

Pretty Words

Elvis Costello

I ask you nicely
Get my face slapped under wraps
What's going on precisely
Is there something wrong perhaps?
Surprise, surprise (surprise, surprise)
It's more like a booby trap than a booby prize

Civil disobedience from a soldier with a dirty rifle
You're loosening all the screws that hold the hinges of my life

Fat cats and army brats
Hep cats and dog tags pawing over girly mags

Pretty words don't mean much anymore
I don't mean to be mean much anymore
All I see are snapshots, big shots, tender spots
mug shots, machine slots
machine slots, mug shots
Till you don't know what's what
You don't know what you got

Curious women running after curious men
Curiosity didn't kill the cat
It was a poisoned pen
But there's not much choice (it's Hobson's choice)
Between a cruel mouth and a jealous voice

Got back to London
Picked a paper from the mat
No words of consolation
Just cartoons and chitter chatter
Well well, fancy that
Millions murdered for a kiss me quick hat
No backbone, blood and guts
Better keep your big mouth shut

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