

# A Slow Drag With Josephine

[Elvis Costello](#)

The snitch, the snoop, the tattletale lead a threadbare up the stairs  
Adieu, my little ballyhoo, you broke my heart in two  
And now I haunt the bars and scent those trite affairs  
She went home to gather her comb and caught him unawares  
And there was her man enjoying the lay of the land  
He took a walk in the dark with a dish from the stand  
Girls and their creations, tight in the brightest grenadine  
But I'd take all that I've seen for a slow drag with Josephine  
Josephine, Josephine  
But I'd trade all that I've seen for  
A slow drag with Josephine  
Gavotte, garrottes, Cotillions and slow Arabesques  
Drum rolls and Farandoles were all made in jest  
But when you make that move, I can't resist  
When will you declare your armistice?  
Josephine, Josephine  
But I'd trade all that I've seen for  
A slow drag with Josephine  
In another time and place, a different fate was cast  
He tried to skeddle-daddle-do, she might have slapped him  
Just for saying, "Grant one more chance before you pass  
Then curse the nurse that named me the first or bury me at last"  
And in three-quarter time, the true and the false  
Dancing the 'Hesitation Waltz'  
Then comes the flirtation and temptation  
Hip, hip, hooray, listen to what I say  
Then you can take it away

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