

# 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 decide  
So he autographs his overdraft, while she goes out of her  
mind  
Stuck on the wall with a thousand faces  
Unwanted posters of the haunted places  
Roll 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 ones  
Maureen and Stan, at the skating rink  
Looking for the drummer who threw up in the sink  
Laughing and singing, dressed up like dice  
Maybe they could freeze to death out there on the ice  
Look at the graceful way she dances  
On foot speaks, the other answers  
Roll up for the ghost train, non-stop through the city  
Step right up and show your face, we only want the pretty ones  
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She plays the queen of the flea pit, 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 replaced  
You 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 say  
Roll 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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