

# All This Useless Beauty

Elvis Costello

It's at times such as this she'd be tempted to spit  
If she wasn't so ladylike  
She imagines how she might have lived  
back when legends and history collide  
So she looks to her prince finding he's so charmingly  
slumped at her side  
Those days are recalled on the gallery wall  
And she's waiting for passion or humour to strike

What shall we do, what shall we do with all this useless beauty  
?  
All this useless beauty

Good Friday arrived, the sky darkened on time  
'Til he almost began to negotiate  
She held his head like a baby and said "It's okay if you cry"  
Now he wants her to dress as if you couldn't guess  
He desires to impress his associates  
But he's part ugly beast and Hellenic deceased  
So she finds that the mixture is hard to deny

What shall we do, what shall we do with all this useless beauty  
?  
All this useless beauty

She won't practice the looks from the great tragic books  
That were later disgraced to face celluloid  
It won't even make sense but you can bet  
If she isn't a sweetheart or plaything or pet  
The film turns her into an unveiled threat

Nonsense prevails, modesty fails  
Grace and virtue turn into stupidity  
While the calendar fades almost all barricades to a pale compro  
mise  
And our leaders have feasts on the backsides of beasts  
They still think they're the gods of antiquity  
If something you missed didn't even exist  
It was just an ideal -- is it such a surprise?

What shall we do, what shall we do with all this useless beauty  
?  
All this useless beauty  
(2x)