

## Crimes of Paris

Elvis Costello

I thought it was you and your optimist's view of the clock  
And how it's always another day  
Just after twelve o'clock's struck  
You said "Now I only want you so I don't have to promise"  
But tiny children in grown-  
up clothes whispered all the Crimes of Paris

You're not the girl next-door or a girl from France  
Or the cigarette-girl in the sizzle hot-pants  
All the words of love seem cruel and crass  
When you're tough and transparent as armoured glass  
You're everywhere girl in an everyday mess  
Who'll pay for the Crimes of Paris

I heard that you fell for the "Hell or to Hammersmith Blues"  
In the tiny torn up pieces of his mind he's irresistible too  
Now it's hard to say now if he's only stupid or smart  
When he crawled through the door  
And poured out more of his creeping-Jesus heart

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And it's all here and now  
She hit him with that paper-weight Eiffel Tower  
And I tried to hold on to you but I don't know how  
And I find it hard to swallow good advice  
Like going down three times to only come up twice

She's so convenient, he's always stiff as hair-lacquer  
It's hard to discover now he's in love with her  
It was her way of getting her own back  
You never did anything she couldn't do on her own  
You're as good as your word and that's no good to her  
You'd better leave that kitten alone

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