

Ghost Train

Elvis Costello

Maureen and Stan were looking for a job
They got songs for every occasion
And a little limelight robbery
No one will employ them
There's nothing to decide
So he autographs his overdraft
While she goes out of her mind
Stuck on the wall with a thousand faces
Unwanted posters of the haunted places

Roll up for the ghost train
Non-stop through the city
Step right up and show your face
We only want the pretty ones
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Maureen and Stan at the skating rink
Looking for the drummer who threw up in the sink
Laughing and singing, dressed up like dice
Maybe they could freeze to death out there on the ice
Look at the graceful way she dances
One foot speaks, the other answers

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She plays the queen of the fleapit
He plays a Spanish guitar
He got a black eye from a waitress
She's not seeing any stars
You can be refused, you can be replaced
You can change your name but you can't change your face
While they make believe it's just another holiday
They turn on each other when they hear that joker say

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