

Stella Hurt

Elvis Costello

You should wear your red galoshes
Walking o'er the city pride
Streets are paved with heaven's pennies
Gutters full of suicidesTeddy steadily fell from grace
Somewhere near Arcadia
Once she overheard a voice
That she didn't hear on the radioVelvet gloves and country clubs
Were never going to hold her
Ringing the necks of silly southern belles
Who wanted to scold herDon't bring me down
I'm trouble bound
Blue song, red alert
Who made Stella hurt?Teddy soon dropped out of sight
Turned up in another town
Changed her name for the spotlight
Singing like a blue bird in a sequin gownShe finally fell and married well
But I knew it wouldn't last
Reversing back into the limelight
No one ever saw her even half plasteredDon't bring me down
I'm trouble bound
Blue song, red alert
Who made Stella hurt?Then she saw those soldier boys
Throw their bonnets in the air
Self-made men would pledge their fortunes
And dream of her and dream of herGenerals in the commissary
Opened up a case of wine
Checked the perfume of the cork
Said, "Made in 1929"They used her up, to raise morale
For money and Old Glory
Her voice was shot beyond repair
But this is not the last act of this storyThe night is black as cracked shellac
Abandoned in an attic
Stella is silent as the grave
Until the needle drags her through the staticDon't bring me down
I'm trouble bound
Blue song, red alert
Who made Stella hurt?

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