

# 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 'T' 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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