Tart

Elvis Costello

Hear silver trumpets will trill
In the Arabic streets of Seville
Oranges roll in the gutter
And you pick them up
And pull back the skin
To the red fruit withinBut the flavor is
Tart
And the flavor is
TartIs it something you crave
And you say that you only feel bitterness
When you know it's a lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lie, lieWild with a blackberry bush
There were blossoms of cherries to crush
There, at the edge of the asphalt tempting fingertips
You stain your hands, press too hard
They'll color your lipsBut the flavor is
Tart
And the flavor is
TartIs it something you crave
'Cause you say that you only feel bitterness
Would it kill you to show us a little sweetness?Odd, where nothing else grows
It was something like love that she chose
Always a creature of habit
When pity would do
She wore down that heel with no feeling
She kept on her shoesNow the flavor is
Tart
And the flavor is
TartIs it something you crave
'Cause you say that you only feel bitterness
Would it kill you to show us a little sweetness?Tart
And the flavor is
Tart
And the flavor is
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And the flavor is
TartNylon was hung from a peg
And the coal black seam ran down her leg
Fishermen look for their nets
And send their regrets

But the bug lay there broken
She spoke, "Is this some kind of joke?"Now the flavor is
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And the flavor is
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'Cause you say that you only feel bitterness
Would it kill you to show us a little sweetness?Tart
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