

Suit of Lights

Elvis Costello

While Nat King Cole sings "Welcome To My World"
You request some song you hate you sentimental fool
 And it's the force of habit
 If it moves then you fuck it
 If it doesn't move you stab it
And I thought I heard "The Working Man's Blues"
He went out to work that night and wasted his breath
 Outside there was a public execution
Inside he died a thousand deaths And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
 And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
 And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
 And they put him in a suit of lights
 In the perforated first editions
 Where they advocate the hangman's noose
 Then tell the sorry tale of the spent Princess
Her uncouth escort looking down her dress Anyway they say that she wears the trousers
 And learnt everything that she does
 And doesn't know if she should tell him yes
Or let him go And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
 And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
 And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
And they put him in a suit of lights Well it's a dog's life in a rope leash or a diamond collar
 It's enough to make you think right now
 But you don't bother
 For goodness sake as you cry and shake
Let's keep you face down in the dirt where you belong
 And think of all the pleasure that it brings
 Though you know that it's wrong
 And there's still life in your body
 But most of it's leaving
 Can't you give us all a break
Can't you stop breathing And I thought I heard "The Working Man's Blues"
 I went to work that night and wasted my breath
 Outside they're painting tar on somebody
It's the closest to a work of art that they will ever be And they pulled him out of the cold cold
 ground
 And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
 And they pulled him out of the cold cold ground
 And they put him in a suit of lights
 And they put him in a suit of lights

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

