

Bullets For The New-Born King

Elvis Costello

No one looks in this place for motive or any hope
But for the dead shot of an amber glass
The blue light of a votive

The rain obscured the window
As the pain was dulled by the grains
Absolved in spoons and flames
In fear in time dissolving

It's not for the faint of pulse
Or anybody false
Those amateurs who only shed their skin
So where are those traitors now, we once called patriots?
Just like those saints who seem to revel in their sins

O my eyes were filled with tears that were stinging
After our assassin's work was done
But hands and bells are only there for the wringing
As we were bringing bullets for the new-born king

The trumpet sounds lamenting
Trampling down the blooms of the deceased
The double agent girl and the fallen priest were heading for the border

Somewhere at the high command there stayed the palest hand
That saw the order countermand
Erased a tape recorder and then they hung him from a window cord

Swallow down that voodoo vial to still your breath a while
Before we spill this tale that has been spun
And so I shall now confide all that I once denied
Oh I'm so sorry for the things I've done

O my eyes were filled with tears that were stinging
After our assassin's work was done
But hands and bells are only there for the wringing
As we were bringing bullet for the new-born king