?
Stalin MaloneIn a room called creation, where you all obey
my laws
Where Seconal is gravity and pain is like
applause
You think that this phenomenon is some
coincidence
But I've got people everywhere, you're under
my surveillance, in the pocket of my pants
Okay, she left me, but I'll soon get over that
Falling out of the "Blood Tub" and rolling, on
my back
Waking up to the one o'clock gun with a
Punch and Judy bird
Reaching out for a gelignite beer that fills me
up with murder

To overhear forbidden songs her lover must
have known
Between the pity and advice... "There's no one
here to help you now, but speak after the tone"
Leave for me a message of hope
Stalin MaloneNow the church door is a roller-shutter with
padlocks and keys
Just like all of the other dispensaries
The saloon is lik

Songwriters
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