

# Almost Ideal Eyes

Elvis Costello

Here she comes with her almost ideal eyes  
And her flawless skin and her petulant pout  
The memory of such a long blonde alibi  
Still makes me want to shout out loud and clear  
When you clear your head my dear  
You can't come round here in those stolen clothes  
Telling me all about some mystery  
I hope she isn't one, I hope she isn't one of those

Almost ideal eyes  
Viewed through a rosy hue  
So beautiful, trusting  
You'll find liberal is an insult now and care is what you pay for  
Be sure of what you wish upon, be careful what you pray for  
When you look into those almost ideal

Love is smiles, he will hypnotize you while  
He tries to analyze your dream  
Fill you up with all his big ideas while he really wants to make you  
Scream out loud at the phony innocence  
And the pained pretence and the dismal rage  
The vacant lot that thankfully time forgot  
Where you never have to act, you never have to act your age

Almost ideal eyes  
Viewed through a rosy hue  
So beautiful, trusting  
You'll find stupid is a compliment and thrill is what you play for  
Be sure of what you wish upon, be careful what you pray for  
When you look into those almost ideal

In despair all your friends get uglier  
And you find you're wearing an evening gown  
Weeping over some tiny broken bird  
While the sky is decorated  
Shocking pink and a dirty shade of brown  
And you think you need to be tranquil  
Lies the fear that befits your new career  
Whatever you invent you'll never be content in

Almost ideal eyes  
Viewed through a rosy hue  
So beautiful, trusting  
Rebellion is just currency, the moon is what you bay for  
Be sure of what you wish upon, be careful what you pray for  
When you look into those almost ideal  
When you look into those almost ideal  
When you look into those almost ideal

Here she comes, here she comes now  
Here she comes, here she comes now