

Miss Macbeth

Elvis Costello

All the children testified that Miss Macbeth
Wore a fish bone slide in her cobweb tresses
Her eyes were black like first foot coal
Clutched as white as chalk dust
Her fingers sweated India ink and poison pen letters
There is a hungry hanging tree
Just below your bedroom window
You can hear her take a broom
To beat out a tattoo on the ceiling
Her bloodless face ran red inside
But was she really evil, was she only pantomime?
Now the chalk on the wall says, "That somebody saves"
That somebody's face has just been washed off the pavement
Into a puzzle where petrol will be poisoned by rain
Miss Macbeth saw her reflection
As confetti bled its colors down the drain
And everyday, she lives out another love song
It's a tearful lament of somebody done wrong
Well how can you miss what you've never
Possessed Miss Macbeth
Well, we all should have known when the children paraded
They portrayed her in their fairy tales, sprinkling deadly nightshade
And as they tormented her, she rose to the bait
Even a scapegoat must have someone to hate
And everyday she lives out another love song
You're up there enjoying yourself, and I know
It's wrong well how can you miss what you've never
Possessed Miss Macbeth, Miss Macbeth
Sometimes people are just what they appear to be
With no redemption at all
We try to walk upright when we can't even crawl
Miss. Macbeth has a gollywog, she chucks under the chin
And she whispers to it tenderly then sticks it on a pin
And it might be coincidence but a boy down the lane
That she said, "Went white as he could do"
Then doubled over in pain
And everyday she lives out another love song
It's a tearful lament of somebody done wrong
Well, how can you miss what you've never
Possessed Miss Macbeth Miss Macbeth
Miss Macbeth, Miss Macbeth

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