Invasion Hit Parade

Elvis Costello

Now that you set everybody free
What you gonna do about me?
Don't wanna be treated like some poor grateful clown
I'd rather go back in the sweet underground
Where I can tell the time by the color of my skin
And I know my neighbor 'cause he's the one, yes he's the one
Who always turns me inA woman works the tunnel in the middle of the nights
Pickin' up every lost object in sight
Handbags, toupees, lost legs and fingernails
The black market eats up all your failures
Her transistor offers no salvation or regrets
No pool, no pets, no cigarettes
Just non-stop disco tex and the sex-o-lettesThere's no name
No name for the place or pain we'll cause you
Again and again
Till you do not co-operate with the invasion hit paradeThe liberation forces make movies of their own
Playing their 'Doors' records and pretending to be stoned
Drowning out a broadcast that wasn't authorized
Incidentally the revolution will be televised
With one head for business and another for good looks
Until they started arriving
With their rubber aprons and their butcher's hooksThere's no name
No name for the place or pain we'll cause you
Again and again
If you do not co-operate with the invasion hit paradeThey're hunting us down here with liberty's light
A handshaking double talking procession of the mighty
Pursued by a TV crew and coming after them
A limousine of singing stars and their brotherhood anthem
The former dictator was impeccably behaved
They're mopping up all the stubborn ones
Who just refuse to be savedThere's no name
No name for the place or pain we'll cause you
Again and again
Till you do not co-operate with the invasion hit parade

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