

Moods for Moderns

[Elvis Costello](#)

Moods for moderns, moods for moderns
Moods for moderns, moods for moderns I get hit looking for a miss
I never thought that it would come to this Moods for moderns, moods for moderns
Moods for moderns, moods for moderns Though we may never be the same again
I am so proud that you've been taken in vain What if none of your dreams come true?
I can never run from you
There's never been a, how do you do? There's never been an ending
Soon you'll belong to someone else
And I will be your stranger just pretending Moods for moderns, memory lingers
I let you into foreign fingers Moods for moderns, moods for moderns
Moods for moderns, moods for moderns I never thought that would see this day
I never thought that I would give you away What if none of your dreams come true?
I can never run from you
There's never been a, how do you do? There's never been an ending
Soon you'll belong to someone else
And I will be your stranger just pretending Moods for moderns, let them break us
Strong and sudden, foreign fingers

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