

# The People's Limousine

Elvis Costello

It's a chilly Florentine evening, two men in evening hats  
Telling tales of the underground and fishing for Reds  
Policemen armed with Uzi's stand guard but they don't speak  
Ain't seen no Michaelangelo, he'll be here next week  
The girl in the shoes with the crystal heels  
Went chaperoned by her brother  
They raise a glass of amber wine  
Take pictures of each other  
Of the policemen in the fountains and the sickle and the hammer  
And they came with Uncle Romulus with his walking cane and camera  
She looked like someone's girlfriend, she looked like a dream  
She looked as unlikely as the people's limousine  
Come and sit by me, girl, before I breathe the breath out of you  
Hush your mouth and cover your eyes for I'll tell your father of you  
He paid to have you painted in the company of angels  
Only to find you flirting anew with Chico Marx and perverted Engels  
The patron saint of television smiles down  
from the shelf  
Romulus can't criticize but he can't bless himself  
He has a tin of pea-green paint and a big roll of black tape  
To vandalize these obscenities then make his escape  
She walked up to the nice policeman and asked him for a  
match  
He saw Romulus approaching and slipped off the safety catch  
Then cut down her uncle, he was painted red and green  
Just as she was kidnapped in the people's limousine

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