

# 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 feet Dictating demands [Incomprehensible] and fine  
A few rods west of the Bridgeport line  
But the veil was drawn and the halo slipped  
Tippling tinctures, reciting scripture Faces 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 rum And 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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