

Little Atoms

Elvis Costello

I arose and Marigold lay down with Curious Iris
Cherry gave to Victor her prudence and her virus
FOR the sake of purity I can recall the time and place
Between wisdom and murder she gave up her
Immaculate face

My poor belated chastity fell foul
of grown up games
With false and lovely modesty
I can recall the names I'll miss
In the particle of me that cares for this
I betrayed those little atoms with a kiss

Patience has her virtue still but every grace
must have its price
I through some felicity may spin a tale
of constant vice
I took my better nature out, drowned it
in the babbling stream
Took the blossom of my youth
and blew it all to smithereens

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And if you still don't like my song
Then you can just go to hell
I don't care if I'm right or wrong or if
my typewriter can spell
But I cannot promise you I've said "goodbye"
to childish things
There's still some pretty insults left
and such sport in threatening

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And for the sake of clarity
They are "faith", "hope", and "charity"
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