

Charm School

Elvis Costello

Men made out of monkeys
Men made into mice
Happy days are here again
And all the drinks half price
A girl with a trick and a man with a calling
Trying to make a living out of your downfalling
trying to make a living out of anything at all
Didn't they teach you anything except how to be cruel
In that charm school

You and I as lovers
Were nothing but a farce
trying to make a silk purse
out of a sow's arse
Saying 'Why don't you watch me'
Hardly speaking sotto voce

I've got a notion
I've got an angle
Take your dreams and promises
And put them through the mangle
They say it's hell to finance too
And I just want to romance you

In this perpetual nightclub
I'll be yours eternal
Though the hours are long
And the noise infernal
just one shameful act or sometimes two
we make believe we're making do