

## Poor Napoleon

Elvis Costello

I can't lie on this bed anymore it burns my skin  
You can take the truthful things you've said to me  
And put them on the head of a pin  
Poor Napoleon

You always look so disappointed when I take my stockings off  
Don't you know the facts of life, boy  
Don't you know what these things cost  
She was selling stolen kisses to travelling salesmen and minstr  
el singers  
You put a penny in the slot  
She called you her Magic Fingers

Poor Napoleon

I bet she isn't all that's advertised  
I bet that isn't all she fakes  
Just like that place where they take your spine  
And turn it into soapflakes

so good night little school boy, you'd better learn some self c  
ontrol  
did you mess up your hairstyle, pour scorn in your begging bowl

Bare wires from the socket to the bed where you embraced that g  
irl  
Did you ever think there's far too many people in the world?  
One day they'll probably make a movie out of all of this  
There won't even have to be a murder just a slow dissolving kis  
s