

## Dr. Watson, I Presume

Elvis Costello

I sat in a motel room with the doctor  
Just before we were supposed to sing  
He said regarding this guardian wing  
This black and clipped misshapen thing  
Hobbling on from claw to ring  
Hung upside down and cawing  
Pecking at carrion of the fallen  
Battalion  
Thawing  
On frozen mooring

Blackbird in a crust no more  
They fell down 4 and 20  
Bloodstained the land of want and plenty  
Now raven standing at his shoulder  
Stared with eyes of molten solder

Dripping on a lacquer box  
Introducing keys to locks  
Seven talents there where hidden  
Mysterious and some forbidden

Take the honey from the comb  
Ravel thread around the loom  
Dig the dirt up from the tomb  
Dr. Watson, I presume

One will follow  
Two unknown sorrow  
Three for laughter  
Four ever after  
Five-foot flood when the waters hit  
Six feet deep, the eternal pit

Seven prayers and seven pleas  
To eight imagined deities  
Cat o' nine tails  
Cat of nine lives  
Brides turned into old wives tales  
Your complexion colours then it pales  
And into the sunset it sails

Soon these secrets will be scattered  
Heaven knows what lies inside  
It took a moment to discover  
A lifetime to decide

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