(she Might Be A) Grenade

Elvis Costello

She's pulling out the pin
That lets her hair fall down
She's pulling out the pin
She shakes her head
And it goes tumbling

Her smile was out of place
So she swept it off her face

Let me find the words and say them
Like some softly whispered "Amen"

But she starts to pull away
And the lights begin to dim
Is she thinking of me?
Or is she thinking of him?
She's pulling out the pinâ€¦

She's slipping off the hook
Unbuttoning her dress
She's slipping off the hook
There's just enough to make some man a mess
She tears away the veil
With her fingernails

She came out high and kicking
While the band played "Hey, Good Looking"
Do you hear something ticking?

Did somebody tell her she could really be redeemed?
And could she actually be as desperate as she seems?
She's tearing at the seams
She's going to extremes
Nobody told her it was a sin
So she's pulling out the pin

She's taping up her hands just like a boxer will
And they started laughing
But if looks could kill
She'd take them down right now

She's covering her mouth
With some unholy vow
There's nothing more to say
This is her wedding day

Full of shattered glass and mayhem
Not some softly whispered "Amen"

While the shock announcement dawns
And the smoke begins to thin
Where the world without ends
And the next one begins
She's pulling out the pin

She's pulling out the pin
She's pulling out the pin
She's pulling out the pin

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