

Bullets For The New-Born King

Elvis Costello

No one looks in this place for motive or any hope
But for the dead shot of an amber glass
The blue light of a votive Rain obscured the window
As the pain was dulled by the grains
Absolved by spoons in flames
In fear in time dissolving It's not for the faint of pulse
Or anybody false
Those amateurs who simply shed their skins
So where are those traitors now, we once called patriots?
Just like those saints who seem to revel in their sins O my eyes were filled with tears that were stinging
After our assassin's work was done
But bells in hands are only there for the wringing
And we were bringing bullets for the new-born king Trumpet sounds lamenting
Trampling down the blooms of the deceased
The double agent girl and the fallen priest were heading for the border Somewhere in the high command there
Stayed the palest hand
Who saw the order countermand
Erased the tape recorder and then they hung him from a window cord Swallow down that voodoo vial and stay
Your breath a while
Before we spill this tale that we had spun
And now I shall now confide all that I have denied
Oh I'm so sorry for the things I've done O my eyes were filled with tears that were stinging
After our assassin's work was done
But bells in hands bells were only there for the ringing
And we were bringing bullets for the new-born king

Songwriters

COSTELLO, ELVIS Published by

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