

Burnt Sugar Is So Bitter

Elvis Costello

She says what has her daddy done
That you want him to be punished
When she woke up one day to find
That he was starting to vanish
But _if you hope_ (?) to hear voices
You know you should not be listening
Push the vigilant lips
Make a slice of her face
Said the scandalous whispering

She's not on her own with the rest of her riches
As the kids tear down the refrigerator pictures
She picks up the bills and pays the babysitter
'Cause everybody knows burnt sugar is so bitter

And once there was a time
Before you turned strange
She thought they'd be together
For more than a lifetime
Look at them now
My, how things have changed
He can tell his sweetheart
Out of any girl on just a whiff
And turn it from a candy to a caramel
And make her hate the silhouette she used to feel
And say "I know nothing about you."

Now what's left of the birthday cake
Smearred and beautifully frosted
An absent father picks up the phone
To find the number's unlisted

While the kids are distracted
She'll notice _she's nervous at all_ (?)
But how long will it take
Not to make a mistake
When a gentleman comes to call

She's not on her own with the rest of her riches
As the kids tear down their refrigerator pictures
They already know how a woman may advance
From a pretty picture hat to a supermarket trance
Where it is unkind, she might as well forget it
'Cause everybody knows burnt sugar is so bitter
Burnt sugar is so bitter
Burnt sugar
Burnt sugar
Burnt sugar