

Sunday's Best

Elvis Costello

Times are tough for English babies
Send the army and the navy
Beat up strangers who talk funny
Take their greasy foreign money
Skin shop, red leather, hot line
Be prepared for the engaged sign
Bridal books, engagement rings
And other wicked little things

Standing in your socks and vest
Better get it off your chest
Every day is just like the rest
But Sunday's best

Stylish slacks to suit your pocket
Back supports and picture lockets
Sleepy towns and sleeper trains
To the dogs and down the drains
Major roads and ladies smalls
Hearts of oak and long trunk calls
Continental interference
At death's door with life insurance

Standing in your socks and vest
Better get it off your chest
Every day is just like the rest
But Sunday's best

Sunday's best, Sunday's finest
When your money's in the minus
And you suffer from your shyness
You can listen to us whiners

Don't look now under the bed
An arm, a leg and a severed head
Read about the private lives
The songs of praise, the readers' wives
Listen to the decent people
Though you treat them just like sheep
Put them all in boots and khaki
Blame it all upon the darkies

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