

# Distorted Angel

Elvis Costello

Strange things seem to occur, somewhere behind the nursery door  
Though I was just a bit of a kid, it was the bit that she was looking for  
Now I don't know where to begin confessing  
The way she's making me feel it can't be a sin  
I was taught to believe you were looking down on everyone  
And your benevolent face is beautiful to gaze upon  
Now I just don't know who to tell to go to hell  
Who put the old devil in the distorted angel?

Distorted Angel  
Pure illuminated sweetness  
Frightening small children is just about your only weakness  
I thought that you would tell me what I'm living for  
But I can't see you anymore

I don't know what we did but I'm sorry if it made you cry  
And if there's any justice at all I'd be punished for it I'd surmise  
It will mark the spot very well where I fell  
Under the shadow of the distorted angel  
Beneath the shadow of the distorted angel  
Below the shadow of the distorted angel  
Angel  
Beneath the shadow of the distorted angel  
Below the shadow of the distorted angel  
Angel