# 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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