

# Episode Of Blonde

## Elvis Costello

One, two, three, four  
I spy for the spirit of curiosity  
All the scandals of each vain monstrosity  
I gossip and I pry and I insinuate  
If the failure is great then it tends to fascinate  
A tornado dropped a funnel cloud with twenty tons of rain  
Though she had the attention span of warm cellophane  
Her lovers fell like skittles in a 10 pin bowling lane  
But nothing could compare with that explosion of fame  
So you jumped back with alarm  
Every Elvis has his army, every rattlesnake its charm  
Can you still hear me? Am I coming through just fine?  
Your memory was buried in a simple box of pine  
Did her green eyes seduce you and make you get so weak?  
Was there fire engine red that she left upon your cheek?  
It's such a shame you had to break the heart you could have counted on  
But the last thing you need is another episode of blonde  
Revolving like a jeweler's figure on a music box  
Spangled curtain parted and a night-club scene unlocks  
Pinned and fixed and fastened in a follow spot  
Arms thrown out to everyone, she's giving all she's got  
To the last gasp of a wounded bandeon  
A tiny man imploring to the ceiling fan this stolen feeling  
Amplified up through a busted speaker  
Blaring, blasting, advertising, distorted beyond reason  
Into the street where petty crime-coats shadow panic drunkards  
Half out of the taxi cab the barker seized my elbow  
He thought I was another lonely, likely pilgrim looking for St. Elmo  
Did her green eyes seduce you and make you get so weak?  
Was there fire engine red that she left upon your cheek?  
It's such a shame you had to break the heart you could have counted on  
But the last thing you need is another episode of blonde  
I tried to keep a straight face but you know it never pays  
He would stare into those eyes and then vacation in her gaze  
She was a cute little ruin that he pulled out of the rubble  
Now they are both living in a soft soap bubble  
The film producer's contemplating, entertaining suicide  
The picture crumpled in his fist, his runaway child bride  
The timepiece stretched across his wrist

She couldn't care less cast aside  
The scent that so repelled him that he swore, insecticide  
And there's a farewell note to mother  
That will conclude, 'Your loving Son  
Oh, tell your other children not to do as I have done'  
Did her green eyes seduce you and make you get so weak?  
Was there fire engine red that she left upon your cheek?  
It's such a shame, it's such a shame, shame, shame, shame  
Shame you had to break the heart you could have counted on  
But the last thing you need, this last thing you want  
Is another episode of blonde, it's another episode of blonde  
Oh it's another episode of blonde  
So an artist drags a toothbrush across the first thing that he sees  
And names the painting "Christ's Last Exit into Purgatory"  
Receiving secret messages from an alien intelligence  
And paying off his stalker it's a legitimate expense  
So paste up pictures of those shrill and hollow girls with puckered lips  
She's a trophy on your arm a magnet for your money clip  
The moral of this story is the sorry tale to say  
They're pieced with links of chains so they can never run away

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