

## Couldn't Call It Unexpected No. 4

Elvis Costello

I saw a girl who'd found her consolation  
She said "One day my Prince of Peace will come"  
Above her head a portrait of her father  
The wilted favour that he gave her still fastened to the frame  
"They've got his bones and everything he owns  
I've got his name"

Well you can laugh at this sentimental story  
But in time you'll have to make amends  
The sudden chill where lovers doubt their immortality  
As the clouds cover the sky the evening ends  
Describing a picture of eyes finally closing  
As you sometimes glimpse terrible faces in the fire  
We'll I'm the lucky goon  
Who composed this tune  
from birds arranged on the high wire

Who on earth is tapping at the window?  
Does that face still linger at the pane?  
I saw you shiver though the room was like a furnace  
A shadow of regret across a young mother's face  
So toll the bell or rock the cradle  
Please don't let me fear anything I cannot explain  
I can't believe, I'll never believe in anything again