

The Stamping Ground

Elvis Costello

The stamping ground
The stamping ground
All your old gang
Still hang around
Coming in with the same blokes
Going home with the same jokes
If you ever go missing
I know where you'll be found
The stamping ground

The big fella on the front door knows your face
The barman pretends that he's saved you a place
But when your back is turned
They say she's older than she tells
I could stand the main attraction
But not the clientele

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Everybody knows
Everybody's trouble
Who comes in alone
Who leaves as a couple
When they seen you coming, babe
They act like they're pleased to meet you
Say "It's very nice to know you
But I wouldn't want to be you"

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You talk like you don't have a brain in your head
You act like you don't have a care in your bed
The lights are on
There's no one home
It scares you to death
You stamp on anyone who stops to take a breath

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