One Bell Ringing

Elvis Costello

Raining slapping on the window pane
An hour or more of teeming
Storm punching like a hurricane
That tore him out of dreamingAir screaming through the slightest gap
Rattling between the frame and the sill
Drapes hanging from the final act
When I had you stillOne lonely bird is singing
Lower the hood hung of his lament
Dash him down on cold cement
One Bell RingingFlies buzzing round strip search light
They've got him down on his knees
He thinks of honey dripping from a spoon
Girls whispering in PortugueseBetween muzzle and the black site
Electrical contact
Deny your name and then carry the blame
Somewhat after the factOne lonely bird is singing
Lower the hood hung on that last lament
Dash him down on cold cement
One Bell Ringing

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