Ghost Train

Elvis Costello

Maureen and Stan were looking for a job
They got songs for every occasion and a little limelight robbery
No one will employ them, there's nothing to decideSo he autographs his overdraft, while she goes out of her mind
Stuck on the wall with a thousand faces
Unwanted posters of the haunted placesRoll up for the ghost train, non-stop through the city
Step right up and show your face, we only want the pretty ones
Roll up for the ghost train, non-stop through the city
Step right up and show your face, we only want the pretty onesMaureen and Stan, at the skating rink
Looking for the drummer who threw up in the sink
Laughing and singing, dressed up like diceMaybe they could freeze to death out there on the ice
Look at the graceful way she dances
On foot speaks, the other answersRoll up for the ghost train, non-stop through the city
Step right up and show your face, we only want the pretty ones
Roll up for the ghost train, non-stop through the city
Step right up and show your face, we only want the pretty onesShe plays the queen of the fleapit, he plays a Spanish guitar
He got a black eye from a waitress, she's not seeing any stars
You can be refused, you can be replacedYou can change your name but you can't change your face
While they make believe it's just another holiday
They turn on each other when they hear that joker sayRoll up for the ghost train, non-stop through the city
Step right up and show your face, we only want the pretty ones
Roll up for the ghost train, we only want the pretty ones

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