

## Stations Of The Cross

Elvis Costello

The tempest blows up from a squall  
Past the Cape of Bad Conscience  
Into the Gulf of the Cauldron  
Roars over the coastline to batter and flatten  
Exposing the roots like the dyed hair of slattern

Scrapper and mauler in a rope ring this small  
Outside the wind is punching  
There's no one left to hear it  
No one hears the bell ring  
Except the one who comes to fear it  
And they continue to brawl

He's buying his way into heaven I suppose  
He weeps at the blows  
But down in a location that we cannot disclose  
He turns the dial slowly  
Through the Stations of the Cross

Crowd done up dandy  
In diamonds and finery  
Baying and howling  
All bloodlusty calling  
Fists like pistons  
Faces like meat spoiling  
Haul, boys, haul, bully-boys haul

Later that evening  
Molly and her gunman  
Go down the stairs to a dive like a dungeon  
Meanwhile in the backroom there's a girl like a sponge  
Saying, "Bring him in long as a constable's truncheon"

The gunman wants Molly to kingdom come  
Then blows them all to the hereafter  
Who's scuttling away now and hidden from our view?  
Who tightened the tourniquet, turning her blue?

They're hurling themselves into heaven I suppose  
Before the gates are closed  
But down in a location that we cannot disclose  
They'll turn the dial slowly through the Stations of the Cross

The gale of hale laughter  
Scales up the ivory  
The black keys of her fine whine descend into the minor  
Die away breathless  
Diminishing behind her  
Haul boys haul, bully-boys haul

The water came up to the eaves  
You'd think someone had opened a valve  
It's too soon to stay now and too late to leave  
So spare your remorse all the way up to Calvary

They're hurling themselves into heaven I suppose  
Before the gates are closed

But down in a location that we cannot disclose  
I'm turning the dial slowly through the Stations of the Cross