

Miss Macbeth

Elvis Costello

All the children testified
That Miss Macbeth had a fishbone slide
In her cobweb tresses
Her eyes were black like first foot coal
Clutched as white as chalk-dust
Her fingers sweated india-ink and poison-pen letters
There is a hungry hanging tree
Just below your bedroom window
You can hear her take a broom
To beat out a tattoo on the ceiling
Her bloodless face ran red inside
But was she really evil?
Was she only pantomime?
Now the chalk on the wall
Says that somebody saves
That somebody's face has just been
Washed off the pavement
Into a puzzle where petrol
Will be poisoned by rain
Miss Macbeth saw her reflection
As confetti bled its colours down the drain
And everyday she lives out another love song
It's a tearful lament of somebody done wrong
Well how can you miss what you've never possessed
Miss Macbeth?
Well we all should have known
When the children paraded
They portrayed her in their fairytales
Sprinkling deadly nightshade
And as they tormented her
She rose to the bait
Even a scapegoat
Must have someone to hate
And everyday she lives out another love song
"You're up there enjoying yourself, and I know it's wrong"
But how can you miss what you've never possessed
Miss Macbeth?
Sometimes people are just what they appear to be
With no redemption at all
We try to walk upright
When we can't even crawl
Miss Macbeth has a gollywog
She chucks under the chin
And she whispers to it tenderly
Then sticks it on a pin
And it might be coincidence

But a boy down the lane
That she said went white as he could do
Then doubled over in pain And everyday she lives out another love song
It's a tearful lament of somebody done wrong
And how can you miss what you've never possessed
Miss Macbeth?

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