

Harpies Bizarre

Elvis Costello

He selects the plainest face from a spiteful row of girls
Elegant insulted women, a flaw of cultured pearls
He drops a name or two, she fails to catch
At last he's met his match
Unspoiled and unaffected, he wants her so much
She puts up half-hearted resistance, like she was taught to do
She's heard some of those small town playboys but this is
something new
His promise seems dangerous, she'd like to believe
He says "You'd better leave"
"You've only got yourself to blame, shame, or deceive"

The waiting lines are long
They never get too far
Everyone wearing that medal with pride
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I looked on but hesitated
I failed to interrupt
You're so hard to tell the truth to
So easy to corrupt
I'll memorize your face
Your tragic smile
The hurt look in your eyes
As you betrayed yourself to the part of him that dies

The waiting lines are long
They never get too far
They're shining up their shoes to kick a falling star
You think you should be somebody
But you don't know who you are
Everyone wearing that medal with pride
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