She Was No Good

Elvis Costello

She could be no good, I'm telling you
Gather 'round boys for a tale that is tragic and true
On the Mississippi riverboat, Magnolia
No one onboard was smelling too sweet
That precious one must have been stamping her feetDictating demands [Incomprehensible] and fine
A few rods west of the Bridgeport line
But the veil was drawn and the halo slipped
Tippling tinctures, reciting scriptureFaces where slapped just as kid gloves were suffered
Vile threats were uttered and challenges were offered
On the Cumberland riverboat, E. W. Stephens
Daggers were drawn on pistols pulled
Staggering till dawn filled up with whiskey and rumAnd several drunken musicians ran amok
Rampaging with the crew around the deck
And I received a blow that was unkind
It turned my cheek to the color of gentian violet

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