

Stripping Paper

Elvis Costello

I got time on my hands I'm just stripping paper
It's amazing what you will find
Stripping paper
When you get down to the past
Back then we didn't have means
For fine decorations
So we painted while mixing wine
With flirtation
There, in the mess of it all

He took me right there in the thrill
Not quite against my will
With my back to that rococo wall
We slipped right down to the floor

I kicked closed the door
He complimented my taste
I anointed his serious face
With wallpaper paste
I wish we could laugh like that now
But what seemed to follow
And ended up hollow
Was our vow

Tear a strip or two
See what came not much later
Here's a pony and toy balloon
Behind a vine that withered all too soon
Here's the pencil of a measuring mark
And a monster she spied in the dark
Now I've got no place in her heart
Let me go back to the start

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