Sunday's Best

Elvis Costello

Times are tough for English babies
Send the army and the navy
Beat up strangers who talk funny
Take their greasy foreign money
Skin shop, red leather, hot line
Be prepared for the engaged sign
Bridal books, engagement rings
And other wicked little thingsStanding in your socks and vest
Better get it off your chest
Every day is just like the rest but Sunday's bestStylish slacks to suit your pocket
Back supports and picture lockets
Sleepy towns and sleeper trains
To the dogs and down the drains
Major roads and ladies smalls
Hearts of oak and long trunk calls
Continental interference
At death's door with life insuranceStanding in your socks and vest
Better get it off your chest
Every day is just like the rest but Sunday's bestSunday's best, Sunday's finest
When your money's in the minus
And you suffer from your shyness
You can listen to us whinersDon't look now under the bed
An arm, a leg and a severed head
Read about the private lives
The songs of praise, the readers' wives
Listen to the decent people
Though you treat them just like sheep
Put them all in boots and khaki
Blame it all upon the darkiesStanding in your socks and vest
Better get it off your chest
Every day is just like the rest but Sunday's best
Sunday's best, sunday's best
Sunday's best

Songwriters
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