

## The Comedians

Elvis Costello

I fell under such gentle persuasion  
You can't refuse it's like a home from home  
Meanwhile in the Motor car kingdom  
They're finding that all that glitters is not chrome  
The social circle have these cardiac complaints  
Their hearts are empty when their hands are full  
All these new found fond acquaintances  
Turn out to be the red rag to my bull

And I'm up while the dawn is breaking  
Even though my heart is aching  
I should be drinking a toast to absent friends  
Instead of these comedians

I've looked into these eyes upon reflection  
They've seen the face of love, they've seen a few  
What kind of love is this upon inspection  
You'll be the last to know who's fooling who

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