

## Poor Fractured Atlas

Elvis Costello

He's out in the woods with his squirrel gun  
To try to recapture his anger  
He's screaming some words at the top of his lungs  
Until he begins to feel younger  
But back at his desk in the city we find  
Our trembling punch-drunken fighter  
Who can't find the strength now to punish the length  
Of the ribbon in his little typewriter

Poor Fractured Atlas  
Threw himself across the mattress  
Waving his withering pencil  
As if it were a pirate's cutlass  
I'm almost certain he's trying to increase his burden  
He said "That's how the child in me planned it;  
A woman wouldn't understand it"

I believe there was something that I wanted to say  
Before I conclude this epistle  
But you would forgive me for holding my tongue  
'Cause man made the blade and the pistol  
Yes man made the waterfall over the dam  
To temper his tantrum with magic  
Now you can't be sure of that tent of azure  
Since he punched a hole in the fabric

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