Episode of Blonde

Elvis Costello

I spy for the "Spirit of Curiosity" All the scandals of each vain monstrosity I gossip and I pry and I insinuate If the failure is great Then it tends to fascinate

A tornado dropped a funnel cloud with twenty tons of rain Though she had the attention span of warm cellophane Her lovers fell like skittles in a 10-pin bowling lane But nothing could compare with the explosion of fame

So you jumped back with alarm Every Elvis has his army Every rattlesnake his charm Can you still hear me? Am I coming through just fine? Your memory was buried in simple box of pine

Did her green eyes seduce you and make you get so weak? Was there fire engine red that she left upon your cheek? It's such a shame you had to break the heart You could have counted on but the last thing you need is another ...Episode of blonde

Revolving like a jeweller's figure on a music box Spangled curtain parted and night-club scene unlocks Pinned and fixed and fastened in a follow spot Arms thrown out to everyone, she's giving all she's got To the last gasp of a wounded bandeon Tiny man imploring to the ceiling fan This stolen feeling Amplified up through a busted speaker Blaring, blasting, advertising, distorted beyond reason Into the street where petty crime-coats shadow panic drunkards, Half out of the taxi cab the barker seized my elbow He thought I was another lonely, likely pilgrim looking for St. Telmo

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I tried to keep a straight face but you know it never pays He would stare into those eyes and then vacation in her gaze She was a cute little ruin that he pulled out of the rubble Now they are both living in a soft soap bubble

The film producer's contemplating, entertaining suicide The picture crumpled in his fist, his runaway child bride The timepiece stretched across his wrist She couldn't care less cast aside The scent that so repelled him that he swore: "insecticide" And there's farewell note to mother That will conclude "your loving Son" "Oh, tell your other children not to do as I have done" Did her green eyes seduce you and make you get so weak? Was there fire engine red that she left upon your cheek? It's such a shame you had to break the heart You could have counted on but the last thing you need is another ...Episode of blonde

So an artist drags a toothbrush across the first thing that he sees And names the painting "Christ's Last Exit into Purgatory" Receiving secret messages from an alien intelligence Paying off his stalker it's a legitimate expense So paste up pictures of those shrill and hollow girls With puckered lips She's a trophy on your arm A magnet for your money clip The moral of this story is the sorry tale to say They're pieced with links of chains so they can never run away