

# Church Underground

Elvis Costello

She stood spotlight in a plain print dress  
Came howling out of the wilderness  
There beat a cunning and murderous heart  
Beneath that calm exterior

"You know my name  
You don't know my mind  
Don't doubt my eyes  
They betray the past  
And I've already forgotten  
Much more than you will ever know"

And every word that I have spoken is true  
Except for those that were broken in two

I'm trying to make peace after a long night of pretend  
I need a pawnbroker or moneylender

Why do you do me down, Mister?  
Sing "Hallelujah," Sister  
Turn up the volume, just to turn it down  
The trivial secrets buried with profound  
It's enough to put a Church Underground

Deflowered young and then ever since  
She's tried to wash off his fingerprints  
So every charlatan and prince  
Was made to feel inferior

She worked for tips in a 10-cent dance  
Said moving pictures might pay per chance  
10,000 one-way tickets to the sparkling coast  
From the blank interior

Everybody's either talking in code  
Or getting ready to explode

Then she was singing with five-piece band  
But seems that no-one wants this sound

Why do you do me down, Mister?  
Sing "Hallelujah," Sister  
Turn up the volume, just to turn it down  
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The shaft of fanlight streaked with rain  
Poured through the glass, punched through the pain  
A holy picture hidden in the midden of that poisoned stitch  
Her lonely voice was just a ruin in these riches

Must have been dreaming this all along  
Could she be redeeming herself in song?  
"I'm no-one's martyred, plaster saint  
Below the grease, beneath the paint"

I'm rolling like barrel

Swinging like a gallows  
I'm rising up fast like all hell and all hallows

Why do you do me down, Mister?  
Sing "Hallelujah," Sister  
I'll be damned or purgatory bound  
Before those jokers ever understand  
It's enough to put a Church Underground