This Is Hell

Elvis Costello

This is hell, this is hell, I am sorry to tell you
It never gets better or worse
But you get used to it after a spell
For heaven is hell in reverseThe bruiser spun a hula hoop as all the
Barmen preen and pout the neon 'I' of nightclub
Flickers on and off and finally blew out
The irritating jingle of the belly-dancing phony Turkish girls
The eerie glare of ultra violet perfect dental workThis is hell, this is hell, I am sorry to tell you
It never gets better or worse
But you get used to it after a spell
For heaven is hell in reverseThe failed Don Juan in the big bow-tie
Is very sorry that he spoke for he's mislaid his punch line
More than halfway through a very tasteless joke
The Fraulein caught him peeking down her gown
He's yelling in her ear and all at once the music stopped
As he was intimately bellowing, My dear"This is hell, this is hell, I am sorry to tell you
It never gets better or worse
But you get used to it after a spell
For heaven is hell in reverseThe shirt you wore with courage and the violent nylon
Suit reappear upon your back and undermine the polished
Line you try to shoot, it's not the torment of the flames
That finally see your flesh corrupted
It's the small humiliations that your memory piles upThis is hell, this is hell, this is hell'My Favorite Things' are playing again and again
But it's by Julie Andrews and not by John Coltrane
Endless balmy breezes and perfect sunsets framed
Vintage wine for breakfast and naked starlets floating in Champagne
All the passions of your youth are tranquillized and tamed
You may think it looks familiar though you may know it by another nameThis is hell, this is hell, I am sorry to tell you
It never gets better or worse
But you get used to it after a spell
For heaven is hell in reverseThis is hell, this is hell

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