Bullets For The New-Born King

Elvis Costello

No one looks in this place for motive or any hope But for the dead shot of an amber glass The blue light of a votive

The rain obscured the window As the pain was dulled by the grains Absolved in spoons and flames In fear in time dissolving

It's not for the faint of pulse Or anybody false Those amateurs who only shed their skin So where are those traitors now, we once called patriots? Just like those saints who seem to revel in their sins

O my eyes were filled with tears that were stinging After our assassin's work was done But hands and bells are only there for the wringing As we were bringing bullets for the new-born king

The trumpet sounds lamenting Trampling down the blooms of the deceased The double agent girl and the fallen priest were heading for th e border

Somewhere at the high command there stayed the palest hand That saw the order countermand Erased a tape recorder and then they hung him from a window cor d

Swallow down that voodoo vial to still your breath a while Before we spill this tale that has been spun And so I shall now confide all that I once denied Oh I'm so sorry for the things I've done

O my eyes were filled with tears that were stinging After our assassin's work was done But hands and bells are only there for the wringing As we were bringing bullet for the new-born king