Bullets for the New-Born King

Elvis Costello

No one looks in this place for motive or any hope
But for the dead shot of an amber glass, the blue light of a votive
Rain obscured the window as the pain was dulled by the grains
Absolved by spoons in flames and fear in time dissolvingIt's not for the faint of pulse or anybody false
Those amateurs who simply shed their skins
So where are those traitors now, we once called patriots?
Just like those saints who seem to revel in their sinsOh, my eyes were filled with tears that were stinging
After our assassin's work was done
The bells and hands were only there for the wringing
And we were bringing bullets for the new-born kingThe trumpet sound lamenting, tramping down the blooms of the deceased
The double agent girl and the fallen priest were heading for the border
Somewhere in the high command, there stayed the palest hand
That saw the order countermand, erased a tape recorder
And then they hung him from a window cordSwallow down that voodoo vial and stay your breath a while
Before we spill the tale that we have spun
And now I shall confide all that I have denied
Oh, I'm so sorry for the things I've doneOh, my eyes were filled with tears that were stinging
After our assassin's work was done
The bells and hands were only there for the wringing
And we were bringing bullets for the new-born king

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