

# Miss Macbeth

Elvis Costello

All the children testified that Miss Macbeth  
Wore a fish bone slide in her cobweb tresses  
Her eyes were black like first foot coal  
Clutched as white as chalk dust  
Her fingers sweated India ink and poison pen letters  
There is a hungry hanging tree  
Just below your bedroom window  
You can hear her take a broom  
To beat out a tattoo on the ceiling  
Her bloodless face ran red inside  
But was she really evil, was she only pantomime?  
Now the chalk on the wall says, "That somebody saves"  
That somebody's face has just been washed off the pavement  
Into a puzzle where petrol will be poisoned by rain  
Miss Macbeth saw her reflection  
As confetti bled its colors down the drain  
And everyday, she lives out another love song  
It's a tearful lament of somebody done wrong  
Well how can you miss what you've never  
Possessed Miss Macbeth  
Well, we all should have known when the children paraded  
They portrayed her in their fairy tales, sprinkling deadly nightshade  
And as they tormented her, she rose to the bait  
Even a scapegoat must have someone to hate  
And everyday she lives out another love song  
You're up there enjoying yourself, and I know  
It's wrong well how can you miss what you've never  
Possessed Miss Macbeth, Miss Macbeth  
Sometimes people are just what they appear to be  
With no redemption at all  
We try to walk upright when we can't even crawl  
Miss. Macbeth has a gollywog, she chucks under the chin  
And she whispers to it tenderly then sticks it on a pin  
And it might be coincidence but a boy down the lane  
That she said, "Went white as he could do"  
Then doubled over in pain  
And everyday she lives out another love song  
It's a tearful lament of somebody done wrong  
Well, how can you miss what you've never  
Possessed Miss Macbeth Miss Macbeth  
Miss Macbeth, Miss Macbeth

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