

# 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 Malone I'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 Malone In a room called creation, where you all obey  
my laws  
Where Second 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 Malone Now 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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