

# Wake Me Up

Elvis Costello

I've got this phosphorescent portrait of gentle Jesus meek and mild  
I've got this harlot that I'm stuck with carrying another man's child  
The solitary star announcing vacancy burnt out as we arrived  
They'd throw us back across the border if they knew that we survived  
And they were surprised to see us  
So they greeted us with palms  
They asked for ammunition, acts of contrition and small alms

Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up  
With a slap or a kiss  
Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up  
There must be something better than this

I've got this imaginary radio, and I'm punching up the dial  
I've got the A.C. trained on the T.V. so it won't blow up in my eye  
And everything that I thought fanciful or mocked as too extreme  
Must be family entertainment here in the strange land of my dreams  
And I'm practising my likeness of St. Francis of Assisi  
And if I hold my hand outstretched  
A little bird comes to me

And I might recite a small prayer  
If I ever said them  
I lay down on an iron frame  
And found myself in Bedlam  
Stepping on the fingers that were stretching through the bars  
Wailing echoes down the corridors

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They've got this scared and decorated girl strapped to the steel trunk of a  
Mustang  
They drove her down a cypress grove where traitors hang and stars still spa  
ngle  
They dangled flags and other rags along a coloured thread of twine  
They dragged that bruised and purple heart along the road to Palestine

Someone went off muttering, he mentioned thirty pieces  
Easter saw a slaughtering, each wrapped in bloodstained fleeces

My thoughts returned to vengeance but I put up no resistance  
Though I seemed a long way from my home  
It really was no distance

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There must be something better than this

And the player piano picks out "Life Goes On"  
The Ringtone rang out "Jerusalem"  
Into the pit of sadness  
Where the wretched plunge  
We've buried all the Innocents

We must bury revenge

Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up  
There must be something better than this  
There must be something better than this  
There must be something better than this

In the name of the Father and the Son  
In the name of Gasoline and a Gun  
Wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up, wake me up