

# Photographs Can Lie

Elvis Costello

He was wired, dynamite  
And she was rare as treasure  
That's not the kind of story  
You deny  
In a frame, under glass  
They'll always be together  
And so in love, but photographs  
Can lie

Now they say I have the gaze  
That must recall my father  
Saying, "He's my knight,  
My bright morning sun"  
Now I am mourning everyone

See him now, know he cheats  
Why can't she see through him?  
He used to be more valiant  
Than vain  
Put him on a pedestal  
And it's a long way down there  
I'll never be his little girl  
Again

Now they say I have the gaze  
That must recall my father  
Saying, "He's my knight,  
My bright morning sun"  
Now I am mourning everyone

Someone else will look at me  
And think he is my lover  
Developing the image  
In his eye  
In a frame, under glass  
We'll always be together  
And so in love, but photographs  
Can lie