Mr. Feathers

Elvis Costello

They looked at her this way every since she was a girl
Mr. Feathers, Mr. Feathers
The echo in every smile that would curl into a leer, oh my dear!
(Oh my dear)
Mr. Feathers is near
(Oh my dear)
The counter is foreign, something is spoiling
It's really appalling
You pleased and you promised
You never saw it through
Nobody knows, the damage that we do
Do you carry it with you?

She passed him out in the street
He suddenly seems so frail as her fast heart beat
She should kick him anyway, sharpen her nails
For eyes that stray, where hands should never stray

She thought she was wanted, ever since she was a girl
Mr. Feathers, Mr. Feathers
The kindness in every smile that would curl into a sneer, oh my dear!
Mr. Feathers is near
Her lover is calling
Something is spoiling
It's really appalling
You pleased and you promised,
You never saw it through
Nobody knows the damage that we do
The damage that we do.

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