

# Mr. Feathers

## Elvis Costello & The Imposters

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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