

Viceroy's Row

Elvis Costello

Now there's a crank in every crowd
Sprinkling gunpowder
Seems that everything is about to blow
They lit the burning paper
With a waxen taper
Sitting up here on Viceroy's Row

And they're gathering flowers
In the crack of hours where all of the nightmares go
Watching the pipeline as it overflowed
Sitting pretty here on Viceroy's Row

He made a fortune out of barbed wire
In the last days of the Empire
Built a cast-iron curtain
Just to keep control

He was a tycoon, then a cheapskate
Went out looking for a keepsake
To tuck into his suitcase on Viceroy's Row

And they're gathering flowers
In the crack of hours where all of the nightmares go
Watching the pipeline as it overflowed
Sitting pretty here on Viceroy's Row

He had a satchel full of cash
And dishes full of ashes
He went from boom to bust
In the blinking of a lash

Heard the rat-a-tat of the late patrol
Shooting out the lights up on Viceroy's Row

And they're gathering flowers
In the crack of hours where all of the nightmares go
They're coming for him slowly
Now the war is over
Sitting up here on Viceroy's Row

The woman in a blindfold
She doesn't want her hand held
Walking through a minefield
Saying "How does this feel?"
Stepping on the quicksand
Going down slow
Hiding up here on Viceroy's Row

Nothing satisfies
The ruins of his blue eyes
Like blood stains on a diamond mine
And deep within you felt
Not one measure of his guilt
Staring in the dark up on Viceroy's Row

Yet her penitent lover
Took a ribbon of rubber

Tied her to the bed made of silken thread

But without an ounce of mercy
They denounced him with a curse
Hammering on the door upon Viceroy's Row

Now his little concubine in her cemetery drag
Her face all smeared with charcoal
Is leaving all her cares, so
Take 500 acres and see what you can sow
We came to overthrow those on Viceroy's Row

They're gathering flowers
In the crack of hours where all of the nightmares go
Watching the pipeline as it overflowed
Sitting up here on Viceroy's Row