

Country Darkness

Elvis Costello

This tattered document
A mystery you can solve
Some burnt out filament
Flies buzzing around the bulb

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He thought of traveling
Heard an approaching train
Drown out his desperate pulse
A song with no refrain

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She daydreams of forbidden sins
There must be something more
The prison she lives in
The one with the open door

A veil is covering
A glistening and cruel blade
Suffer little children
Repent, unfaithful maid

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