Beyond Belief

Elvis Costello

History repeats the old conceits
The glib replies, the same defeats
Keep your finger on important issues
With crocodile tears and a pocketful of tissuesI'm just the oily slick
On the windup world of the nervous tick
In a very fashionable hovelI hang around dying to be tortured
You'll never be alone in the bone orchard
This battle with the bottle is nothing so novelSo in this almost empty gin palace
Through a two-way looking glass
You see your AliceYou know she has no sense
For all your jealousy
In a sense she still smiles very sweetly
Charged with insults and flattery
Her body moves with malice
Do you have to be so cruel to be callousAnd now you find you fit this identikit completely
You say you have no secrets
And then leave discreetlyI might make it California's fault
Be locked in Geneva's deepest vault
Just like the canals of Mars and the Great Barrier Reef
I come to you beyond beliefMy hands were clammy and cunning
She's been suitably stunning
But I know there's not a hope in Hades
All the laddies cat call and wolf whistle
So-called gentlemen and ladies
Dog fight like rose and thistle
I've got a feeling
I'm going to get a lot of grief
Once this seemed so appealing
Now I am beyond beliefI've got a feeling
I'm going to get a lot of grief
Once this seemed so appealing
Now I am beyond belief
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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