

New Lace Sleeves

Elvis Costello

Bad lovers face to face in the morning
Shy apologies and polite regrets
Slow dances that left no warning of
Outraged glances and indiscreet yawning
Good manners and bad breath get you nowhere
Even presidents have newspaper lovers
Ministers go crawling under covers
She's no angel
He's no saint
They're all covered up with white washed grease paint
And you say...

The teacher never told you anything but white lies
But you never see the lies
And you believe
Oh you know you have been captured
You feel so civilized
And you look so pretty in your new lace sleeves

The salty lips of the socialite sisters
With their continental fingers that have
never seen working blisters
Oh I know they've got their problems
I wish I was one of them
They say daddy's coming home soon
With his sergeant stripes and his Empire mug and spoon

No more fast buck
And when are they gonna learn their lesson
When are they gonna stop all of these victory processions
And you say...

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